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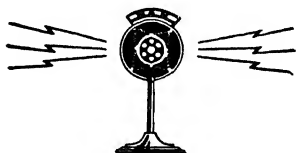
New Speeches

BY

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*Author of More Speeches and Stories
for Every Occasion*

Co-author of Thirty Complete Debates



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To
MY FATHER

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"You can be engaged in no better vocation than making people laugh. Humor is like the buffer between two heavy railroad cars. It relieves the jolts of life. It is a shock absorber. It makes the journey through the years easier, and brightens the pathway all along the route. We Americans could not get along without humor."

—*William Howard Taft.*

INTRODUCTION

(A Word of Advice to Speakers)

SOME one has said that America is

“A land of lakes and beaches;
Of wealth untold,
And bandits bold,
And after-dinner speeches.”

We must plead guilty to at least the indictment contained in the last line. We are indeed addicted to the habit of making speeches, not only *after* dinner, but *before* dinner, and on every other possible occasion. That being the case, the burning question is: What will we say when called upon to “make a few remarks”?

The popular mayor of a great city once advised those contemplating after-dinner speaking to make no preparation. “Just stand on your feet,” he said, “and think out loud.” That may be good advice for one who expects to be called upon nightly for the rest of his life, in which case, doubtless, he would grow proficient through practice. But there are few of us who would care to go through the initial period of embarrassed groping for adequate or appropriate words while facing an audience. He who trusts to the inspiration of the moment for something to say

is likely to disappoint both himself and his friends.

It was said of this same mayor that he never prepared his talk in advance of the occasion. This was only a half truth, because he was naturally clever, witty, and possessed of a good memory. Also, and this is important, he knew his subjects thoroughly; therefore, while it may be true that he did not memorize the actual words in which he clothed his thoughts, he did, nevertheless, give the ideas which he wished to bring out much serious consideration, so that, perhaps unconsciously, he was always prepared.

The average speaker who is occasionally asked to speak for a few minutes does not have this advantage, and for him a certain amount of preparation is necessary to crystallize his thoughts and relieve the embarrassment of himself as well as others. Usually the speaker is told in advance that he will be asked to make a "few informal remarks." If he wishes to do credit to himself, these remarks should be formally prepared. Not necessarily written out and memorized, but at least fully outlined in his mind.

When the purpose of a meeting and the questions to be discussed are known, one who wishes to voice his sentiments, or who expects to be asked to express his opinion, should give the matter serious thought beforehand, outlining the various points on which he wishes to touch and the arguments which he intends to advance. The success of any speech depends upon two things:

(1) the absolute mastery of the question involved, and (2) the ability of the speaker to express that knowledge in a clear, concise manner. To speak hesitatingly, with ill-chosen words, is painful to all concerned. To attempt to talk on a subject of which one has little knowledge, is disastrous. But to be able to set forth one's thoughts clearly, convincingly, and in beautiful English, is a pleasure to speaker and audience alike.

It is the author's opinion that there is no such thing as an extemporaneous speech. The men who are noted for this type of address have accumulated, consciously or unconsciously, a vast store of information on various subjects, interesting data, verses, and humorous sayings, which are always at their command. Undoubtedly, they spend much time in developing ideas, arranging them logically, memorizing an outline, and practicing in their own rooms, the result being a speech more or less definite in form, into which can be injected any impromptu ideas.

We jest a good deal about after-dinner speeches and pretend to be bored by them, but we continually include them in our programs. We say we do not wish to be called upon, but secretly hope that we will be, and in our hearts are flattered when the time arrives. Therefore, we should always be prepared.

It might be suggested that every speech should contain a basic idea, even though a humorous one, around which the words are built. A man

who speaks briefly, but in that address sets forth one concrete thought, will be called on again; while the one who wanders aimlessly in his talk will be dropped from further consideration. It is said that the secret of Senator Hoar's perennial popularity at the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa dinner was that his speeches contained one original idea, clearly stated, and one fresh story, well told.

The first sentence of a speech should incite interest. Sometimes this is accomplished by a clever remark regarding what has preceded it; occasionally, by an appropriate story; or, it may be, by a strong, brief statement containing the gist of the subject to be discussed.

Any speech, unless it be the principal address of the occasion, should be short. If you are introducing a speaker, the audience wants to hear him, not you; if you are one of several, remember that the others have some rights. The professor's little son had the right idea when he said to his father at the breakfast table, "That was a dandy lecture last night, Daddy, but you missed three good chances to quit."

Almost any character of speech will admit of a humorous story, but it should be used to illustrate a point under discussion and not as a mere attempt to create a laugh. It should be borne in mind that while jokes and verses in moderation are enjoyable, an entire talk given in that vein grows monotonous.

And if you do tell a story, or quote a verse, be sure that you have it well memorized. Do not

risk the embarrassment experienced by a young lawyer who had planned to quote a fine poem in his address to the jury.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "I can conclude my plea in no better way than by quoting the beautiful lines by Mr.—Mr.—well, just for the moment I have forgotten the poet's name, but no matter; what he says is—um—why—well I'll be darned if I haven't forgotten what he said."

All this has been most delightfully expressed by Wallace Irwin in his toast "To the After-Dinner Speech":

"Come, touch your glasses overhead
To what we love, to what we dread;
The after-dinner speech.
Oh, may it come when we are strong,
Its length be short, its laugh be long,
Its flight within our reach.

"Oh, may the speaker's stories smack
Of something more than almanack
And less than vaudeville;
And may the wight who comes this way
With nothing—or too much—to say,
In heaven's name, keep still!"

It is also well to bear in mind that what may be enjoyed by one audience may not be appropriate to another. A story is told regarding a former governor of one of our states, who had been asked to address the inmates of a penitentiary. He began his speech with the remark, "Fellow Citizens." A few of the audience sensed the absurdity, and there was a laugh here and

there. The speaker stopped and began again. "Fellow Convicts," he said. This produced a roar of laughter, for the joke was at his expense. Again he paused. "Well, I don't know what to call you," he exclaimed, "but, anyway, I'm glad to see so many of you here." Needless to say his speech was a success. Without doubt, these opening remarks were premeditated, but they appeared spontaneous, and they achieved the purpose of the speaker—to gain at the start the interest and good-will of his audience.

In making the average short speech, it is only necessary that one "say a few words"—the fewer the better in most cases—well-chosen, and to the point; adding a joke or witty saying where appropriate, a compliment, or expression of gratitude, all in as natural and simple a manner as possible.

In the group of speeches here presented, no attempt has been made to include learned or oratorical addresses. Persons making speeches of that character have no need of assistance. Rather, it has been the aim of this work to set forth such ideas as the average man or woman interested in civic, fraternal, educational, political, or social affairs would express to friends gathered around him, at the dinner table, or on some specific occasion. It is to assist and smooth the way of the casual speaker that the following suggestions are offered.

The Toastmaster

(Suggestions for the Amateur)

THE success or failure of an after-dinner program quite often depends upon the master of ceremonies and his ability to inject life and good feeling into the affair. Many a delightful evening has been marred by the toastmaster's lack of tact, or his inability to meet the requirements of the occasion. Such an experience results in a feeling of disappointment, painful alike to audience and speakers. On the other hand, the pleasures of the evening may be greatly enhanced by the toastmaster's geniality, his talent for repartee, and his courteous manner. The following suggestions are offered in the hope that they will assist the amateur who, for the first time, finds himself cast in the rôle of toastmaster.

On informal occasions, the president of the organization giving the dinner, or the chairman of the committee having the matter in charge, sometimes also introduces the speakers. In that case, he first extends a cordial welcome to the guests and then proceeds with the program. If a toastmaster is appointed, the presiding officer introduces him, after the preliminary words of welcome.

To be a toastmaster does not mean that one merely names the entertainers, as he would announce the numbers of a program. Neither does it mean that he should usurp the prerogative of the speakers by making an address every time he rises to his feet. His remarks are like the preface to a book, or rather, like the preface to each chapter of a book. The reader will not spend very much time on such preliminary paragraphs. He wants to "get on with the story." Therefore, if the toastmaster is wise, he will make his remarks brief.

Senator John C. Spooner used to tell of an introduction which he declared was the most satisfactory one of his career. The Wisconsin senator was being introduced by the German mayor of a small town. The opera house was crowded to hear the famous orator make a political speech. When the time came, the mayor stood up. "Mine friends," he said, "I haf been asked to introduce Senator Spooner, who vill make a speech, yes. Vell, I haf now did it, und he vill do it."

The few appropriate words with which the toastmaster introduces the speakers, or comments on their remarks, should at least have the appearance of spontaneity. He should always convey the impression that his words, however carefully thought out, are impromptu and inspired by the words of others. To do this well, he should be prepared for any emergency, like the old-fashioned girl who slept in a cotton "nightie,"

but always kept a pair of silk pajamas under her pillow in case of fire.

The introductory remarks may concern the speaker being presented, or the subject in which he is interested. While a few jests and pleasant-ries may be indulged in, care should be taken to say nothing which will embarrass or annoy. When each speaker concludes his address, the toastmaster may comment on the words to which the audience has just listened. In doing this, he should strive to say the fitting thing in an agreeable manner. If he disagrees with the speaker, he should not let that fact appear. His duty is to make pleasant announcements, not to debate a question. Neither should he indulge in over-praise, which must have the appearance of insincerity.

The story is told of a rather imaginative toastmaster who had made a very flowery introduction. When the speaker was finally allowed to rise, he said: "I don't believe a word you say, Mr. Toastmaster, but I love to hear you tell it."

Where a principal speaker has been engaged, his speech usually takes the form of an address and is reserved for the last, in the manner of a climax, so that the audience may take with them the message which he has left in their minds. The introduction of such a speaker should be a sincere, dignified tribute to him as a man, or to the cause which he represents, free from unseemly flattery, or inappropriate jests.

At the close of the principal address, the toast-

master should, in a few well chosen words, express the appreciation of the guests and of the organization acting as host. He may also thank the other entertainers and the committee before dismissing the audience.

If the toastmaster has cleverly introduced the speakers, graciously commented on their remarks, kept the ball rolling with no unnecessary delays, and brought the entertainment to a happy, spirited close, the evening will be a pleasant memory for the guests and for those who have participated in the program.



HOLIDAYS

"THE holiest of all holidays are those
Kept by ourselves in silence and apart;
The secret anniversaries of the heart,

White as the whitest lily on a stream,
These tender memories are; a fairy tale
Of some enchanted land, we know not where,
But lovely as a landscape in a dream."

—Longfellow.

New Year's Day

(Why We Celebrate January 1st)

I SUSPECT that we have all been so busy manufacturing material with which to pave the nether regions that we feel very virtuous tonight. So far as I know, none of our enterprising statisticians has computed how many books could be made from the new leaves turned annually on January first, or how far they would reach if laid end to end—to the moon, I am sure. After they have done this, I wish they would take a few minutes and compute the combined length of time these resolutions are kept.

There is no question but that the world would be a much better place in which to live if we would all carry out our resolutions not to do certain things. The greatest trouble seems to be in finding the particular things that we can give up. Most of us are so good that we have no besetting sin.

Now, if I could make resolutions for my friends and neighbors, it would be fine. I can think of any number of things which my neighbors ought to do, or stop doing, and I am sure that if they would follow my advice they would be much more congenial and pleasant.

But even though we joke about our resolutions, which are never kept more than forty-eight hours, and spend every New Year's Eve in more or less senseless hilarity, yet through it all there runs a strain of seriousness. There must, on this day, come to each of us the thought that another year has ended, with all its joys and sorrows, its triumphs and disappointments. What will the new year bring? Will it bring the success of our plans—the fulfillment of our dreams? Will it bring cessation of pain and worry—peace after storm?

I believe there is not one of us but who, in the depths of his heart, says at the beginning of a new year, "I will strive harder; I will do better; I will accomplish more in this year that is just commencing." And even though we do not realize all our hopes, we are better men and women for the thought and the effort. It is true that resolutions foolishly or unwisely made and speedily broken, often result in more harm than good, because they tend to weaken the morale; but a genuine effort to better one's condition must prove beneficial to the individual and to society in general.

But tonight we must not moralize—it is the time for rejoicing. The old year is ended; the bright new year, with all its possibilities for success and happiness, is before us. Let us, in the beautiful lines of L. Mitchell Thornton, pay tribute to the bells which herald its coming:

"They ring across the Southland,
Through fragrant orange groves;
They sing above the Northland,
Of deeply drifted snows;
And Youth is eager waiting,
And Age is glad to hear
The ringing bells, the singing bells,
The bells of the New Year."

Lincoln's Birthday

(In Memory of the Great Commoner)

So much has been written and said about Lincoln, his struggles, his genius, his sacrifices, and his death, that there is nothing left to say. His whole life, from the log cabin in Kentucky to the small house in the nation's capital where he breathed his last, is an open book to the American people. No other president has been so beloved as Lincoln.

While it is true that Lincoln accomplished great things, yet he was not ambitious, in the sense in which the word is commonly used. He did not hitch his wagon to a star. He did not aim his arrow above the treetops of everyday life. Today, *ambition* has become a fetish. To admit that we do not possess it is to admit failure in the minds of our friends.

William B. Story, one of our great railroad presidents, once made this statement: "Ambition that counts, as I have seen it, is wanting something close by—something that anybody with

determination can get—and wanting it enough to pay the price for it. Star-hitching and wish-thinking never made a big killing. But this other thing is the biggest force on the planet.”

Another modern philosopher, Nixon Waterman, expressed the same sentiment in verse:

“Don’t ‘hitch your wagon to a star,’
Young man, for, as a rule,
’Twill prove more practical by far
To hitch it to a mule.”

One feels that Lincoln himself might have written the homely words, for that is the kind of ambition that he possessed. The practical, everyday kind. The determination to do perfectly the work which lay before him. He did not plan, when postmaster at New Salem, to be president of the United States. He planned to be a lawyer, and worked to that end. His legal training fitted him for political position, and when the time arrived his heart and soul were given to the task of winning the people to his party and the principles for which it stood. Even when he reached the White House, it was his immediate duties and the welfare of his country which claimed his attention and filled his heart. All thought of self was submerged in his duty to mankind.

No, Lincoln never hitched his wagon to a star, and it is for this very reason that his life and his accomplishments are such sources of inspiration to the youths of today. Never was the present neglected for future dreams. Always he did with

all his might the thing which lay nearest, and always the nation placed before him greater tasks. Thus, rung by rung, he climbed the ladder of success.

Edwin Markham, in his magnificent poem, has described Lincoln as a giant tree, firmly upholding the ridgepole of the nation; standing staunch and true through storms and distress. The last verse eloquently expresses the grandeur of the martyred president:

“ He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.”

No other man has so won the hearts of the American people as did Lincoln. No other could fill the place which he left vacant. The nation will always mourn his loss. But the virtues he possessed, his industry and truth, his love for humanity, his devotion to present duty, will ever be more vivid and impressive because of that “lonesome place against the sky.”

Saint Valentine's Day

(A Tribute to Love's Patron Saint)

SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY is not celebrated so much as formerly. I am sorry for this, because it is the only one of all the holidays which is given up whole-heartedly to joy, with no purpose behind it to mar the spontaneousness of its mirth.

New Year's celebration is spoiled because of the resolutions we must make; Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays, by the history lessons they teach and the good examples they set before us; Fourth of July brings its orations and the vain endeavor to commit to memory the Declaration of Independence; Thanksgiving revives memories of our straight-laced ancestors and their privations; Christmas brings pleasure, but it also brings the consciousness of an avalanche of bills to follow. But Saint Valentine's Day is set apart for love and frivolity; for joy, pure and simple—some of it very simple, I grant you. Why, you can even make love to another fellow's girl on Saint Valentine's Day, and get away with it. It's the day when Dan Cupid binds the bandage tight over his near-sighted eyes, fills his quiver and sallies forth to hunt. He joyously draws his bow, recklessly and without aim, and the arrows fall like rain, on the just and the unjust.

Many a young man has felt the unfairness of the random shots. Such a one was the lad who attended the wedding of a girl with whom he was in love. When the minister asked if there were any present who objected to the ceremony, there was silence for a moment; then the unlucky admirer of the girl stood up.

"I object," he said.

"On what grounds is your objection based?" inquired the minister.

"I want her myself," truthfully answered the boy.

There are several stories connected with the origin of the day, but the one that I like best is to the effect that the Emperor Claudius, in order to increase his armies with single men, who he claimed made better soldiers, issued a decree forbidding marriage. When the good priest Valentine heard of this, he invited all young lovers to come to him and be married in defiance of the law. Thus he became known as the "friend of lovers." But, sad to relate, when this news reached the ears of Claudius, Valentine was cast into prison, where he died. He was afterward made a saint, and the day of his death, February fourteenth, was set apart to his memory. It's a pretty story, and I like to believe that it is true.

We do not have so much need of the good priest's services today. What with our automobiles, co-educational institutions, motion-picture houses, and society in general, the young people are fairly well-equipped for love-making. But

we always will have a place in our hearts for the little blind god—the blinder the better—so I give you the toast: Dan Cupid—may he always shoot straight!

Washington's Birthday

(Honoring Our First President)

I SOMETIMES wonder what the Father of His Country would think if he could awaken today and see and hear all the marvelous things that have come to pass since his birth.

Possibly he would not be so much surprised at the material changes which have taken place as at the change in the people of the United States and of the world since he and Martha were the "first gentlemen and lady of the land." How far we have strayed from the precepts of his day.

What would he think of our customs, our ideals, our amusements? And how would he regard the things we do and demand in the name of Liberty? Would he be proud of the child whose cradle he rocked?

For this reason, if no other, it is good for us to observe this twenty-second day of February. It carries us back, if only for a moment, to the ideals of Washington. It was a fortunate circumstance that gave to the young nation as its first president a man of such high standards, integrity and unselfish loyalty to his country. His nobility of character and efficient statesman-

ship set a splendid example for those who would follow in his footsteps.

Those of us who have made the pilgrimage to Mount Vernon, who have visited that peaceful home on the banks of the Potomac, with its quaint gardens and priceless relics, who have stood reverently before the quiet tomb of America's first president, realize that Washington was not only a soldier and a statesman, but a man whom the young republic loved and honored.

Historians emphasize the military side of his character, and rightly, because had he been anything but the noble patriot and great commander that he was, the course of history would have been changed, and the United States might have remained a colony of Great Britain. But we have had enough of war, and it is rather to the other phase of his life that I would turn.

They tell us today that there was no cherry tree, no hatchet; but I like to believe that the incident was true. The fact, impressed upon us in childhood, that Washington never told an untruth seemed, and still seems, marvelous. We can therefore appreciate the answer made by a small boy when his teacher, wishing to create a good impression on visitors, asked him what George Washington was remarkable for.

"He was remarkable," replied the lad promptly, "because he was an American and never told a lie."

I like to think of Washington as a child, get-

ting into the same kind of mischief and playing the same games as the children of today. I like to think of his writing poor verses and spelling badly, of his carefully copying fifty different rules of behavior, of his taming the wildest horses and dominating the most unruly of his schoolmates. Above all, I rejoice in the knowledge that because of his dutiful regard for his mother's wishes he did not become a midshipman in the service of His Majesty, King George the Third.

And I like to contemplate the lovable, human side of the man, his devotion to his mother and his romantic wooing of Martha Custis, for it brings him close to us and makes us realize that, after all, he was not a god or a superman; that he was merely a very fine type of human being, accomplishing things such as we, too, may accomplish if we but have the desire and make the effort.

Washington's far-seeing conception of what this country might eventually become was marvelous; the emphasis which he laid upon education, morality and enlightened citizenship is an inspiration today. He was not content to work for the immediate present, but with his keen, far-sighted vision, was continually building for the future of the young republic. And through his efforts and influence, there was laid for that handful of colonies scattered along the Atlantic seaboard a foundation which today safely supports the greatest nation in the world.

Just as the name of Washington will ever live

pre-eminent in the annals of our country, so this nation will live in the respect and honor of the world as long as it adheres to the principles and ideals for which he stood.

Saint Patrick's Day

(By a Son of the Emerald Isle)

I HAVE been sitting here, thoroughly enjoying the talks, for I felt as Daniel must have felt when he walked into the lions' den, and saw all those hungry, ferocious beasts approach. He must have said to himself, "Well, whoever is called upon for an after-dinner speech, I won't be the one." I confess that I feel a little too green to talk, even at a Saint Patrick's Day dinner. However, on the way here I met a North of Ireland man, and he treated me to a little orange punch. But for that I wouldn't have any courage at all.

They tell us that the seventeenth of March may not be the true Saint Patrick's Day. It seems that at one time there was a dispute regarding this, one faction claiming that the eighth of March was the proper day to celebrate, the other that it was the ninth. They appealed to a good and wise priest, who compromised the matter in true Irish fashion by adding the two dates and making it the seventeenth.

And it is not Saint Patrick's birth that we celebrate today, but the date of his death. It may therefore seem that our hilarity is a little mis-

placed. But we do not know the exact date of his birth; and, moreover, we can never think of our patron saint without a sense of rejoicing, because he did so much for Christianity, and especially for the Irish.

We have no authentic record of this good man's life. We do know, however, that when a boy of sixteen he was brought a prisoner to Ireland. That was a great day for the Island. There he spent six years of the most formative period of his life, and it shows the great strength of his character that he was able to maintain his faith, a captive soul, a lone Christian among pagans.

While in captivity, he learned to speak the language of the people. This further proves his great ability, for it takes a smart man to acquire a speaking acquaintance with the Gaelic tongue. That's why the Irish are all so smart.

The condition of these people, and their barbarous superstitions so moved him that he determined to devote his life to their conversion. The Lord blessed his efforts, and in the face of dangers and all but insurmountable obstacles, he continued his teaching until, at his death in about the year 465 A. D., the greater part of the country was filled with churches and Christians, and he had won for himself a place among the saints of Heaven and earth.

And before he died, Saint Patrick gave to Ireland something which will live forever in the hearts of her people—a little three-leafed plant

of emerald green. You remember the words of the old song:

"There's a dear little plant that grows in our Isle,
'Twas Saint Patrick himself sure that set it;
And the sun on his labor with pleasure did smile,
And the dew from his eye often wet it.

"It shines thro' the bog, thro' the brake and the
mireland,
And he called it the dear little Shamrock of Ireland."

Many are the land-marks bearing his name in the "Auld Counthry." In this country we have only the seventeenth of March, a bit of green ribbon, and a sprig of shamrock from the shores of the Emerald Isle. But to us they are symbolic of Ireland's Patron Saint, and I give you, my friends, as a toast for all good Irishmen and true, her well-beloved—Saint Patrick.

Arbor Day

(A Plea for Conservation)

HE who plants a tree performs an act for which future generations will thank him. We see about us thousands of beautiful trees, with their magnificent foliage, but we seldom pause to think of the barrenness that would result if they were all swept away. I think life would be well nigh unendurable without them. Of all growing things, aside from food, trees are man's greatest friends.

Much of the world's business is dependent on the growth of trees, and there has been ruthless slaughter of these servants of man during the last half century. To such an extent has this been carried that thinking men and women have grown alarmed at the speed with which the supply is being depleted. And they have set in motion plans and laws for the conservation of the forests now standing, and for the reforestation of cut-over tracts.

It is necessary that we continue to have forests with which to carry on the business of the world, but it takes fifty years to bring most trees to the stage where they have a commercial value. Therefore, to cut and destroy without replacement for the benefit of future generations is a crime which should not be permitted.

Most of us are familiar with that beautiful story of the thousand-year pine, told so graphically by Enos A. Mills, in which the author reads the history of a nation in the record that time had left in the cross-section of a venerable tree. The rings of the tree showed its age to be over a thousand years. It had lifted its proud head more than a hundred feet above the earth ere Columbus set foot upon the western continent. Fires had scorched it; bullet and arrow had pierced it; it had endured years of drought so severe that lesser vegetation must have perished; and there had been years of luxuriant growth. Lightning had struck, but did not destroy; storms had bent, but could not break; and the great tree

lived on, through the hunting days of the Indian, the pioneer days of the covered wagon, through winter snows and summer suns to the present time. It had seen the nation develop from a wilderness to the glorious country it is today. Only primeval lands can produce such a tree, and its kind can never be replaced.

A tree is more than an inanimate thing. It is a lifetime friend of man. Few of us but carry through life the memory of some particular tree. It may be a drooping willow, a stalwart oak, a graceful maple, or a stately elm. Its memory will ever be the memory of a friend.

Poets for countless ages have sung of trees. One of the most beautiful tributes is the poem by Joyce Kilmer—

"I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.

"A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;

"A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

"A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair.

"Upon whose bosom snow has lain,
Who intimately lives with rain.

"Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree."

Labor Day

(A Toast to the Union)

THERE is an old saying to the effect that the laborer is worthy of his hire. I hope we are all worth that, and I am sure that some of us are worth much more.

And he is also worthy of a little relaxation from his labors now and then, a little time in which to foregather with his fellows and enjoy the pleasures of rest and recreation. The Union, through its efforts to increase wages and improve living conditions, has made it possible for us to afford many of the luxuries of life—such as this social time tonight.

We all realize that there must be an amassing of capital, in order that labor may find employment. We also know that capital is powerless to carry out its projects without the co-operation of labor. We can understand the position of Pat who had turned Socialist and tried to induce his friend Mike to accept the doctrine. Mike was troubled and asked Pat to explain the principles.

"It means dividing up your property equally," said Pat. "'Tis this way. If I had two million dollars, I'd give you a million and keep a million myself. See?"

"And if you had two farms, Pat, what would you do?"

"I'd divide up, Mike. I'd give you one and I'd keep one."

"And if you had two pigs, Pat, would you share those too?"

"Now, Mike," cried Pat, "you go to thunder! You know I've got two pigs."

Both sides have come to a realization of these truths during the last few years. And while we do not now ask that all capital be divided among us, neither does capital expect labor to give its time without adequate return. The various unions and brotherhoods have brought this about, so that, in America at least, labor is coming into its own.

It is true that once in a while some one overdoes his adherence to Union rules, like Casey, who dropped a load of dynamite when the whistle blew, and thereby permanently lost his job; but usually both employer and employee are benefited by these rules.

We have learned that financial success is not all there is to life. Lincoln once said, "Financial success is purely metallic. The man who gains it has four metallic attributes—gold in his palm, silver on his tongue, brass in his face, and iron in his heart." If that spells financial success, I think most of us would prefer a little more iron in our hands and gold in our hearts.

But things are within our reach today of which the last generation never dreamed. The radio, automobile, education, comforts, and luxuries. Why, we can even get into debt—a luxury unknown to the laboring man a few years ago. The boss in a certain plant was tired of being con-

stantly importuned by one of the workers for the next week's salary, and finally said:

"Mose, you're the limit. Say, what would you do if you had all the money in the world?"

"Well, suh," answered Mose, studiously, "de fust ting Ah'd do wid' at money would be to pay all mah debts—dat is, as fah as it'd go."

And more luxuries will follow. Our children, the next generation, will pick up the work where we lay it down, and will go on to greater achievements, until the working-man is no longer a laborer in the present accepted meaning of the term, but a part owner of the business for which he works.

There is no one more patriotic than the laboring man; no one more willing to serve his country. We realize that no nation in the world offers such opportunities as the United States. So I give you a toast which is appropriate both to the country we love and to our organization—The Union Forever.

Columbus Day

(Commemorating the Great Adventure)

WE sophisticated people of the twentieth century, who seldom experience a thrill of excitement, cannot imagine the glorious feeling which must have swept over Columbus and his fellow-voyagers when at last land appeared on the distant horizon. What heart-felt joy must have

been his when he reverently knelt on the golden sands of San Salvador to thank God for his safe arrival and for this fair land, which he claimed for Spain.

Columbus did not reach his objective. But who of us does? He never knew the extent of the land he had discovered. He expected to find a passage to India, but he found infinitely more—a mighty continent, a new world, stretching from the Arctic to the Antarctic, and washed by the waters of four great oceans.

Through some mistake, the new world does not bear the name of its discoverer, but our gratitude to him has found expression in the beloved nickname, "Columbia," which we have bestowed upon our country, and in the name we have given to the District where stands our Capitol.

The research of scientists has revealed the fact that untold ages before Columbus braved the unknown terrors of the deep, there lived upon this continent a highly civilized race of people. How they came here we know not. Where and why they went is even a greater mystery. We are told that men from at least seven nations touched upon the shores of America centuries before Columbus was born. We know that in the year one thousand Leif Ericsson explored the northeast corner of our continent, but the history of the Western Hemisphere begins when the look-out on the *Pinta* gave his welcome cry of "Land."

No present-day adventurer of the air, or of the

far regions of the south, has more courage than that which beat in the hearts of those brave men when they made that wonderful journey, in frail cockle-shells on an uncharted sea, hedged about with superstition and ignorance, and buoyed up only by the courage and fantastic dreams of their leader. The marvelous part is that they were able to reach the western land at all.

On October twelfth of each year, we are wont to pause for a few moments while we pay tribute to that intrepid explorer, Columbus, the man who, as some one has said, made "seeing America first" famous. A little story is told of a resourceful teacher who had had some difficulty in fixing the date in the minds of her pupils. She finally devised a couplet for them to memorize, which ran as follows:

"In fourteen hundred and ninety-two,
Columbus sailed the ocean blue."

The next day, when asked to repeat the verse, a bright young hopeful replied:

"In fourteen hundred and ninety-three,
Columbus sailed the deep blue sea."

But whether it was in 1492 or in 1493, or whether or not he was the first to reach our shores, we all feel as did Mark Twain when he said, "When Columbus discovered America, it stayed discovered."

Thanksgiving Day

*(For Family and Other Reunions on This
Holiday)*

AMERICA is blessed with holidays. There are more than a dozen which are quite universally observed, to say nothing of the numerous reunions, picnics and fairs which we love to attend.

But of them all, Thanksgiving Day holds first place in our hearts. It ranks with the Fourth of July and Memorial Day in national importance, and at the same time brings greatest joy to the family circle.

It is the first holiday instituted on the American continent, and each year our thoughts travel back to that brave little band of Puritans, who, having survived the rigors of the bleak New England winter and reaped the results of their summer toil, gathered to thank God for the bountiful harvest and the health and strength He had bestowed upon them.

We have strayed somewhat from the significance given to the day by those God-fearing ancestors of ours, and are inclined to think only of the joyous reunions and the delights of a well-laden table. You may remember James Whitcomb Riley's poetic description of a small boy's dinner at grandma's house:

“Last Thanksgivin'-dinner we
Et at Granny's house, an' she
Had—ist like she alluz does—
Most an' best pies ever wuz.

"Canned *blackburry-pie* an' *goose-Burrry*, squashin' full o' juice;
An' *rozburry*—yes, an' plum—
Yes, an' *churry-pie*—um-yum!

"Peach an' punkin, too, you bet.
Lawzy! I kin taste 'em yet!
Yes, an' *custard-pie*, an' *mince*!

An'—I—*ain't*—et—no—*pie*—since!"

I think most of us have had a similar experience and can sympathize heartily with this lad.

Thanksgiving has a flavor of medieval times, when the monarch of a country issued mandates to his people. In November of each year our President issues a proclamation, commanding that a certain day be set apart on which the people of these United States shall give thanks for the blessings they have received. It is this custom, more than any other, which stamps America as a Christian nation.

It is altogether fitting that Thanksgiving should be the happiest day of the year, but we should not lose sight of its true significance. Let us be grateful to God for our personal safety and comfort, and for the rich, beautiful nation in which we live. And let us also be grateful to those courageous men and women whose names have lived in the history and romance of our country.

Christmas Eve

(For a Sunday-School Christmas Tree Party)

I KNOW you boys and girls are hoping that I will make my remarks short and snappy, so we can get to the real business of the evening—the distribution of gifts—for I am sure each one of you expects something from that beautifully decorated tree. But we shall have to wait a few minutes for Santa Claus. I have just had a message saying that he was delayed, but would soon arrive. He was having a bit of trouble with his radiator, or propeller, or whatever it is that goes wrong with reindeer, and hadn't been able to get over the Arctic Circle.

While we are waiting for him, I am going to repeat a verse or two which James Whitcomb Riley, the poet, wrote about him. Mr. Riley loved children and he remembered the joy that Christmas used to bring him.

“Jes’ a little bit o’ feller—I remember still,—
Used to almost *cry* for Christmas, like a youngster will.
Fourth o’ July’s nothin’ to it!—New-Year’s ain’t a
smell:
Easter-Sunday—Circus Day—jes’ all dead in the shell!
Lordy, though! at night, you know, to set around and
hear
The old folks work the story off about the sledge and
deer,
And ‘Santy’ skootin’ round the roof, all wrapped in fur
and fuzz—
Long afore I knowed who ‘Santy Claus’ wuz!”

Then he tells us how he would sit up late on Christmas Eve, just as you are doing tonight, waiting for Santa Claus to appear. And he says he used to—

“Size the fireplace up, and figger how ‘Old Santy’ could
Manage to come down the chimbly, like they said he
would:

Wisht that I could hide and see him—wundered what
he’d say

Ef he ketched a feller layin’ for him thataway!

But I *bet* on him, and *liked* him, same as ef he had

Turned to pat me on the back and say, ‘Look here, my
lad,

Here’s my pack,—jes’ he’p yourse’f, like all good boys
does!’

Long afore I knowed who ‘Santy Claus’ wuz!’”

Did you ever wonder why we have this very nice custom of giving presents on Christmas Day? Just why do you like Christmas? If you were told to answer that truthfully, you would doubtless say because you like to receive gifts. Yes, we all like to receive presents, but honestly, now, don’t you like to give them, too? How many like to make gifts at Christmas time? Let’s see the hands. I thought so—everybody! Of course.

Now, you don’t often think about giving presents to Mother and Father, or Mary and Fred, do you? But at Christmas time you just want to give something to everybody. You even want to buy a new collar for Towser, or a new ribbon for Puss. Why is this? There is one other time when we like to give a present. That is on some-

body's birthday. Well, Christmas is just the most wonderful birthday in the world. Jesus, as you all know, was born on this day hundreds of years ago. He is not here in person tonight to receive His presents, but He has said that whatsoever we do to others we do to Him, so we try to make other people happy on His birthday by giving our presents to them. And it is this spirit, this desire to give, that we call Santa Claus. We all like to play Santa Claus, and help to fill up his pack.

And Mr. Riley has another little verse for us about a small lad who tried to solve the Santa Claus mystery, but only succeeded in making it worse:

"After a thoughtful, almost painful pause,
Bub sighed, 'I'm sorry fer old *Santy Claus*:—
They *wuz* no *Santy Claus*, ner *couldn't* be,
When *he* was ist a little boy like me!'"

Hark, did you hear something? (Bells are heard faintly.) I thought I heard the jingle of sleighbells. Yes, I hear them now. (Sound of bells grows louder.) Santa Claus has come. Hello, Santa, welcome to our party. Here's your Christmas tree, all loaded with gifts, and here are all the bright-eyed boys and girls waiting to receive them.

Christmas

(For Any Christmas Day Celebration)

THERE are many things in the life of Christ as a man which carry with them a tinge of sadness—His sacrifices, His pain, His final grief. But on the day of His birth, we think only of the little Child in His mother's arms, and our hearts are filled with gladness. We feel that there is in every child something of the divine spirit of that other Child. We like to believe that these little ones are as guiltless and as pure.

And we like to remember the Christmas Days of our own youth. How we looked forward for weeks to this day of rejoicing. It wasn't because of the gift-giving, or the bounteous dinners, or the gaily decorated tree, or the stockings mysteriously filled, or the holly and mistletoe. All these helped, of course, but it was the spirit, the very essence of Christmas, that possessed every heart, shone in every face, and was reflected in words and deeds.

Some of our modern children are skeptical and unromantic, caring nothing for the fanciful tales which delighted our own childhood. It was the midnight hour on Christmas Eve and Tommy was still awake, sitting alone beside the fireplace. Santa Claus appeared, his pack overflowing with toys. Shaking the snow from his coat, he cried:
"Merry Christmas, Tommy!"

"Aw, cut it out," said Tommy crossly. "Can't you see I'm trying to get Havana, Cuba?"

Many people decry the urge to give which comes upon us as the Christmas season draws near. They loudly denounce the mercenary spirit, and criticize the stores for striving to increase their holiday sales. It may be that some of us overdo the Christmas giving; that at times we give and receive in the wrong spirit. But is it not good for us to once a year open our hearts and our purses and give to others, even though we feel that we cannot afford to do so? And if it necessitates a real sacrifice, so much the better for our souls.

One year during the World War some friends of mine, because a young son of the family was in France and because money was somewhat scarce, decided to exchange no gifts on that particular Christmas Day, and so informed their friends. Christmas morning dawned. It brought no pleasant surprises, no hearty good wishes. The day, with slow, dragging hours passed and left no sense of satisfaction, no pleasant memories.

Never again, said my friends, would they sacrifice Christmas on any altar of expediency. Come what might, they would henceforth observe the day in the time-honored custom. They felt that the satisfaction which comes from the knowledge of happiness conferred on others is the greatest joy we can experience. They learned the truth of that sentiment so beautifully expressed by James Whitcomb Riley—

" 'Tis the songs ye sing, and the smiles ye wear
That's a-making the sun shine everywhere."

You all remember that terrible character of Dickens, old Scrooge, who said that Christmas was a humbug and that a believer in it should be boiled with his own pudding and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. Evidently old Scrooge had no memories of mistletoe boughs and tantalizing maidens, of bulging yard-long stockings, of glorious dinners and resulting tummy-aches. Poor man, he was more to be pitied than blamed.

A good many unwise things are done in the name of Christmas, but for all that no other day in the year compares with it. It brings thoughts of peace and good will, gifts and the love of giving. We know that it is *not* humbug, but that it is a real blessing to those who feel its spirit.

"To Christmas, brightest of all days;
Our hearts tonight are filled with praise;
We welcome thee each year.
We come with gifts for old and young,
With Christmas carols sweetly sung,
With happiness and cheer."



PATRIOTIC OCCASIONS

“To her we drink, for her we pray,
Our voices silent never;
For her we'll fight, let come what may,
The Stars and Stripes forever!”

—*Decatur.*

Memorial Day

*(In Memory of Those Who Gave Their Lives
for Their Country)*

My friends, we have gathered today to do honor to those who offered their lives to protect our nation and our homes. From some, the supreme sacrifice was accepted on the battle-field; others have since passed to the Great Beyond. It is to lay a token of respect upon their graves that we are here.

This is the one day of the year that is set apart for our soldier and sailor dead. All our flowers should be for *their* graves; all our loving tributes should be for *them*, for this is *their* day. Whether they wore the khaki, the blue, or the gray, they offered their lives on the altar of their country, and made their sacrifice for the sake of humanity. I will not recount their deeds of valor. These are recorded in the pages of our country's history, and forever engraved upon the monuments of our land.

To us they have passed the torch, and it is our duty to keep it burning, to so enlighten the world that never again will man be called upon to bear arms against his fellow man. By the use of diplomacy instead of cannon, brotherly love instead of swords, education instead of coercion, it is our duty to bring the nations of the world into

friendly relations, and to keep them there. If we do not do this, then these holy dead will have died in vain.

Let us, therefore, honor these brave ones to-day; let us pay them proper tribute for their willing sacrifice; and then let us go forth, firm in the resolve that their couch will never be shaken by the roar of guns; that their peaceful rest will never be disturbed by marching feet; that henceforth the whole world will live in peace and brotherly love. Then will the silent victors smile in their heavenly home, for then they will know that the cause for which they died has been triumphant. I want to repeat to you four beautiful verses written by that poet with the understanding heart, James Whitcomb Riley:

"Deep, tender, firm and true, the Nation's heart
Throbs for her gallant heroes passed away,
Who in grim Battle's drama played their part,
And slumber here today——

"Warm hearts that beat their lives out at the shrine
Of Freedom, while our country held its breath
As brave battalions wheeled themselves in line
And marched upon their death.

.

"But draw aside the drapery of gloom,
And let the sunshine chase the clouds away
And gild with brighter glory every tomb
We decorate today.

"And in the holy silence reigning round,
While prayers of perfume bless the atmosphere,
Where loyal souls of love and faith are found,
Thank God that Peace is here."

Fourth of July

(For Patriotic Meetings on Independence Day)

OUR Nation's birthday. What does it mean to you, fellow citizens? When you awaken on the morning of July Fourth, do you think merely of the pleasures and activities of the day, or does your mind wander down the years to the time when this nation was born? When, a mere strip of land along the Atlantic seaboard, America dared to throw off the restraining hand of England, and to assume the rights and responsibilities of an independent state.

We think of those brave forefathers of ours as being great soldiers, but their courage was not in that alone. What faith they must have had in themselves and their cause to draft and sign the Declaration of Independence—the birth certificate of the new-born nation. Failure meant the ignominious death of a rebel. Have we justified that faith?

And later, when those fourteen men framed that other marvelous document, the Constitution of the United States, what prophetic vision must have been theirs. That constitution, drafted for a mere handful of people, was destined to be, with few changes, all sufficient for a vast nation of diversified interests, stretching from ocean to ocean, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. A document which has been the foundation for forty-eight separate state constitutions. Have

we carried out their dream? Do we look upon this constitution as a sacred legacy, or as something to be ridiculed and defied?

We can see the young nation growing, putting forth efforts, acquiring riches, fame and power. We can see its struggles to throw off a custom which was strangling it. Then, when it had reached manhood, we can see it fighting the battles of other people, unmindful of its own profit.

We have been proud of our country's achievements, of her place of honor in the world. We have delighted in her riches, her busy cities and fruitful lands. Nowhere in the world is there so much comfort and pleasure, so little suffering, and so many generous impulses, as in the United States.

It is an old custom to bring gifts on a loved one's birthday. Assuming that we love our country, what gifts have we brought her today? What gifts are appropriate you ask. Not money. She has an ample supply of that. Not power, nor honor, nor glory. These are hers in abundance. What, then, should we bring our beloved country on this, her natal day? My friends, we should bring her ourselves, our loyalty, our love, and our service. On this day of days, we should dedicate ourselves anew to obedience of that constitution and the laws of our state, and a wholehearted support of our public officials, from the president down to the merest top-sergeant in our own little company.

All these things we can bring to our country,

and we can insist that the stranger within our gates, who is seeking to become a member of our family, shall do likewise. We can see to it that he who accepts her protection and generosity does his part, if not actively, then at least by passive submission to our laws.

It is good to voice our patriotism on a day like this, but let us not confine ourselves to mere expressions of sentiment. Let us, on this anniversary of our country's birth, bring gifts of loyal service and conscientious obedience, without which a nation, even as great as this, cannot exist.

The Voice of the Flag

(For Flag Day and Other Patriotic Occasions)

If yonder flag, floating so gaily on the breeze, or hanging in graceful folds against the sky, could find a voice to speak its thoughts, what message would it have for us today? Methinks I hear a whisper from those silken folds. I listen, and this is what it says:

"I am the flag which first saw the light of day under the loving fingers of Betsy Ross. I was born of the sun and stars, christened in patriotism, and dedicated to liberty. Like the nation over which I wave, I have changed. My field of blue is now brilliant with the stars of many states.

"I have led the nation, step by step, from the cradle of liberty to the great world power it is

today. I have fluttered from the masts of ships in every port of the world. I have circled the globe, and have floated above its northern and southern poles. I have been in the depths of the sea, and I have spanned oceans through the air. I have led the van in the march across mountains and plains. I have climbed to the very peak of the tallest building. I have fluttered from the hand of a little child. I have waved in triumph from my staff when great joy filled the nation, and I have drooped at half-mast when sorrow overflowed your hearts.

"I have been drenched with the blood of brave men who died that the cause of liberty might live. I have been stained with the smoke of battle; torn with the shot and shell of strife.

"But always I have been in the lead, giving encouragement, enthusiasm and inspiration, and always I have been followed by the brave-hearted and the true.

"Today is the very acme of my career, for today I float over a nation at peace with the world and at home; a prosperous, happy nation, a leader in the cause of right."

"And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

A Toast to the United States

(On the Fourth of July)

ON this patriotic occasion we feel justified in giving our national pride full rein. We are proud of our country, and justly so, but doubtless if we could listen in on certain foreign conferences, or read the minds of some of our polite foreign friends, our self-esteem would become somewhat less inflated.

Blind patriotism, self-centered and selfish, achieves nothing. The sentiment "my country, right or wrong," however commendable, must not carry us to the point where we will not recognize the wrong, or try to right it.

But I am not going to make a speech. If I attempted to do so, I might be like the colored spellbinder who wound up his patriotic oration with this outburst:

"An' dar stood Christopher Columbus on de shore ob de new land, wid de Magner Carter in one han' an' de Declaration ob Independence in de odder han', proclaimin' de immortal words ob de gran' ol' Republican pahty, 'Peace on earth, good will to men!'"

So I'm only going to give a toast, in which I am sure you will all join. There are two letters in the alphabet which have for us a double significance. They are U and S. Of course we know that they stand for the United States, or for "Uncle Sam," as we are wont to say. But I like

to think that these letters have another significance; that they spell a word—a little word meaning you and me and all that we hold dear; a word that means the entire country and also its humblest citizen. And this little word is my toast tonight. Just as U. S. stands for the United States, so the United States stands for U-S, US.

Armistice Day

(In Memory of Our Soldier and Sailor Dead)

ON a calm day in June, 1914, a pistol shot rang out in a quiet little Serbian city. The sound was faint, but it was heard around the world, growing louder and louder until the roar of cannon resounded in every ear. Not until seven and a half million men, the pride of many nations, had laid down their lives, and hospitals had claimed seventeen million more, did the world find surcease from a catastrophe almost greater than the mind of man could grasp. For four long years the world was mad, while the struggle between Liberty and Imperialism went on.

The courage, the high ideals of the men engaged in this gigantic conflict are expressed in the heart-gripping poem which made Lieutenant Colonel John McCrae famous the world over—"In Flanders Fields"—

"In Flanders Fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,

That mark our place, and in the sky,
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the dead; short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders Fields.

"Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch: be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders Fields."

And "America's Answer," by R. W. Lillard, is no less beautiful and filled with meaning:

"Rest ye in peace, ye Flanders dead.
The fight that you so bravely led
We've taken up. And we will keep
True faith with you who lie asleep,
With each a cross to mark his bed,
And poppies growing overhead,
Where once his own life-blood ran red;
So let your rest be sweet and deep
In Flanders Fields.

"Fear not that you have died for naught.
The torch ye threw to us we caught;
Ten million hands will hold it high,
And freedom's light shall never die:
We've learned the lesson that ye taught
In Flanders Fields."

But we are not here today to recount the tragedies of the war, or the heroism of our soldier dead. We are here to offer up a prayer of

thanksgiving for that glorious eleventh hour, when suddenly there was silence on the battle-fields, and the roar of cannon was heard no more in the land; that glorious, mad day, when in every city and hamlet in the world, men and women shouted and sang, with choking voices and streaming eyes, that the war was over.

We are here to consecrate our lives anew to the cause for which our loved ones gave *their* lives; to resolve that the fair lands of our own and other nations shall never again be devastated by the god of war; that henceforth nations shall live in peace and harmony, and homes be forever safe from the invader; that human greed for power and riches shall never again demand the sacrifice of human life. We have pledged our word to our soldier dead—to those seven million who returned not to their native land. We have pledged that this was a war to end war. Are we keeping faith? Have we learned the lesson that they taught? Will time prove that those bright young lives were not sacrificed in vain? Let us seriously ask ourselves this question, as we listen to the ceremonies which are to follow, and pledge our lives anew to the cause of Peace.

Landing of the Pilgrims

(A Patriotic Tribute to Our Puritan Fathers)

WHEN Felicia Hemans wrote her immortal poem, she described in a graphic manner the landing, in

the dead of winter, of a brave band of Pilgrims upon the rock-bound coast of bleak New England. Could those brave men and women have foreseen the time when a great city would treasure the rock which first felt the impress of their feet, all the wonders of the old world would have paled.

And the miracle of the loaves and fishes could not have equaled the expanding capacity of the Mayflower. We are told that it actually held one hundred and two persons; but, judging from the number of people who now trace their ancestry back to that famous vessel, there must have been Pilgrims enough to fill a mighty Leviathan of the deep.

If those Puritanical forefathers of ours could have foreseen the airplane passing over the harbor of Boston, if they could have heard messages singing through the air, their religious simplicity would have been sorely tried.

In our mind's eye we picture these visitors to an inhospitable shore going to their little church on the Sabbath, clad in severest garb, and armed against unheralded assaults of Indians. We cannot imagine them sitting in slippered ease before a radio, with the Sunday paper scattered about, listening to an eminent divine in some distant city. To them church service meant hours of strenuous preaching and as strenuous attention.

Little did they dream that three thousand miles spanned the continent on which they had

set their feet. They who spent weeks crossing the deep could not, by the widest stretch of imagination, vision a boy, a lone Eagle, crossing that waste of water in thirty-three hours.

And those Puritanical maidens, in their modest gowns, would have been terror-stricken at the thought that their great-great-granddaughters would one day stand shoulder to shoulder with men in the government and business of their country. Yet the spirit of today's most modern girl must have twinkled in the eye of Priscilla when she said, oh, so demurely, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" Thus urged, John Alden spoke for himself, and since that time the Priscillas have been growing in boldness, until now the Johns must speak quickly, if they would preserve the traditional prerogative of man.

But, nevertheless, the pioneer spirit which impelled those ancestors to brave the rigors and dangers of the new world, lives today in the hearts of those who have pushed the outskirts of civilization even to the frozen places of the poles, the depths of the sea and the heights of the air. This spirit of adventure will never die while man lives. And so, in remembrance of their sheer bravery, their sterling character, and their hardy manhood and womanhood, I give you, friends, the toast—Our Pilgrim Fathers.



MILITARY AFFAIRS

"THE wine-cup, the wine-cup bring hither—
A Toast! Glasses full to the brim!
May the wreaths they have won never wither,
Nor the star of their glory grow dim;
May our soldiers and sailors ne'er sever,
United 'neath colors so true:
The Army and Navy forever!
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue."

—*Anonymous.*

The Army

(By an Army Officer)

I HAVE long thought that there were not enough divisions in the army, numerous as they are, and tonight I am sure of it. Just as we have a company, or a band, or a drum corps, or an engineering corps, so we should have a corps of after-dinner speakers. The men composing this company should be tall and handsome—the popular idea of a romantic soldier; they should be fluent of speech, and elaborate of uniform. The army would then be proud of those selected to represent it at such functions as this, and the citizens who support us with taxes could “point with pride” and say to the envious foreigner in our midst, “What do you think of our splendid Army?”

An officer does not like to appear at a disadvantage, whether it be at a social affair or in service. A story is told of a rather small, dapper young second lieutenant who, when he first appeared before his company, heard some one in the ranks remark, “And a little child shall lead them.”

“Whoever said that step three paces to the front,” he commanded, severely. The entire company stepped three paces to the front.

The lieutenant, baffled, shouted, "Break ranks—march!"

After mess, the company read this order on the bulletin board:

"Company A will fall in line, in heavy marching order, at 3 P. M., for a 30-mile hike"——

"And a little child shall lead them"——

"On a big black horse!"

Nobody likes good food and plenty of it better than a soldier. Any doughboy will tell you that, so you can appreciate the story of a certain private in the Civil War. General Joe Johnston was one day riding leisurely behind his army on the march. Food had been scarce and the rations limited. He spied a straggler in the brush beside the road and called out sharply:

"What are you doing there?"

"Pickin' 'simmons," replied the soldier.

The persimmon, as you all know, has the quality of puckering the mouth as no other fruit can.

"What are you picking 'simmons for?" sharply rejoined the General.

Then came the humorous answer which disarmed the officer's anger and appealed to his sympathy.

"Well, the fact is, General, I'm trying to shrink my stomach to the size of my rations, so I won't starve to death."

Soon after America entered the World War, a department store in Chicago displayed in one of its windows the rations of a soldier for one

month. An anxious old lady, who was viewing the exhibit, remarked that no pepper was included with the supplies. A young Italian girl, standing nearby, glanced proudly at her uniformed sweetheart, and said: "De American soldier, he no need-a da pep." I am sure that the young recruit fought better because of that simple faith.

But joking aside, America may well be proud of her army. Not alone the men in uniform who are today stationed at the various forts, but also that vast army of soldiers who have exchanged the khaki for civilian dress and are fighting under the banner of industry. *They* are the men who are directing the business of the nation today; who are winning for the United States a secure place in international affairs.

And the men in civilian camps during the summer, the boy scouts, and even the girl scouts, are learning the one thing which is most needful to the average American citizen, and which is so very hard for him to learn—obedience. I sometimes wish that every man and woman in this country could have several years of military training. Not because I believe that there will ever again be need for a large army, but solely because of the good to be derived from strict discipline; the moral effect of recognition of the law.

This country is suffering from an overdose of freedom. We are too prone to quote Patrick Henry and the preamble of the Constitution, and

to broadcast the slogan "America, the land of the free." The words *freedom* and *liberty* have been so overworked that the average American citizen considers the slightest interference with his liberty a personal affront—an attitude of mind which is rigorously discouraged in the army. It is this co-operation, this strict obedience, which makes our army the great fighting machine it is today. The same principle will build up any organization, be it a family, a church, a school, or a business; a city, a state, or a nation.

The United States army has to its credit many praiseworthy achievements. The army is small now, and we trust it need never increase, yet we hope to maintain the same morale and standard of efficiency, so that, in peace or in war, an American soldier will ever have

"A good sword and a trusty hand;
A merry heart, and true."

A Tribute to the Navy

(*By a Naval Officer*)

"To be or not to be, that is the question" which nations are trying to solve. Shall there, or shall there not, be navies? As for me, I feel that the United States must always have a navy. Otherwise, what would become of the annual Army and Navy football game? And how could we find an outlet for all our blue dye, white duck and navy beans?

Then, think what it would mean to our young men to be deprived of the great opportunity of seeing the world—from the deck of a gunboat. I am sorry to say that Jack Tar has the reputation of leading a gay life ashore. We admit much of this, but we must contend that we are greatly vilified when they accuse us of having a sweetheart in every port. That is not true. We don't stop at every port.

And another thing—sailors do not possess first hand knowledge of all the undesirable places ashore. They are more like the old pilot who had spent many years guiding ships through a dangerous channel. The president of a steamship company who was taking a trip across the water, remarked to him: "I suppose you know all about the dangerous places in this channel."

"No," replied the elderly pilot, "but I know where all the bad places ain't."

A young midshipman reported to the commanding officer of a battleship for duty. The captain was gruff and sized the youngster up with anything but a friendly air.

"Well," he said, "I suppose as usual they have sent the fool of the family to sea."

"Oh, no," the midshipman quickly responded, "they've changed all that since your time, sir."

There have been many changes in the type of naval vessels since the days when "*Old Ironsides*," now afloat again after so many years of well-merited rest, won the famous battle with the *Guerriere*. Today she is a mere pigmy among

the giants of her kind. But no matter how ships may change, or the art of warfare improve, the heart of the navy will remain the same. They may limit the size of our dreadnoughts and the number of our men-of-war, but they cannot limit the courage of our boys in blue, for the spirit of naval heroes will never die. The command "Don't give up the ship" would find as ready a response today as it did when Lawrence lay dying on the deck of the *Chesapeake*.

Speaking of the army and navy, General Sherman once said:

"We know no state and no portion of the country; and were you to ask any officer on the high seas whether he came from New Jersey or Missouri, he would laugh at you. The answer would be that he came from the United States."

We do not want the largest navy in the world. Possibly our Uncle Samuel cannot afford to give so many young men an education and a sight-seeing tour. But we should maintain a navy large enough to command respect of other nations, to protect our citizens when they travel abroad, and to safeguard our interests in foreign lands. We should place ourselves in a position to see that no other nation "rules the waves" of maritime commerce. The United States today commands the respect of the world. Let us preserve it.

A Toast at a Military Dinner

(By a Soldier)

IN these piping times of peace, a soldier is not quite so popular as he was a few years ago. He isn't entertained so often, and is therefore in danger of losing something of the social polish that he acquired during the war period. We are much more adept in the use of the sword than the knife; in rolling a blanket than folding a napkin; in firing a rifle than making a speech.

But we can always lead a charge, whether it be against a foe, or against a well-laden table like this. No table could be so *loaded* as to cause us to *beat a retreat*; rather would we call up *reinforcements* to help us take the place, from the *shell* of the first oyster to the *smoke* of the last cigar. And we know that all our fellow citizens would join in the attack, if pressed into service.

I give you, gentlemen, as a toast fitting for this occasion: The Blade of Steel—whether it be used to win a battle, carve a fortune, or slice a roast.

Presentation of a Flag to a Military Company

(By a Patriotic Citizen)

NOT so many years ago a thing happened which men had said could never happen again—America was at war; and, moreover, her gallant

soldiers were fighting on foreign soil. And because of their heroism, and the heroism of other soldiers, a great calamity was averted. But the evils of aggressive warfare were brought home to the hearts and minds of all civilized men. As a result, nations are working today, as they have never worked before, to the end that never again will the roar of cannon and the roll of drums resound in any land; that never again will the hearts of men be torn by sorrow and despair; that never again will the flag of any nation be dragged in the dust of defeat.

To bring about this happy condition, it is of course necessary that a large part of the standing armies of the world shall be disbanded. But until the nations of the earth shall reach that ideal state of development where they in fact love their neighbor as themselves, and avarice shall be unknown, it will be necessary for us, in order to preserve continued peace, to maintain a small standing army. And this army must necessarily be composed of our bravest, finest and most experienced men; men who will respond to the call of their country with efficiency and patriotic zeal. Of such men is the company before me.

Our most precious possession as a nation is our flag, for this is the emblem of our honor, our bravery, and our chivalry: It represents our honor, because it stands back of our spoken or written word; our bravery, because our army is composed of the finest of our manhood; and our chivalry, because it has been proven to the world

that we are ever ready to champion the cause of the suffering and oppressed.

I am therefore deeply honored in being chosen to present to this company of gallant officers and men this beautiful flag, our most sacred and cherished possession. I hope that it will never be called upon to lead an offensive attack, but that it will ever be found at the head of a righteous cause. May the ideals for which it stands become so known throughout the world that all nations will say, "Where wave the Stars and Stripes, there abide honor, bravery and chivalry." We as a nation find no glory in war; therefore, may we all, soldiers and citizens alike, work for the glory of peace. The prosperous country is not the war-torn country, but the one that devotes every human energy to constructive building, and whose flag flies over a peaceful, law-abiding community.

Because you are America's soldiers, you understand this well. Therefore, in accepting this flag you will, we know, not only defend it with your lives, but will preserve those high ideals for which it stands.

Acceptance

(By a Commanding Officer)

It is difficult for a soldier, unaccustomed to the gentler phase of social life, to find adequate words with which to acknowledge the great

honor you have conferred upon us. From the nature of our calling, and our training, we have acquired a deep respect and reverence for the flag of our country. If duty calls, we are prepared to sacrifice our lives for it, and we have therefore come to regard it as a part of our lives.

The soldier, while trained to fight, is not anxious for warfare, and especially warfare without honor. The day of hired mercenaries is past, and today a nation's soldiers are her own sons. We hope that this flag will never fly on battlefields, yet if it should become necessary, in order to preserve our nation's honor, protect her sacred rights, or lend aid to a downtrodden and suffering people, we will be found ready and willing to make the supreme sacrifice for it.

With gratitude in our hearts for the confidence and honor that you and those whom you represent have bestowed upon us, I accept, on behalf of the officers and men of my company, this beautiful banner, emblem of idealism and integrity—the Flag of the United States. We will follow it with loyal hearts and will guard its sacred honor with our lives.

Presentation of a Sword to an Army Officer

(By a Friend)

It is a well-known fact that a soldier in the ranks dreads inspection, and resorts to various subterfuges to cover up his sins of omission.

Fortunately, the embarrassing period is short and comes only at intervals. Moreover, when the soldier is off duty, he can do pretty much as he pleases. An officer, on the other hand, is *always* under inspection. He must forever be on dress parade, for by him the public judges the army.

To give point to my remarks, I would say that he must be much like the sword he carries. His bearing must be straight, yet flexible; his manner polished; his sheath—in other words, his uniform—trim and neat; and the sign of his Creator must be engraved upon his face. But the resemblance goes deeper, for his soul must be as tried and true as a well-tempered blade, his mind must be keen, and his courage invincible.

Certain of your earnest friends, whose names you will find written on this card, recognizing in you these characteristics, have asked me to present to you, on their behalf, this handsomely mounted sword. We hope that the continued peace of our country will ever prevent its use in mortal combat; but should necessity arise, we know that the courage and patriotism of its wearer will assure its being in the foremost ranks of our country's defenders. Please accept this gift as a token of the respect and esteem of your admiring friends.

Response

(By an Army Officer)

THIS, I assure you, is one of the proudest moments of my life. To be a soldier in the army of my country is an honor, but to know that in that capacity I have earned the esteem of yourself and those whom you represent, is most gratifying.

We soldiers are sometimes accused of exaggerating our deeds of valor, and I must confess that the accusations are occasionally justified. An ex-soldier, telling his exploits to his admiring son, ended his narrative with the expression, "There, son, you have the story of your dad and the Great War."

"Yes, Daddy," replied the boy, "but why did they need all the other soldiers?"

I hope that this handsome sword will never be used in warfare, but if, at some future time I should be called upon to face my country's foes, I assure you that the force with which it is wielded will be greater because of this expression of trust.

I shall treasure this weapon while I live. With it at my side, I shall strive with greater zeal to honor my calling and to uphold the traditions of my country. Again I thank you for your gracious words and for this splendid gift.

Dedication of a Monument (or Tablet)
for Soldiers

(By a Leading Citizen)

"GREATER love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends." To lay down one's life for friends, for humanity, for country, for a principle of truth—that is a glorious thing.

The men whose memory we honor today obeyed the teachings of Jesus, spoken so many centuries ago, and freely gave their lives as a sacrifice on the altar of love. It seemed a cruel sacrifice, and our hearts were wrung with anguish at the needless waste of human life. But time, with its blessed, healing touch, has dimmed the sorrow and left only the memory of their bravery, their idealism, and their willing sacrifice that the cause of right might prevail. Truly, no man hath greater love than these brave ones who sleep so peacefully today.

But there is another commandment, a question which must search the very depths of our hearts: "Am I my brother's keeper?" Ever since the day when the Lord said unto Cain, "Where is Abel, thy brother?" and the first murderer replied, "I know not. Am I my brother's keeper?" the question of responsibility for the lives of others has rested upon man. The Lord set a mark upon Cain. And we bear the responsibility today. We *are* our brother's keeper, and as such it is our duty to so shape the affairs of the world

that never again will it be necessary for men to die for us.

The brave men in whose memory this monument (or tablet) is being unveiled, were——. (Name the men and give the record of their service.)

We honor our beloved dead, we revere their noble acts, we cherish their memory in our hearts, and we thank God that their sacrifice was not in vain. We have erected this monument (or placed this tablet) in order that future generations may know of their heroic deeds, and the honor and love in which we hold them. But ere we leave this sacred spot, let us dedicate our hearts, our lives, to the principle that never again, through war's régime, will men be called upon to lay down their lives for others. Let us constitute ourselves, in truth and in fact, "our brother's keeper."

Presentation of Prizes for Target Shooting

(By a Member of the Club)

FROM our youth we have been admonished to aim high, the inference being that we will meet with greater success by so doing. That this theory is all wrong we have just seen demonstrated. If you want to hit something, you must aim *at* it, not *above* it, or *below* it. It may well be that many of life's failures are due to this mistaken idea of aiming too high.

The man who enjoys the greatest respect and is most trusted by his associates is the "straight shooter." To shoot straight, whether literally or metaphorically, a man must have a keen eye, steady nerve, skill and determination. He must have the ability to think clearly and act quickly. He must also have a target at which to aim; otherwise, his effort will be in vain. After witnessing the exhibition today, I see no reason why this entire company should not hit any mark on which they may train their weapons or their minds.

Ever since 1898, when the proficiency of our gunners attracted the attention of all nations, the American soldier has enjoyed the reputation of being the best shot in the world. And it is this ability to think quickly, aim carefully, and shoot straight to the mark, which also characterizes the American business man.

We have enjoyed immensely this little trial of skill, and are proud of you as a company and as individuals. To me has been assigned the pleasant duty of presenting the several prizes which have been contributed for successful marksmanship. I doubt not but had yonder target been an enemy vessel, or fort, or plane, there would have been a greater number of bull's-eye shots. Though we trust that your marksmanship may never be used against a human target, yet we feel safer to know that we have you, and many like you, upon whom we can rely for national protection, should the occasion arise.

Response

(By an Officer)

My brother officers and comrades have requested me to extend to you our most cordial thanks. We have been greatly encouraged and inspired by your complimentary words and the splendid prizes which have been distributed.

It is our business, of course, to shoot straight, but we do not pretend to be perfect marksmen, like a certain gunner to whom his commanding officer said:

"Do you see that man on the bridge three miles over there? Let him have a couple of '75's' in the eye."

"Which eye, sir?" casually inquired the gunner.

We hope that you have all enjoyed our little trial of skill. We always aim to please, but, I regret to say, we sometimes overshoot the mark. If we have done so on this occasion, I beg you to believe that it was because of our eagerness to give you pleasure. I assure you that if we were really called upon to protect your lives from foreign foes, our aim would be truer, because patriotism would lend clearness to our vision and firmness to our nerves.



POLITICAL GATHERINGS

"HE welcomes you with outstretched hand,
As he meets you at the door;
You feel in your heart that of all his friends
There is none whom he values more.
He takes you into his private den,
And explains to you his position;
And asks your advice—Ah! wisest of men
Is this typical politician."

—Edgerton.

Congratulating a Candidate on His Nomination

(By a Member of His Political Party)

WE have been successful in the first skirmish and we feel that this is a good omen. Your popularity, sir, and the soundness of our platform, must result in victory at the polls. But we shall not be content to rest on our laurels at this stage of the game. From now on we shall spare no effort to set before the people the truth regarding your ability to fill the office to which you aspire, and the principles for which you stand.

Our motto is not the same as that of a certain senator who did not subscribe to the platform, "Be sure you are right and then go ahead." His policy was, he affirmed, "Go right ahead and square it afterwards."

We know that we are altogether right. Our platform is right, the place is right, you are the right man for the place, and when the right time comes, we will be right on the spot with our right hands raised to salute the victor.

In the meantime, if you have any suggestions as to how we can better carry on the campaign we are waging, we shall give them our most careful attention and quick response. This is not idle boasting. We are in earnest, because we believe that with you as a candidate we can win,

and from now until the polls close on election day we shall give our unceasing efforts to influencing others, to setting forth your excellent qualities and undoubted ability, and to seeing that those who favor your candidacy are at the polls to cast their votes. Should fortune not smile upon us, the successful candidate will at least know that he has been in a strenuous campaign.

I am reminded of the farmer, who when asked his opinion of the platform of his party, replied that it was a good platform, but he would like to know why politics is the only business that allows a man to collect in advance on the strength of his good intentions. It is true that we must collect in advance at the polls, but it is our earnest intention to see that the voters, both for and against us, are paid in full.

It is to pledge you the loyal support of ourselves and your other Democratic (or Republican) friends that we have called upon you, and to assure you that your victory on election day will be ample reward for our efforts.

Response

(By the Successful Candidate)

THIS is indeed a proud moment for me. I am sure that I shall feel no greater pride on election day, even though victory smiles upon us. This evidence of your loyalty and friendship moves

me deeply. To join your fortunes with mine, to win or lose, is a real test of friendship. If I lose, I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that everything possible was done to avoid defeat; if I win, I shall know where to place the credit, for alone I should have been helpless.

I shall not make any elaborate campaign pledges, or advance any rock-ribbed policies, for I do not want to be placed in the situation of the political aspirant who exclaimed at the close of his speech, "Gentlemen, these are my unalterable convictions! But if they don't suit, they can be changed."

Doubtless there are many men more fitted to fill the office to which I aspire than I, but there are none who would be more sincere. If I am elected, I shall bring to the office an earnest desire to perform my duties efficiently and honorably, and a cheerful confidence in you who are rendering such valuable assistance. I feel that if we are successful at the polls, it will not be a personal triumph, but the triumph of those principles which we represent.

We are not like the young man who, being asked to join a certain cause, replied that he was not fighting for causes, but for results. We are fighting for both, and with your hearty co-operation, I am confident that there can be only one result—success.

Gentlemen, I am grateful for your loyal friendship and cheerful support. I appreciate deeply your call and the assurance you have given me.

Just Before Election

(By the Party Leader)

WE have reached the zero hour. Our trenches and embankments are in place, our wire entanglements have been erected, our mines have been laid. Tomorrow we go over the top—to victory or defeat.

Like Commander Byrd's expedition, after its winter in Little America, there still remains the dash to the polls. It is our duty to see that there are no slackers tomorrow; no show of white feathers at the last moment. Every worker must be at his post to see that the men and women of voting age exercise their rights as American citizens.

We have made many promises during the campaign. I hope we shall be able to keep all of them. I have been rather tired of late, as I know you all have been, and have not assisted my wife with the after-dinner dishes, in accordance with my usual custom. Last night, as I was leaving the house, she became disgusted and said: "Before we were married you swore that you would dry the dishes every night. Did you mean it, or was it merely a campaign promise?" I sincerely trust that we have been able to put our promises to the people across with better effect than that.

No new work can be done tomorrow. The only task remaining is to strengthen our forces all along the line, and to advance in a solid for-

mation which will allow of no stragglers, and will, by its very force, carry with it those who are still wavering in "no-man's land." So my only message to you tonight is to fortify yourselves with forty winks of sleep, and at dawn go over the top with a cheer.

Congratulating a Successful Candidate

(By the Party Leader)

To me has been assigned the extremely pleasant duty of relieving your breathless suspense by announcing your election to the office of _____. The campaign is over. We must now convert our opponents into friends, and I am sure there is no one better fitted for this labor than yourself. With your knowledge, your diplomacy, and your personality, we know this will be possible.

We realize that it is a man-size job to beat another at his own game and make him like it. But we think you are the one who can do the trick. You have the majority with you. It is now your task to make it unanimous.

But while we are rejoicing over our triumphs, we do not wish to flaunt our victory in the face of those whom we have defeated. They were loyal to their cause. The trouble was that their cause was fundamentally wrong. We hope that they will see this ultimately, because, after all, this is not a despotic government. We are all

working for the good of the majority, and not for the glory of one party, or one group of men.

Politicians are the watchdogs of public rights and public funds; not, however, of the character of the Boston bull pup purchased by a man in Chicago to protect his property. The dog had been taught to do a few tricks, such as to carry a pail or a basket, go to the store, and so on. One night the owner was out very late. When he reached home he met a burglar coming down the front steps, laden with jewelry and other valuables, and in front of him walked the trick dog, carrying his lantern.

We feel sure that in electing you to this honorable position, the principles for which we have labored, and the welfare of the public, will be safe in your hands. And we have no doubt that you will so conduct your office as to win for yourself and our cause, the respect of our opponents, and possibly a cessation of hostilities, if not their whole-hearted approval and co-operation.

We congratulate you on your sweeping victory and ourselves in having secured so valuable a leader. You may be assured that we shall do all we can to carry out your plans.

Response

(By the Successful Candidate)

SOME one asked me once what kind of a speech I liked best to make. I can truthfully say that I enjoy most a speech of acceptance. While I rejoice with you over this gratifying victory, I do not feel that it is due in any measure to my own efforts or personality. Rather, I believe that it is due primarily to the principles for which the ————— party stands, and the evident justice of our cause. This, coupled with the earnest efforts put forth by you, my loyal supporters, has made this result possible.

When the returns were all in, I called up my wife and told her that I had been elected, and she said "Honestly?" I can't understand why in thunder she said that, can you?

In the flush of enthusiasm, it is easy to make extravagant promises, which later, when unforeseen circumstances arise, may be difficult of fulfillment. I shall not indulge in such a gesture. I will say, however, that I shall perform my official duties as efficiently as possible, and with a keen sense of right and justice.

I thank you for the trust you have reposed in me, for your sincere expressions of friendship, and for the advice and assistance which I may need in the future, and of which I shall feel free to avail myself.

Celebration of a Political Victory

(Congratulatory Address by an Influential Party Member)

It is over. In the words of the great American patriot, "We have met the enemy and they are ours." It now remains for us to prove to the people that they have made no mistake. The public likes to be assured that its judgment is sound; that it selected the best candidate for the office.

We have passed through some strenuous days and nights, especially nights, and we are now about to reap the reward of our earnest labors. Our candidate has accomplished the impossible. He stood firmly upon the party platform and made a successful run at the same time—a feat which any athlete might envy.

Campaign promises are easy to make, and in many instances are as easily broken. I sincerely hope that in our enthusiasm we have made none which cannot be carried out. We must remember that while our opponents have been temporarily overcome, they have not been vanquished. They remain awake and are watchfully and hopefully waiting for us to make a mis-step which will precipitate the disaster they predicted in the event that we were successful at the polls. So it behooves us to be careful. We should remember that our political plums must be grapes of a very acid variety to them; that during our entire term

of office they will be striving to gather material for a successful campaign at the next election. We will make mistakes, of course, but we should strive to make as few as possible, and to more than offset them by the good that we do.

A western politician running for office was very much incensed at certain remarks which had been made about him by the leading paper of the town. Waving a copy of the paper in his hand, he burst into the editorial room like a dynamite bomb, and shouted: "You are telling lies about me in your infamous sheet, and you know it." "You have no cause for complaint," said the editor, coolly. "What on earth would you do if we told the truth about you?" Thank heaven, we have always been able to tell the truth about our candidate, and shall be able to do so when he is up for re-election four years from now.

Celebration of a Political Reverse

(By the Party Optimist)

THIS doesn't look to me like a political gathering. It has more the appearance of the Board of Trade when the bottom had dropped out of the market. We shouldn't be downhearted. We haven't lost anything. They say nothing is lost if we know where it is, and we certainly know where the victory lies tonight.

We are not going to indulge in eulogistic epitaphs over the political decease of any of our

candidates. Some one listening in might think as did Mrs. Casey when she attended her husband's funeral. Mrs. Casey knew that Mike was no saint, and after she had listened for some time to the flowery tributes being paid to the departed, she whispered to her son:

"Dennie, will ye be takin' a peek and see if they are burying two people here today."

Our opponents are enjoying the fruit of their well-earned work, and I am not sure but that they are entitled to it, for it would seem, if we are to judge by the results, that they worked harder than we did. Their arguments must have been more convincing, their personality more inspiring.

We are like a certain unpopular man at a public dance. The manager put him out rather forcibly. As he picked himself up from the bottom of the steps, he muttered: "I know what that means, they can't fool me. Those people in there do not want me to attend the dance."

But this defeat does not mean disaster for our party. Other years and other elections are before us, and we should profit by the lesson we have learned today. Now is the time to commence our next campaign, to lay our plans for future victory.

The first step is to be sure that we are right as to principle, that we are offering the voters what they want, and that our candidates are acceptable to them. In other words, that our platform and ticket are sound. Then, if their

arguments are good, ours must be better. If they work twenty-four hours a day, we must work twenty-five. If they visit all their constituents, we must visit all of ours and most of theirs. If they have a fine personnel, we must have a finer one.

I do not believe that they have gained so great a victory because their methods were questionable and their candidates unscrupulous; nor do I believe that the surest way to defeat is a platform of hard work and clean living. I still believe that the majority of the people want these qualities in their public officials. So I say, do not be discouraged. Let us lay our plans anew, and if we do not win next time, our opponents will at least know that they have been in a good hard fight.

Presentation of a Watch to a Political Leader

(By One of a Group of Friends)

How often we hear the expression "the man of the hour," meaning the man who at that particular time is engaging the public attention because of his achievements, his popularity, his leadership. You, my dear sir, have reached this enviable position, and because your many admirers have recognized this fact, they desire to present to you a testimonial of their esteem. And what more fitting gift for the man of the hour than a gold watch.

And we want to assure you that this watch will never cause you embarrassment like the watch owned by a man out my way, who dropped it on the cement pavement. He took it to a jeweler to be repaired. In explanation of the condition of the watch, he said, "I am to blame, of course. I shouldn't have dropped it."

"You couldn't help that," remarked the jeweler. "The mistake you made was in picking it up."

There are many slogans which employ the word "watch," but possibly the one most appropriate to a politician is "watch your step." We do not feel, however, that *you* need this advice. As a political leader you need not be cautioned to keep "wound up," for we are quite sure that you will never "run down."

I read an article recently about a new time-piece—a clock run by the sun. A sort of "hot air" clock, which might be adapted for political purposes. The ancients used to have a water clock, but that, I fear, would be altogether too "wet" for even a present-day politician.

There are many points of likeness between a watch and a political leader. This watch, for example, carries with it many timely suggestions. It is of gold. Not gold in its purest sense, because nothing durable could be fashioned from so soft a metal, just as no man can be perfect. It contains, therefore, sufficient alloy to withstand the hard knocks of political life. It is full-jeweled. That means, that hidden away from the public gaze, like the innermost parts of a fine mind or

heart, are those tiny precious jewels which prevent wear and tear and which insure endurance and steadfastness.

Every part of a watch, or a political party, is important, so that the breaking of the smallest cog in either will sometimes spell disaster as quickly as the breaking of the mainspring. It therefore behooves the leader to keep every part of his political machine, even the smallest unit, in perfect running order.

As we listen to the tick of a watch, we feel that it is marking off time with unnecessary rapidity. As a matter of fact, it is very deliberate. Sixty full seconds must be ticked off before a minute is ended; sixty full minutes before an hour can pass into eternity. Therein lies a lesson for each of us—that each task undertaken must be fully completed before another, dependent upon it, can successfully be accomplished.

We like our watches and our political leaders to have a fine, polished appearance, one of which we may be proud. But that is not sufficient. Underneath the polished surface are wheels and springs of strongest metal, and it is upon these that we depend for service and accuracy. That is what you, as a leader in a great political machine, have given, and we are confident will continue to give to your constituents. We feel, therefore, that this is an appropriate gift. It comes to you with the best wishes of friends and the hope that every hour ticked off will be filled with sixty minutes of happiness and success.

Presentation of a Gift to a Retiring Public Official

(By a Prominent Citizen)

THIS is an age of strenuous business and social activities, and men and women are very much engrossed in their own affairs; but not to such an extent as to be oblivious to the honorable and faithful services of a public official.

As a rule, we do not commend our public servants. If they make mistakes, we criticize and censure them whole-heartedly; but if they do their work well, we are silent, excusing ourselves with the thought that it is only what we expected of them, otherwise we would not have entrusted them with the office. This is not right. A high public office is an extremely difficult place in which to put a man. He should be criticized, certainly, for incompetency or dishonesty; if he makes mistakes, he should receive sympathy and kindly advice. But when he brings to that office great executive ability, keen judgment, intrepid honesty, and an ability to win friends, he should receive our whole-hearted commendation. We feel that you, my dear sir, possess in the highest degree all these requirements, and that your retirement leaves a vacancy which it will be difficult to fill.

It is easy to say pleasant words, and lest you be not impressed with their sincerity, certain of your friends wish you to accept this tangible

evidence of their admiration and esteem. We also wish to assure you of our grateful appreciation of your valuable services as a public official. With the gift go our best wishes for your health, happiness and prosperity, both in your future service to the public, and in the sanctuary of your own home.

Response

(By a Public Official)

You overwhelm me with your words of praise. I do not feel that they are deserved. If I have performed my public duties in a satisfactory manner, it has been because I gave them the same care and attention I would have bestowed upon my own affairs. A city government is, or should be, merely a business organization in which the public are stockholders.

If my years of service have been more or less strenuous; if there have been a few unpleasant things with which to contend, there has also been a large measure of pleasure and satisfaction in being able to accomplish some of the objects for which I labored, and which would have been impossible but for the splendid co-operation of my friends.

I welcome this opportunity to tell you how much your assistance has meant to me, and how deeply your friendship is appreciated. I accept

this gift with sincere gratitude. It will always be cherished as a memento of a most happy period of my life.



CIVIC ASSOCIATIONS

"THIS truth comes to us more and more the longer we live—that on what field or in what uniform or with what aims we do our duty—matters very little, or even what our duty is, great or small, splendid or obscure—only to find our duty certainly, and somewhere, somehow, to do it faithfully, makes us good, strong, happy and useful men, and tunes our lives into some feeble echo of the life of God."

—*Phillips Brooks.*

"Booster" Club Dinner

(By an Enthusiastic Member)

THIS club was organized to put Boomville on the map, to keep it there, and to make the map like it. It is true that lots of towns get on the map, but that's no great achievement. Some have more divorces than other places, or more murders, or political scandals, or millionaires, or "racketeers," but that's not the kind of notoriety we are seeking. We want our town to be one of those "point with pride" places; one which shows the high type of the men who built it and are carrying on its business; a town to which we can come from the uttermost parts of the earth with the feeling that, after all, the world can offer nothing better than this.

Not that we would go quite so far as the real estate agent who was trying to interest a buyer in a country estate.

"But tell me truthfully, are there any drawbacks?" asked the prospect.

"Well," admitted the high-pressure salesman, "your rest might be disturbed by the rustling of rose leaves, the fragrance of orange blossoms, or the singing of nightingales, but that is all."

Such methods are not in keeping with our innate modesty, but we do want to advertise the

good points of our city. A man who praises his home town is sometimes laughed at and ridiculed, but gradually he is believed, just as we come to believe the seed catalogues and the "ads" in the street cars. So he gains for his town legitimate advertising that pays.

We do not claim for our city anything which does not exist, nor do we expect our boosters to put too great a strain on the imagination like the summer hotel owner who asked his publicity man how he liked the looks of the lake near the hotel.

"I don't see anything that looks like a lake," replied the ad-writer.

"Then," said the owner, "you're not the man to write our advertising."

Another man, wishing to sell his home, engaged an advertising expert to prepare a description in his best style. When the expert submitted the proof of his copy, the owner exclaimed, "By Jove, that place isn't for sale. I never knew I owned such a valuable piece of property."

Boomville is a live town, with progressive business men. Why, even the children have splendid initiative. Not long ago I heard of two boys who were selling lemonade from a stand. They had two bowls of the liquid refreshment. Before one bowl was the sign "Five cents a glass." In front of the other, the sign "Two cents a glass." An old gentleman stopped, surveyed the two signs, and then bought a glass of

lemonade at two cents. He smacked his lips and ordered another glass.

When he had finished he asked: "How do you expect to sell any lemonade at five cents, when you offer such a good drink for two?"

"Well, mister, it's this way," said one of the boys. "The cat fell into the two cent bowl about fifteen minutes ago, so we thought we'd better sell it out fast before the news got around."

The point I want to make is that there will never be a time when we can sit down and feel that our work is done. Far from it. Our work must continue. Human affairs either go forward or backward. They never stand still. I am not going to present any plans for the advancement of Boomville. That would better be left to a more experienced man than I, but I do want to say that, as one of the "boosters," I will give my hearty support to any movement which receives the approval of this body.

Kiwanis Club

(Suitable for Any Civic Club)

THE Kiwanis Club is much older than our records show. Its origin dates back to the time of Noah, who was really the founder, the one who started the idea of rendering service to his community, of building for the benefit of others, of conserving natural resources. Having received advance bulletins regarding weather con-

ditions, Noah builded the ark, and we are told that the animals went in two by two. That's where the Kiwanis idea of two of a kind originated. Two lawyers, two doctors, two merchants, etc. I think we should also be limited to two after-dinner speakers. There is still another point of resemblance between that first club and the present one. When Noah launched his project, the country seemed to be going wet.

In this generation, or, as some pessimists insist, degeneration, when there are so many iconoclasts, so many people building only for individual profit, it is refreshing to belong to something which builds disinterestedly, which renders service to others, taking its pay solely in the benefits derived from living in an improved community.

And we're a cheerful bunch, with ample faith in our own city. Not boosters in the vulgar sense of the word. Just enthusiastic optimists. Something like the two tramps who were walking along a railroad track when they found a bottle of white mule. One took a drink and passed it on to the other, and so on until the bottle was empty. After a while, one threw out his chest and said, "You know, Bill, tomorrow I'm going to buy this railroad. I'm going to buy all the railroads in the country, all the automobiles, all the steamships—everything. What do you think of that?" Bill looked at his companion disparagingly and said, "Impossible, you can't do it."

"Why not?" inquired his friend. "Because," replied Bill, "I won't sell."

When the Kiwanis Club is behind an enterprise, that undertaking is sure to receive sufficient impetus to carry it on to completion. A self-made man claimed that when he started in business he chose for a motto, "Get thee behind me, Satan," because, he said, there's nothing like having a good backer.

But it's not alone in constructive work that our club renders service to the community. Certain kinds of building are detrimental to a city—an anchor about its neck. It is here that the Kiwanis Club, with its men of keen vision and seasoned judgment, can render the greatest service. These business men whose future is bound up in that of the community can anticipate future possibilities and needs far better than the average citizen.

In this hurly-burly life we are leading, we are sometimes induced to build beyond our means, beyond our needs, or to build inappropriately. Therein lies as much danger as in building too slowly, or too conservatively. To quote an old song—

"Could a man be secure
That his day would endure
As of old, for a thousand long years,
What things might he know!
What deeds might he do!
And all without worry or care."

But as Herbert Spencer, England's great philosopher, once wrote, "We must ever bear in mind our limited time for acquisition. And remembering how narrowly this time is limited, not only by the shortness of life, but also still more by the business of life, we ought to be especially solicitous to employ what time we have to the greatest advantage. Before devoting years to some object which fashion or fancy suggests, it is surely wise to weigh with great care the worth of the results. To this end, a measure of value is the first requisite." It is here that the Kiwanis Club proves its worth. For we may be sure that any movement sponsored by this club is not only feasible and practical, but something actually needed by the city.

And while we are aiding in the construction of hospitals and civic centers and public structures, we are building character and morale, good citizenship and lasting friendships—"more stately mansions for the soul." Like the Chambered Nautilus, we are striving to make "each new temple nobler than the last." And the more we give, the greater the benefits we receive. As the man said of his better half, "She has been a good wife, and she has certainly made me a good husband."

Presentation of a Key to a Distinguished Guest

(By a City Official)

It is superfluous to tell you in words how proud and happy the city of ————— is to receive you as a guest today. The presence of so many of our citizens and their smiling faces alone assure you of their hearty welcome, and the pride we feel in having so distinguished a visitor.

When we establish for ourselves a home, the first thing we do, after becoming settled, is to buy several keys for the various members of the family, so that they may come and go as they desire. To be sure, such relics of the Victorian age are not used greatly by the younger generation. They usually come home about the time the maid is taking in the milk, or the morning paper, and do not have need of a key. However, the custom still prevails. And when a guest comes to spend a few days with us, just to show our affection for him and to make him feel that he is one of the family, we give him a key, and tell him to come and go as he pleases, that our home is his home while he remains in our city. The key, itself, may have no value to the visitor, but it is a symbol of trust and high regard, the greatest compliment a man can pay his guest.

And so today, we, wishing to prove to you that we hold you in high esteem, have adopted this quaint custom, and as Mayor of ————,

it is my pleasure and honor to extend to you a most hearty welcome, and to present to you on behalf of our city, this key. We hope that you will make free use of it, for it is the key to our hearts and homes as well.

Response

(By the Distinguished Guest)

I WONDER if any of you remember hearing your mother or grandmother sing the old song, in each verse of which the lover offers to his lady a key—the key to his chest of gold, the key to his house, the key to his business affairs, all of which she refuses; but when he offers her the key to his heart, she accepts with alacrity. So I am accepting this key to your city, for I know it is symbolic of the key to your hearts.

I have looked forward with much pleasure to my visit to your beautiful city, and I wish to thank you for extending me this courtesy and for your warm words of welcome. The plans you have made for my entertainment remind me of the countryman who visited a large metropolitan hotel for the first time. He was much interested in the schedule of meals, which read as follows: "We serve breakfast from 6 to 12; luncheon from 12 to 4; tea from 4 to 6; and dinner from 6 to 12."

"Jehosiphath," exclaimed the farmer, "when do we see the city?"

I hope that we shall become well acquainted while I am here, so that if at any time in the future I feel like running away from the cares of business, I may use my key and the assurance of your friendship, to come here for rest and relaxation.

Again I thank you, from the depths of my heart.

A Community Club Dinner

(By an Officer of the Club)

I do not know who first used the name Community Club, but I would like to give him a vote of thanks, for I think it is about the finest name a club could have.

There are almost as many kinds of clubs and societies as there are people in the world. We have men's clubs and women's club, unions and brotherhoods, lodges and fraternities, farmers' and manufacturers' associations, golf, yacht and hunting clubs, all splendid and showing a fraternal spirit. But these associations all have some definite object, some one thing in which a few people are particularly interested.

A Community Club is different. It may exist in the city or the country, and among people with diverse interests in life. But it has the great attraction that all its members live within its radii, and the health, happiness and prosperity of one depend on the health, happiness and prosperity of the others. The members are vitally

concerned with all subjects touching the interests of the community. Whether it be taxes, farm products, a new school building, a political campaign, a railroad, a picnic, anything which affects the life of the community, is discussed with equal knowledge and interest by all members, regardless of their business or status in life.

This particular club is wide-awake and progressive, keenly alive to all the questions of the day. There is no hibernating here; winter snows do not lessen the enthusiasm. The story is told of an old farmer who lived far back in the woods. He was in the habit of buying all the old exchanges in the local newspaper office every fall and then retiring for the winter to enjoy his "circulating library" beside his glowing stove.

It happened that through a mistake a thousand copies of the local paper were spoiled. When the winter hermit called to get his stock of reading matter, these papers were unloaded upon him. It was a wrathful recluse who showed up at the sanctum in the spring.

"Ye spiled my whole winter, that's what ye did!" he cried. "Fer when I had read one of them papers, I'd read the whole durned lot. Ye oughter be 'rested for gittin' money under false pretenses!"

Each community has its own problems, and these can best be met by the people themselves in friendly intercourse. The Community Club fills a long-felt want. It is not highly organized, but simple, friendly and earnest. Whatever

other associations may come and go, I hope for the sake of the people, that the Community Club will continue forever.

A Toast to Our City

(By a Loyal Citizen)

A city, the dictionary tells us, is a collective body of inhabitants, incorporated, and governed by a mayor and others. How far that statement is from the real truth.

My friends, a city is a marvelous thing. The interests of its people are inseparably bound together. It is an animate, sleepless thing, throbbing with life; it is wicked, enthralling, hideous, beautiful; it is pitiless to those who do not belong; lavish with its blessings to its chosen.

The city—great blocks of steel and stone, vibrating to the pulse of the universe. It has a soul of its own, for every city is different in spirit. It has a body of its own, for every city appears different to the eye. It is the symbol of eternal youth, always young, always being rejuvenated, never dying.

We have felt the spell of its enthrallment, and have chosen to become a part of it. We have identified ourselves with these piles of stone and steel, these miles of track and acres of parks, to help in the upbuilding and share in the prosperity of this particular group. And we love it, and are proud of our connection with it.

And I am proud to offer a toast to that "collective body" of very human, lovable people who make up this particular incorporated entity—Our City.

Laying a Cornerstone

(Preliminary Remarks)

WE have gathered today to witness the laying of the cornerstone of a building dedicated to _____. (State purpose of building.) On the foundation before us will rise, brick by brick and stone by stone, the fair edifice of which the architect has dreamed.

This cornerstone is only a small square of granite, only one of the infinite blocks in the building, and yet it is such an important part of the completed structure, that the word itself has come to have a symbolic meaning. Webster tells us that a cornerstone is something of fundamental importance, something indestructible.

The ceremony has great significance. In the first place, it means that the purpose of the building has been decided upon, that the land has been purchased, presumably all funds have been raised, the architect has completed his design, and the foundation has been laid. And upon this foundation the superstructure will be erected.

Why do we dedicate at this stage of construction, instead of when the last stone is laid? Because, my friends, it symbolizes the completeness

of the foundation—that firm, solid, true foundation which is to support and render safe the edifice that will rest upon it.

Just as a man, building his fortune, must first lay a foundation of sound character and right principle, before he can begin the edifice of his success, so must we be sure that the foundation of a building is solid and firm, capable of bearing the weight to be placed upon it; that the walls are firmly joined by the cornerstones. When this is done, we are assured that the completed structure will be safe and beautiful, and a worthy tribute to the cause for which it is erected.

An Appeal For Funds

(To Help Those in Need)

“GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD!”

The words of the prayer fall lightly from our lips. We, in our comfortable homes, with our families gathered around a bounteous board, cannot appreciate the full meaning of those words.

I doubt if any of us here present have ever really suffered for want of food. We could endure our own privations, but to see those whom we love in the grip of hunger, to pray in vain for *their* daily bread—that we could not bear.

My friends, there are thousands of children who are hungry today; thousands of men and women whose prayers will not be answered unless we constitute ourselves the medium

through which the much needed assistance can come.

I presume there are few here who are not members in good standing of some club or lodge. Many of us belong to several. And in order to remain in good standing in those organizations, we must pay our dues. Knowing this, we make careful plans to meet them, even to the extent of denying ourselves some other pleasure. Membership in many societies carries with it the obligation to care for needy brothers, or their families. All of this is, of course, highly commendable.

But there is another association, the greatest of all, of which we are *all* members—the Brotherhood of Man. And these gifts to charity, these calls upon our heart to help our less fortunate brothers, are but the dues which we must pay if we are to remain in good standing in the sight of our fellowmen. Our lodges and clubs specify what we shall pay in the way of dues and assessments. In the great Brotherhood, this is left to our own conscience, and for that very reason we should pay to the full extent of our power.

Many and varied are the reasons advanced as an excuse for not giving: We do not believe in organized charity; some of the funds may be diverted before they reach the object of our benevolence; the victims of poverty are themselves to blame for their condition. My friends, it is a laudable desire to wish to perform our acts of charity with our own hands, but will you do it?

Have you the time, the knowledge, the opportunity, and above all, the inclination to seek out these needy ones and bestow your gifts upon them? You know that such a course is not possible, or even desirable. It is only through organized charity that the instances of need can be found and suffering alleviated in the quickest way. These poor people cannot come to you; you cannot go to them. The organizations which we represent are fully equipped to carry on this work, to find the objects of our charity, and to respond to any appeal.

It is true that some of these needy ones are to blame for their condition, but their families are not. Can we take credit because *we* were born in a walk of life where things were made easy for us? Because we received the comforts, education and health with which to make our way in the world?

We may salve our conscience with the thought that we cannot afford to give now, but that we will do so at some future time. Ah, my friends—

“Time future is not and may never be;
Time present is the only time for thee.”

Let us be guided by the beautiful sentiment: “I shall pass through this world but once. Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now; let me not defer it, or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again.”

I beseech you, in the name of humanity and

the name of Him who taught us to pray "Give us this day our daily bread," to heed the prayers of these unfortunate ones, and to give with a glad heart and a generous hand.

(To Be Used in the Case of Some Specific Need.)

Yesterday, while we were happy in our quiet homes, in our houses of amusement, or our places of business, a great calamity fell upon the city of ———. In the twinkling of an eye, death and destruction swept across that beautiful city, and today there are hundreds of men and women with no place to lay their heads. There are little children with no food and insufficient clothing. There are injured people needing medical attention to save their lives. There are bereaved and helpless ones.

The various charitable organizations are already on the spot, doing the actual work of rescue and assistance. But there must also be a flow of money to provide food and clothing, to construct shelter, to supply medical attention and care, and to sustain the workers. We are the ones who must furnish this. This is our part in the work of the great Brotherhood. How big are our hearts? How far will our purses reach? We strive to excel in other things which have only a passing glory. Let us so strive to show our love for our fellowmen that, like Abou Ben Adhem, our names will lead all the rest.

Business Men's Civic Obligation

(By a Representative Citizen)

THERE is an old saying to the effect that if you want to get something done, you should ask a busy man to do it, the inference being that he has so organized his work, and is so capable, that he can always find time for one thing more.

This is largely true. Not always, however. A busy man will find time to serve on a committee, to take a trip across the country, or to make an after-dinner speech, but ask him to serve on a jury and he will side-step, and find half a dozen plausible alibis to convince the judge that his business will go to the everlasting bow-wows if he leaves it for two weeks.

There are many civic duties incumbent upon a man, and a lengthy speech could be made on the subject of any one of them; but to my mind, there is none so important as jury service, and none which is so much neglected. It is true that serving on a jury is a thankless job, uninteresting and sordid. The fee is too small to be attractive; much valuable time is wasted. Nevertheless, the case being tried involves a question of right and wrong, justice and injustice, and the best minds of the country should be given to the rendering of a proper verdict.

The prosecuting attorney had encountered a rather difficult witness. At length, exasperated

by the man's evasive answers, he asked him if he was acquainted with any of the jury.

"Yes, sir," answered the witness, "more than half of them."

"Are you willing to swear that you know more than half of them?" demanded the man of law.

"If it comes to that," the witness replied, "I am willing to swear that I know more than all of them put together."

The constitution does not contemplate that a man has a right to a trial by "any old" jury, but that he has a right to trial by a jury of his peers—quite another thing. Would you, gentlemen, like to see your daughter, or your son, however innocent, tried by the average jury? It is the efficient business man, with his keen intellect, his sense of right and wrong, and his judicial temperament, who should sit in our jury boxes and decide the facts in the cases before the court.

Many reflections have been cast on juries, and their propensity for freeing criminals has become a joke. Not long ago I dropped into the criminal court just at the close of a murder trial. Not seeing Mrs. Gunn, the defendant, I asked a man sitting nearby if she was pretty. "I don't know," he replied, "the jury is still out." That was an awful indictment. But I have faith to believe that none of us would allow our good judgment to be influenced by a pretty face, or a skillful perversion of the facts.

Occasionally we find a juror who is not even intelligent enough to carry out his agreement.

A man on trial for murder had bribed a member of the jury with a hundred dollars to hold out for manslaughter. After being out several hours, the jury returned the desired verdict. The murderer took occasion to thank the juror and ask if he had found it difficult to influence the others.

"Yes," replied the man, "I had a dickens of a time. All the rest wanted to acquit you."

As an example of how our jury boxes are sometimes filled, a lawyer asked a young witness for the opposing side if he was the son of James Hardy, a notorious religious hypocrite and tax-dodger.

"You'd better ask him," replied the witness. "He's sitting on the jury there."

Such cases are more common, gentlemen, than you would think, and it is our duty to lessen them whenever possible. Let us, therefore, resolve that we will not again neglect the cause of justice. Let us so arrange our affairs that when our names are called on the jury list, we can give, not only our time, but our best thought and clearest judgment to serving our fellowmen.

Address to Women's Club on Civic Duty

(By a Member of the Club)

FOR years broad-minded men and women fought for the great cause of equal political and social rights for women. At last the desired result was attained, and all over the land there

was great rejoicing. Woman had at last come into her own. And there were prophets, with rose-colored glasses, who predicted that all the ills of the world would soon pass away, because woman, with her pure mind and tender heart, would help to banish all evil. Woman, with her knowledge of home-keeping, would see to it that our public and political institutions were kept clean; that the men in public service were of the highest type.

Alas for humanity! The skeptics soon rejoiced over the fact that there was no apparent difference in the state of affairs. Women entered business and politics. In some cases they were a success, in some they proved inefficient, while in others they became corrupt and were not above political intrigue. Now, this was not at all surprising, for woman is human. The actions of the few who misused their newly acquired privilege are greatly to be regretted, but it was to be expected.

What, to my mind, is more deplorable than even this misuse of political freedom, is the apathy toward their civic duties exhibited by so large a portion of our women. The novelty of the ballot has worn off and many have ceased to use it. They are taking advantage—if it is an advantage—of their equal social status, but have ignored the duties which their political equality created.

The average woman has more time and greater opportunity than men to investigate the character and

fitness of those who are seeking public office, and to weigh the civic questions placed before the voter, especially those which affect the home and the school, the surroundings in which her family are situated.

Equal rights do not mean alone equal freedom in social customs, equal opportunity in the business world; they mean, also, equal responsibility, politically as well as socially. Let us meet this situation in the right spirit and with all the ability and intelligence that we possess. Then, and only then, will equal suffrage be justified.

We are on the eve of an election which involves the selection of proper persons to fill various offices. Certain civic questions have also to be decided. Let us inform ourselves regarding the character and ability of the several candidates, and consider carefully the merits of the questions to be voted upon. And on election day let us exercise our right and duty as American citizens at the polls.

Dedication of a Public Library

(By a City Official)

THERE is an old proverb to the effect that "a man is known by the company he keeps." Show me the books a man reads and I will tell you what kind of a man he is. For books are his close, intimate friends. They reflect his ambi-

tions, his desires, his tastes, his pleasures, and his secret inclinations.

The man who has a well-stocked library has a host of friends to whom he may turn in joy or sorrow, secure in the knowledge that he will find sympathy and advice. We may depend upon books, even more than upon human beings, for pleasure, culture, education, amusement, and recreation. Possibly this is one reason why book agents have never been popular. We like to select our own books, just as we select our friends.

We may not have the time or the opportunity to visit the interesting places of the earth, to see with our own eyes the wonders and beauties of the world, but through the medium of books we may enjoy them in our own home. We may be compelled to forego the advantages of college life, but the thoughts of great men are always within our reach. The experiences for which we long may never come to us, but we can plunge our imagination into the adventures and romances of real or fictitious persons, with the keenest enjoyment. Books eliminate time and space, and for the moment we live amid the scenes and at the times the author portrays.

And all this we may have freely, without the expenditure of a single cent. The benevolence of certain high-minded men and women, and the civic pride of cities and towns, have made possible a system of free public libraries which bring these priceless treasures within the reach of practically every man, woman and child. Such

is this library. Careful thought has been and will be given to the selection of books, and the services of a trained librarian will always be available. It is to be hoped, therefore, that you will all avail yourselves of this great opportunity. The books are yours; use them.

A story is told of Eugene Field, who was a great lover of old books and quite a collector of them. His means, however, were not always adequate for his desires, and he had frequently to postpone making a purchase. One day a visitor in a book store was delighted to find this verse in Field's handwriting in a rare old volume:

"Kind friend for goodness' sake forbear '
To buy the book thou findest here,
For when I do obtain the pelf
I mean to buy the book myself."

It is probable that the purchaser kept the book, which became more valuable because of the quaint verse.

To the people who have made this library possible, the community owes a debt of gratitude. We wish them to know that we appreciate their generosity and the kindly thought which selected as a gift to our city something which will be of great benefit to us all.

Dedication of a Memorial Tablet

(For a Benevolent Citizen)

IN every generation there are a few men and women who, because of some outstanding attribute, such as great wealth, philanthropic aims, or intellectual achievements, have won the respect and love of their fellowmen. It is these men and women who raise the average of humanity, and by their words and deeds brighten the world about them.

Such a man was our distinguished citizen _____, and the city of _____ is proud to claim him as her son. The story of his life is well known. We are familiar with his achievements, and we know how this city has benefited through his generosity. Nevertheless, it will be pleasant to review these evidences of his love for us. (Here recount his achievements and benevolences.)

All of this has won for him the warm place which he will ever hold in our hearts. Our lives are richer and fuller because he lived. It is natural that we should desire to give some expression to our appreciation. We have therefore assembled here today to honor his memory by placing this tablet, so that future generations may know of his sterling qualities, his achievements, and the love in which he was held by his native city.

Home-Coming Week

(By a Former Resident)

It is a joy to see so many of the old faces, some of them, especially the ladies, scarcely changed at all since the day they graduated from high school. How do they do it, gentlemen? I think that is one of the feminine mysteries which will forever remain unsolved.

But, oh! what a difference a few years make in the men. Girls, aren't you glad you did not marry that first sweetheart of yours? Those of us who promised to be dark-haired and slender have developed bald heads and double chins. On the other hand, I doubt not but that some fair charmer is saying to herself: "If I had known that that awkward, freckled-faced youth would develop into such a distinguished-looking man, I would never have turned him down."

These home-coming weeks are good for us. They broaden our outlook. If we have become too complacent with our success, we are sure to see another who has done better. If we are at all disheartened, we receive new inspiration, new enthusiasm, new ideas.

Of course there are vacant chairs today. There are smiles we miss. In life there are always vacant chairs and missing smiles. But there is no vacant place in our hearts for these friends who have gone. The memory of their smiles will always abide with us; our lives are the fuller for

having known them; and their good deeds and kind words should live again in us and be passed on to others.

The old town has extended to us a most cordial welcome home. The place is ours, as it always has been. Let us show them how much we appreciate it. That reminds me of a story connected with the triumph of Admiral Dewey at Manila. It is an old story—possibly so old that you have never heard it. When the news of the battle reached France, the newspapers printed a complete description of the event and the following festivities. For the benefit of Americans sojourning in Paris, one paper translated the news into English. After an elaborate description, the article closed with these words: "And the band played 'The Flag with the Stars on It,' and 'It Will Be Very Warm in the Ancient City This Evening.'"

There are plenty of flags with stars on them floating in the breeze today, and I hope that there will be an exceedingly warm time in this old town tonight.

Policemen

(Appropriate for Occasions Honoring the Police Force)

I HAVE often thought that I would like to see an army composed of all the policemen in the United States. Wouldn't it be a magnificent

army? It isn't only in appearance that the blue or khaki clad civic soldiers excel. Their courage is equally outstanding. They do not march to duty with martial music and waving flags. None the less, theirs is a soldier's work. Calm, courteous, dignified, at any moment of the day or night they may be called upon to risk their lives in the protection of property or the lives of others.

The average citizen does not realize this as he sees the policeman sauntering along his beat, swinging his night-stick. But below that placid exterior, the guardian of our safety is keenly alert to any unusual sight or sound; his muscles are ready on an instant's notice to carry their owner into any danger. To rescue a child from beneath the wheels of a fire-truck, to arrest a desperate gangster fleeing from the scene of his crime, to hold a fainting or hysterical woman in his arms—it's all in a day's work.

A policeman, this was before the war, was helping a slightly inebriated friend to his home one night, and incidentally giving him a bit of advice. "There is no use in your trying, Jerry," he counseled, "you can't drink all the whiskey in the world." They were passing a brightly lighted distillery at the time. Jerry opened his heavy eyes, gazed at the brilliant sight, and exclaimed, "Well, begorra, I have them working nights, anyway."

And the Irish are born diplomats—a valuable asset for an officer. A widely known policeman

whose corner is near my home, owes his popularity to addressing every woman under forty as Miss and every one over that age as Mrs.

The city owes its very existence to the police force. The young or feeble are safely piloted across the busy street; a woman receives courteous directions to the place she is seeking; traffic is kept moving without interruption; circus grounds and entrances are kept in order and free from suspicious characters; a funeral procession passes in unbroken line; a civic parade is given right of way; the streets are cleared for the fire trucks; relief is quickly brought in case of accident; all so efficiently and silently that one is not aware of the human element behind it. But we have all, at some time or other, witnessed the chaos which results at a busy street intersection when the policeman is not on the job.

In real efficiency, however, city policemen are far outclassed by the small town constable. A desperate character had escaped from one of the city jails and was traced to the vicinity of a neighboring village. The sheriff sent the local officer five different pictures of the man, with the offer of a reward for his capture. Within twenty-four hours he received this reply from the constable:

"Have four of the fugitives in custody, and the fifth entirely surrounded in a swamp."

We do not give our policemen credit—or pay—enough, but I hope the time will soon come when they will receive both in proper measure.

In the meantime, I want to show our appreciation by offering a toast to our vast army of civic soldiers—The Policemen.

Volunteer Firemen

(By the President of the Village)

WHAT perversity of nature, human or otherwise, causes fires at such inopportune times? We all know that the lot of the volunteer fireman is not a bed of roses. The siren is sure to blow just as the juicy steak is being lifted from the frying-pan, or just as the fireman is having his Sunday morning nap, or taking his Saturday night bath, or when he is at church or the movies. And if he is away from home at the time, the sound of it puts unholy fear into his heart and speed into his feet.

One such fireman, dressing in a hurry, put on his trousers wrong side before. In the excitement of trying to reach the roof of the burning building, he fell off a ladder. When picked up, he was dazed for a moment. Asked if he was hurt, he said, "No." Then catching sight of the seat of his trousers, he exclaimed, "But, my lord, I'm terribly twisted."

Cities have regulation uniforms for their firemen, while a volunteer brigade may appear in anything from a suit of pajamas with bedroom slippers, to a pair of hip boots and an overcoat. The city department receives regular pay, but

the volunteer takes his pay from the consciousness of a great danger averted—a good deed done, which, unlike the boy scout, he does not wish to do daily. In addition to this, the village paper prints a card of thanks to the fire department from the owner whose home or barn was saved from destruction.

Of course city firemen are better trained, better equipped and better directed. On the other hand, the volunteers do not, as a rule, have difficult fires to subdue. There are no buildings over two or three stories in height, and much space between. The equipment is usually adequate for the purpose; and as for direction, the by-standers can, and usually do, supply that in unlimited quantities.

We do not have such elaborate apparatus as the city departments, some of which is unfamiliar to our rural friends. A farmer visiting a large city was stopped at a crossing by a policeman who was clearing the way for the fire trucks. After the engine had passed, the farmer started across the street and was knocked down by the hook and ladder truck.

"What's the matter with you?" cried the policeman who picked him up. "Didn't I tell you not to cross the street now?"

"I waited until the engine had gone by," the farmer replied, "but I never expected a lot of drunken painters to come along afterwards."

Fire hazards are not so great as in the olden days, even in the country. Mrs. O'Leary's cow

would have a hard time finding a lantern to kick over now, because her barn would be lighted with electricity.

But with all our fire prevention methods and our improved fire apparatus, there is always a real danger. And the villages and towns have need of men who are willing to serve under the banner of flame and smoke. The volunteer fire department is something of which its community should be proud. Serving without pay and with their hearts in their work, such men are eager, earnest, brave and efficient. And they have one advantage over the regulars in that the members are all citizens of their own village with a good deal of influence, and not only can they make helpful suggestions, but can see that these are carried out.

They deserve much credit, and on behalf of their ardent admirers, I propose the toast—Our Brave Volunteers.

Firemen

(By One of the Fire-fighters)

A TOASTMASTER should never call on a fire-fighter for a *toast*. The word is too suggestive of a hand-to-hand encounter with the common enemy of man. Our friend tonight, however, fired with enthusiasm, evidently feels that in calling on a member of the department for a speech, he will evoke some warm, bright, snappy re-

marks. He may be disappointed, however, for we who fight fire live too near our subject to find much amusement in it.

Fire is the world's greatest paradox, for it is at once man's worst enemy and his best friend. A marvelous servant when properly handled, but a dreaded master when it gets the upper hand. No wonder our ancestors worshipped it and made sacrifices to it. We are still making sacrifices. Not a day passes but the fire-god claims its innocent victims.

America is a nation of hero-worshippers. She pays homage to scientists, inventors and intrepid adventurers. She took to her heart in great crowds her returned soldiers. But very little is ever said about the army of fire-fighters—the men who go forth each day, ready to suffer or die in the performance of their duty. However, danger is all in the day's work, and we do not feel that we are entitled to especial praise because of it.

But there is one thing that we do deplore. That is the preventable fires. The fires due to carelessness that result in tremendous sacrifice of life and loss of property, and which endanger *our* lives unnecessarily. As an example, the smoker who drops a lighted match or burning cigarette stub with no thought of the damage it may cause.

And there are the owners of buildings where suspicious fires occur, people like the man who said he never carried insurance against cyclones, because they were too hard to start.

But more stress is being laid on fire protection than in former years, and any system of education along this line will receive the hearty support of the department.

Schools now have fire drills and the children are required to go through these drills at stated intervals. One day a certain principal had been subjecting his pupils to a series of questions as to what they would do in case of fire. At the close of the examination he presented a distinguished visitor, who said: "You have listened very attentively to your teacher's remarks; now I wonder what you would do if I should make you a little speech."

To the consternation of the principal, the children shouted in unison: "Put away our books, form a line, and march down stairs."

The work of the fireman is done with no expectation of reward, except possibly the assurance that people will exercise more care in the prevention of fires.

Everybody knows when a fireman "goes to work." You may have heard of the two Irishmen, newly arrived in New York, who stopped at a hotel where they were given a room overlooking a busy street. Mike was awakened in the middle of the night by the sound of fire engines. He jumped up, ran to the window, and then called excitedly to his friend: "Pat, Pat, get up quick. They're moving hell. Two loads have just gone past and anither's comin'!"

We do have one consolation, however. Having fought fire so successfully in this life, we have no fears of the hereafter.

Postmasters

(By a Rural Office Holder)

YOU who have never served in a small town postoffice know nothing of the joys of working for Uncle Sam. A city postmaster has his regular duties, his assistants and modern improvements, and he seldom comes in contact with the public. The country postmaster, on the contrary, in addition to his regular duties, must act as janitor, interpreter, stenographer, hand-writing expert, banker, and general information bureau. And with it all, he must be cheerful, tactful, competent and accommodating. If any training fits a man for diplomatic service, it is that of the country postmaster.

Any person who values system will enjoy serving the government. That is, when the system works. But if the country postmaster enforces the rule in regard to paying box rent promptly on the due date, everybody in town will consider it an insult. If he doesn't keep the office open until nine o'clock on nights when the limited is late, they will threaten to report him. The delay of an expected letter or a broken package is looked upon with suspicion.

The life of a small town postmaster is not an

easy one, especially when the Congressional records or mail order catalogues appear, or when a consignee refuses to accept his baby chicks, crate of berries, or basket of fish, and the articles must be disposed of before they perish. Extra assistants are provided in the city office at Christmas time, but the rural postmaster must manage as best he can, and woe unto him if every package is not delivered before closing time on Christmas Eve.

Many questions, not answered in his instruction book, arise to harass him. For example, if a hen lay an egg while en route, must the egg go with the package, or may he eat it for breakfast? Likewise, if a crate of eggs should hatch before they reach their destination, must he change the rate and classification from fresh eggs to baby chicks?

Of course there are some compensations. We get lots of advance news regarding the townspeople. And there are always the magazines. A postmaster said to one of the villagers, as he handed her the mail, "There was a magazine here for you, but it was so full of good things that I let my wife take it to read. She loaned it to the minister's wife, and she passed it on to the Study Club. I fergit the name of it."

"It must have been 'Everybody's,'" commented the patron.

Country people cannot keep up with the changing styles of stationery. I heard of one rural postmaster, who, seeing a mottled envelope for

the first time, resolved to assume 'no risk and stamped upon the letter, "Received in this condition."

As all postal employees, from the Postmaster General down to the least important rural carrier, serve through civil service, or by appointment, there can be no labor troubles in the service. If an employee proves faithless to his trust, he is either dismissed immediately, or spends a period as his Country's guest at Leavenworth. He can never hope to escape just punishment, because Uncle Sam's detectives are tireless on the track of offenders. And he is never given another chance. All of which makes the United States Post Office the most efficiently and perfectly operated institution in the world.

We postmasters have one thing in common—we all belong to the same party. We are sure of a job as long as our particular party remains in power. But we must remember that our positions are not permanent, for however efficient we may become, when the four or eight years roll by, another can do our work just as well. I therefore advocate that the position of postmaster be made permanent, and that the law go into effect during the present administration.

Chamber of Commerce

(By a Local Business Man)

It has been said that the Chamber of Commerce is a glorified boosters' club. Such a statement is a gross libel on one of the greatest institutions in the country.

Cities, clubs, and individuals may appeal for aid to the government, the legislature, city councils, or business organizations, singly or in groups, with little result. They do not possess sufficient influence, arguments or eloquence to command attention, but if the Chamber of Commerce becomes convinced of the justice of their demands, they will find behind them a powerful agency, the greatest friend that business has ever known.

But even if it were true that we are an overgrown boosters' club, is it a sin to be our own press agent? Who knows the good points of our community better than we, ourselves? Maybe we *are* boosters, but at least we have the ability and influence to put across the things we undertake. Many a town is on the map today because of the good work of the Chamber of Commerce. Many a community has been saved from disaster because of our boosting. What if the locality did not at the time possess all the advantages we claimed for it? It has them now.

Occasionally, to quote a once popular song, "We fa' down, go boom!" But, like the cat, we

always land on our feet. And we seldom stub our toe, because we are sure of our premises before we make a start. It is true that we take long chances once in a while, for everyone is a gambler now and then. Marriage, farming, gold mines, cards, business, life itself—it's all a gamble. But we are usually "bulls," not "bears," and the "bulls" win in the long run.

We believe in advertising. It's a legitimate way of letting the world know the advantages of our sun-kissed climate, our unparalleled scenery, our unrivaled fertility, our perfect adaptability for any project ever conceived by the mind of man. We are like the school boy who wrote on the blackboard the boastful words: "I can kiss the teacher." Of course he was kept after school to do penance for his sins. On being questioned later as to the form of punishment meted out, he replied, "Aw, I ain't telling, but it pays to advertise."

Speaking of advertising reminds me of the octogenarian who was asked to what he attributed his long life. "Well," he replied, "I can't say until I git through dickering with several of these testimonial fellers."

We also believe that procrastination is the thief of time. "Do it now" is our favorite motto. I know of one office, however, where this slogan proved a dismal failure. The boss had bought several of the "peppy" signs and hung them around the rooms, hoping to inspire his employees with energy and promptness. Some time

after he met a friend, who inquired how the scheme had worked.

"It worked, all right," answered the business man, "but not the way I thought it would. You see, the cashier immediately skipped to Canada with twenty thousand dollars, the bookkeeper eloped with my private secretary, three clerks asked for an increase in salary, and the office boy quit to join a gang of racketeers."

The Chamber of Commerce may have some faults, but it is composed of the best and most experienced minds in the country, it takes genuine pride in local achievements, and the interests of its members are identical with those of the community. For these reasons alone it is a valuable adjunct to the state or city in which it is located.

And there is real constructive work ahead for the Chambers of Commerce throughout the country. The United States, indeed the whole world, is passing through a period of economic adjustment, of changing standards due to scientific discoveries and technical inventions, and to better conditions of living. These changes have come with such rapidity that they have found business and society unprepared and unable to cope with them. The immediate result has been slightly chaotic. And it is in this crisis that the Chamber of Commerce can do wonderful work. With the facilities at its command, its far-sighted wisdom, and unquestioned influence, it can assist in solving these economic problems, in adjusting the

margin between our production and our consumption, and in stabilizing our activities. Each Chamber can do much in bringing about the harmony and prosperity of its own community, and, working in conjunction with like organizations throughout the United States, can assure the ultimate welfare of the nation.



BUSINESS ORGANIZATIONS

"You may strike a day or two
When the world looks very blue;
Keep hustling.

"Good hard work kills mighty few,
Probably 'twill not hurt you;
Keep hustling.

"If you have a willing hand,
Orders you are sure to land;
Keep hustling.

"If the merchant turns you down
Do not leave him with a frown;
Keep hustling.

"If 'that draft' does not arrive,
Don't you fret; you will survive;
Keep hustling."

—George Loarts.

A Business Anniversary

(By a Popular Employee)

It occurs to me that a good motto for a banquet of this character would be: "Eat, drink and be merry, for soon come the speeches." Whenever I find myself at the mercy of a toastmaster, I am reminded of the old darkey, down in Alabama, who had lost four wives. After the last funeral, his pastor called on him and asked how he felt, to which he replied: "Well, Brother Johnson, I feel like I was in the hands of an all-wise and unscrupulous Providence."

It was George Eliot who coined the proverb, "Blessed is the man, who, having nothing to say, abstains from giving us wordy evidence of the fact." I haven't much to say, and it won't take me long to prove it.

A successful business is a continuing institution. It is an entity—a real thing apart from the men who operate it. Men come and go, but the business, like Tennyson's brook, goes on forever, regardless of the death of one who has controlled, or the birth of another who will rule in the future. *Le Roi est mort; vive le Roi* has no application to a business house, because the business itself is a king who never dies.

The business leaves its mark on every individual connected with it. It makes or destroys the

men who operate it. It grows to immense proportions, carrying upward with it those on whom it has smiled; or it crashes to the ground, burying its servants beneath the wreckage.

To be connected with and a part of a business such at this, gentlemen, is our good fortune, for it is an institution with a great future. It is like a tree whose roots are so firmly planted in the soil of industry and integrity that the growth has been upright and strong. The wide-spreading branches are covered with fruit, which we are privileged to gather. It seems fitting that we should offer a toast to the founders of this business—to those far-sighted men who planted so well that we, at this distant day, may garner the fruit of their labor.

A Toast to the "Boss"

(By a Faithful Employee)

SOMETIMES in the stress of work, when the old head aches, the weather is hot, and the demands upon us are almost more than we can endure, we wish that for just one day we could sit in the front office and boss the job. Right down in our hearts we know that *we* are the ones who do the work, carry out the contracts, keep the machinery moving. *We* are the ones who are entitled to the credit, if the business is successful. The business couldn't go on without *us*, the workers. *We* are the ones who fill the hives with honey. This feel-

ing has been expressed in a little verse that someone wrote a long time ago:

“Consider the little busy bee,
As down the dusty road he beats it,
Gathering honey all the day,
While some lazy loafer eats it.”

We feel ourselves abused and seriously object to gathering honey which we cannot eat.

And then comes a day when everything goes wrong, and a storm breaks over our luckless heads. The work is not finished on time, the contract is broken, the customer is furious. Then we hasten to disclaim all responsibility. It wasn't our fault. We did the best we could,

In such a crisis, who shoulders the responsibility? Who bears the burden of the loss? When the office doors are closed for the night, who carries to his home the worries and cares of the day? Who must constantly plan and scheme, so that the work may continue and we remain on the pay-roll? Who must meet the pay-roll, the expense budget, and the income tax?

Fellow workers, there is one whose responsibility begins where ours ends, who untangles all difficulties and meets all situations, who is responsible for the success or failure of the business, and who at all times has our interests at heart. He's a wonderful fellow and I'm for him, and I know you will all join me in a whole-hearted toast to the man in the front office—The Boss.

Presentation of a Gift to a Retiring Official

(By an Officer of the Company)

It is quite customary to felicitate a man on his accession to a high office, and rightly so, for he is to be congratulated on his rise above the average worker, and he needs the good-will and co-operation of his associates. But the man who most deserves this evidence of appreciation and kind regard is the one who has filled the high position, has done his work in a commendable manner, has won the esteem and respect of those who have been associated with and under him, and who is passing on to higher positions or to justly earned retirement.

We feel, my dear sir, that you are such a man. We have enjoyed the years of close association with you. We have respected your ability and honored your integrity. Now we rejoice in your good fortune. Before you leave this position which you have filled so long and so efficiently, we want you to accept this evidence of the esteem and good wishes of those who have assisted in carrying out your plans. May the future bring you added honors and the opportunity to display the genius and ability which are yours in so large a measure.

Response

(By the Retiring Official)

You may think that the joy of going to fresh fields, of undertaking new duties and honors would outweigh the regret at leaving the old position, but, my friends, that is not the case. One does not easily break the ties that bind him to men who have been so loyal, helpful and earnest as you, with whom it has been my pleasure to associate for a long time.

If my work has been a success, the triumph is not mine alone, because without you I could not have accomplished my desires. It is you who have made this moment possible, and I thank you for it.

I shall treasure this gift and preserve it jealously, for it means much to me. I shall look upon it with a feeling of pride, for it will always call to my mind's eye the faces of my associates in this organization.

I know from experience that you are prepared to give to my competent successor your most loyal support. This is as it should be, because, back of it all, back of the leaders and the men, is the great organization which must go on and on. It is to this that we owe our allegiance. It is this to which we must give our best endeavor, no matter who sits in the chair of authority. Knowing your character, I shall rest content in resigning my position, for I am sure that under the

guidance of my successor, and with your earnest co-operation, this great concern will continue its forward march of progress.

Please accept my sincere gratitude for this token of your esteem, for the pleasant words you have spoken tonight, and for your kindly attitude in the past.

Jewelers

(By a Fellow Jeweler)

I WARN you, gentlemen, just because I am a jeweler is no reason why you should expect bright, sparkling remarks from me. I am a diamond in the rough, unable to radiate brilliant words. I will leave that to my more polished associates.

The field of jewelry is one of the oldest in the world. It is one to which we instinctively turn when we are hunting a description of something particularly lovely. For instance, what would a novelist do without the field of precious stones and metals from which to draw when describing his heroine, who is possessed of lips of coral, teeth of pearl, brow of alabaster, hair of pure gold, and eyes that sparkle like diamonds. And the poet with his turquoise sky, emerald grass and golden sunset. Literature would suffer an irreparable loss should it be deprived of the language of precious stones.

Gem stones have an educational value. Of course there always are, and always will be, men

and women who do not know a beautiful gem from a piece of glass, but most people do appreciate the sheer beauty of a real jewel, and prefer the perfection of one such stone to a dozen of inferior quality.

The possessor of a true gem will strive to live up to it. He, or more often she, recognizing the unsuitability of wearing an expensive stone with an unbecoming costume, will give more attention to her dress. An exquisite diamond ring calls for a well-kept hand; a pearl necklace for a firm, white neck. A good motto would be, "Live up to your diamond ring."

Every girl must, of course, have a diamond engagement ring. Occasionally the engagement is broken, and if the ring has been engraved it cannot readily be used again. One young man solved this difficulty by having engraved on the inner side of the ring he presented to his sweetheart the words: "From George to his first and only Love."

Many people are fairly good judges of diamonds, but few could be depended upon to select a perfect, or even a genuine ruby or emerald. This, of course, is due largely to the excellent imitation and synthetic stones.

It seems to me that it might be good advertising for our business to educate the public regarding the origin of precious stones, their comparative values, and also the history surrounding famous gems. For instance, how many people outside the profession, or in it for that matter,

know the story of the Hope Diamond, the Kohinoor, the Cullinan? How many know where the various gems are found, how the mines are worked, and how and where gems are cut? How many know the difference between reconstructed and imitation stones, or precious and semi-precious stones? If we could endow these gems with some of this fascinating romance, I believe they would be more appreciated. Such a field of advertising is new and, gentlemen, I believe it would pay.

There is nothing in nature so beautiful, so lasting as the beauty of a perfect gem. Its purity, its luster, its hardness, its durability, its sheer beauty set it apart from all other forms of nature, making it an almost living thing.

There is scarcely a person who does not wear jewelry in some form, who is not fond of personal adornment, and who does not admire the beauty of gems. Let us seek to cultivate this taste, to educate those who are interested, to the end that there may be a greater appreciation of nature's most perfect handiwork—the precious stone.

Iron Manufacturers

(By a Well-known Member of the Iron Industry)

REFERENCE is often made to the Iron Age, meaning that period in man's development when he discarded stone implements and learned to use the metal we have since called iron. But from

the day when man first discovered this metal, and by the aid of fire, converted it to his use, down to the present time has actually been, and is now, the Iron Age. Other discoveries and inventions may, and do, play an important part in the development of civilization. But always it is iron for which the world clamors, iron which must come in an uninterrupted supply from the mines, must pass in one continuous stream through the mills, that the great procession of machines may never stop; that railroads, airships, vessels, and other means of transportation, may never fail to perform the work required of them; that great buildings may continue to raise their lofty domes; that the farm and factory may never cease to pour out the supplies demanded by humanity.

Iron is the one product of the universe, aside from food, without which man could not exist. Other metals and minerals come from the earth in greater quantities. A small diamond may be valued at many tons of iron ore; platinum and gold and silver are far more precious, pound for pound, but the business of the world would not stop if they were destroyed. So long as iron remains, progress will not cease for a moment; the march of civilization will go on.

Nature has been generous in her supply of this metal, for though it has been in use thousands of years, the quantity still appears inexhaustible.

Gentlemen, I am proud to belong to the iron manufacturing trade. This noble metal, God's

richest gift to man, is the master of the world today, and those who touch it, from the humblest worker in the mines to the pilot who guides the plane across the trackless deep, are the servants of this great monarch. So I am proud today to offer this toast to Iron, the King of the World.

Dry Goods Merchants

(By a Prominent Member of the Dry Goods Association)

DRY goods, gentlemen, are not as dry a subject as the name implies. There is poetry in the sheen of flower-tinted satin, romance in every hand-embroidered robe from Oriental lands. There's a social problem in every piece of goods that leaves the factory. There's history more thrilling than fiction in a skein of silk, a spool of cotton, or a ball of wool. If we can let a little of this romance and poetry into our minds, we will find much more enjoyment in our work.

Of course a certain amount of worry is connected with the business. For instance, there is some ground for the fear that if this fad for exposure to the sun's rays, or the *son's gaze*, goes much farther, we will cease to need clothes at all. However, Father Winter has a serious argument to oppose, and on him I think we may rely to keep us in the dry goods business.

But whether we wear much or little, we hope that Dame Fashion will ever remain the same

fickle lady that she is today. And we pray for another Beau Brummel, who will lead the men in a similar manner of self-adornment. The moot question, "Do women dress to please each other or to please the men?", may never be settled, but as long as they dress with the taste and extravagance of today we will be happy to supply the material, and trust our good friends, the Fashion Designers, to see that a lot of it is needed.

We are meeting with more and keener competition. The profits do not come so easily, and we have to "step a little lively." And it has to be legitimate stepping, too. A father criticising his son for not finding a job, said, "When I was your age I was working for five dollars a week in a store, and at the end of five years I owned the store." "You can't do that nowadays," replied the son, "they have cash registers." Yes, we have cash registers, but we also have larger salaries.

To study fabrics and fashions back through the ages is to study the history of man. The climate of a country, as well as its customs, determines its style, whether that country be an island of the South Sea, or the icy shores of the Arctic circle.

"The Hottentot and Eskimo, they always dress the same;
The Eskimo spends all his time in hunting fish and
game;
The polar bear he kills and eats, and thinks it is no sin
To walk about so comfy in his own *bearskin*.

"The Hottentot lives way down South and doesn't cook
or brew;
He eats bananas, roots and nuts; he hasn't learned to
sew;
He never hunts for fish and game, but thinks it is no sin
To walk about so comfy in his—own—bare—
skin."

Gentlemen, I think it would be very appropriate to offer a toast to those allies of the dry goods manufacturers—Our Fashion Designers. May their ideas be exceeded only by their generosity in the material they use.

Leather

(For a Leather Merchants' Dinner)

I HOPE you do not expect an eloquent speech from me, because if you do you are going to be disappointed. I haven't attempted to make that kind of speech since I heard a precocious youngster define the word "elocution." "Elocution," he said, "is the way people are put to death in some states." Since then I have been mighty careful to take no chances.

But you cannot always judge a man by the speech he makes. Former Senator Beck of Kentucky, it is said, was a tireless talker. One day a friend remarked to Senator Hoar, "I should think Beck would wear his brains out talking so much." "Oh," replied Hoar, "that doesn't affect his brains any. He rests his mind while he is talking."

Did you ever realize that the leather business is the oldest business in the world? A few million years ago, when our remote ancestor emerged from the animal stage of evolution and exercised his brain in finding something to protect his body from the heat and cold, he killed another animal and used the hide for a coat. To be sure, the hide still retained the hair, and doubtless some of the flesh of the former owner, but the paleolithic man didn't mind a little thing like that.

We do not know what animal was the first victim, possibly a mastodon, or a dinosaur, or maybe just another monkey. Anyway, no animal is exempt today; all are victims to the demand for leather. Even father gets skinned regularly, and I have vivid recollections of the times when my own hide was tanned out in the old woodshed.

I recently saw an advertisement extolling the virtues of a certain imitation leather. The statement said that the article in question looked like leather, felt like it and smelled like it. I wondered if the writer of that article ever visited a tannery, or passed a truck load of calf-skins—leather in the making,—or had read Peter B. Kyne's description of a ship-load of green hides.

I once heard of a party of travelers who were sidetracked for a short time one night beside a carload of hides on their way to a tannery. Some of the party woke up, but kept quiet, hoping that the others would remain unconscious of their surroundings. Finally the cook, a German,

awoke. He endured it as long as he could and then burst out, "Ach, mine God, dis is awful. Dey sleeps und I vakes, und I haf to schmell it all."

Sometimes we have the feeling that the butcher, too, is a dealer in leather. This is so usual an experience that Mrs. Jones asked Mrs. Smith how she always managed to have such tender steak. Mrs. Smith replied that she selected a good butcher and then stood by him.

"You mean you give him all your trade?" inquired Mrs. Jones.

"No," explained Mrs. Smith, "I stand by him while he is cutting the meat."

Because of its firmness and strength, leather has become the symbol of endurance. To say that a man is leather-lunged is to infer that he has great endurance as a talker, that he is a good politician or after-dinner speaker, for instance. To say that he has a leather hide means that his feelings are not easily hurt by the remarks his speeches call forth. But to say that he is in the leather business, at once places him as a man of standing in his community.

Every man who walks the street is footing up profits for the leather industry. Every woman who wears a kid glove has a hand in our business, and the thoughts of the world's greatest minds are bound up in our product. With all this, and the demand for footballs increasing by leaps and bounds, to say nothing of the other industries, I feel that the future of the leather business is assured.

Shoe Manufacturers

(By One of the Leading Shoe Manufacturers)

A SHOE is a very prosaic article of wearing apparel. There is no romance about it. No poetry. To the average salesman, it is simply an article to sell, and his chief problem is to fit a number five last on a number eight foot. Yet it is our most important article of dress. The rest of the costume may be ever so perfect, but if the shoe is old, or inappropriate, the effect of the entire ensemble is ruined.

But there are styles and stores enough to suit the most fastidious dresser. On a certain street in Chicago there are three shoe stores in a row, owned by—say, Tom, Dick and Harry. Dick owned the one in the middle. One morning he came down town to find that Tom on his left had covered the front of his store with the sign, “Going out of Business—Sacrifice Sales.” Harry, on the right, had emblazoned across the front of his store a sign announcing “Anniversary Sale—Unprecedented Bargains.”

Dick took one look, rushed into the store and called up his painter. In a short time there was a sign over his door reading, in letters two feet high, “Main Entrance.”

The origin of shoes is lost in antiquity, but it is not at all improbable to suppose that Eve, after she had laid in a supply of the latest designs in fig leaves, contrived a pair of shoes appropriate for each costume. The Bible does not tell us

what became of the snake after it had tempted Eve to eat the apple. My opinion is that she had Adam kill it so she could make herself a pair of genuine snakeskin shoes. Doubtless she had enough left for a shopping-bag. Maybe she made Adam a pair, also, for they must have found it a bit rough going when they left the Garden.

A man has much more confidence in himself, whether in business or society, if he is well-dressed and well-shod. A woman, whether old or young, knows that the elusive charm of a smart costume is enhanced by a pair of well-made shoes. I do not think that there is much danger of a serious slump in our business, for whatever other articles of clothing we may discard, some form of shoe will have to be retained.

There is a poem, by an unknown author—so old that perhaps you have never heard it—entitled “A Man and His Shoes.” It proves that there may be poetry and imagination in this very lowly article of dress.

“How much a man is like his shoes !
For instance, both a sole may lose.
Both have been tanned; are left and right.
Both sometimes are a little tight.
Both need a mate to be complete,
And both are made to go on feet.
They both need healing; oft are sold,
And both in time will turn to mold.
With shoes the last is first, with men
The first shall be the last, and when
The shoes wear out they’re mended new,
When men wear out they’re men dead. too.

They both are trod upon, and both
Will tread on others, nothing loath.
Both have their ties, and both incline,
When polished, in the world to shine.
And both peg out—now, would you choose
To be a man or be his shoes?"

Hat Manufacturers

(By Some Well-Known Hat Manufacturer)

JUST when man commenced to wear a hat is unknown. It is my opinion that the first head covering was devised by a cave-dwelling woman to protect her skull from the too vigorous love-taps of her husband's club. Many and wonderful have been the changes in men's headgear since that time. Woman's hat is still in the evolutionary stage.

Scientists tell us that the vermiform appendix is a relic of our prehistoric ancestors—a portion of our anatomy no longer useful, but preserved by nature as a sort of souvenir. So it is with our hats. There are several little finishing touches which are relics of ancient times. For instance, did you ever notice the little bow of ribbon on the inside of your hat? Probably you think it is put there to enable you to tell the back from the front. But that isn't all. Several hundred years ago hats were made in only two or three sizes, and were adjusted to the head by means of a drawstring, which was tied in a bowknot. The

drawstring has disappeared, but the knot remains.

Another thing. Your hat always has a band around it. You doubtless believe this is for decoration only. Not so. This band is a direct heritage from the ancient Egyptians, who wore only a band about the head to confine the hair. In the same manner the streamers, which until recently adorned a child's hat, were relics of an ancient custom of the Greeks, who tied their broad-brimmed headgear with long ribbons.

Where some of the strange and wonderful customs of women's hats originated, I shall not attempt to say. We are interested only in the effect, which we must concede is, in most cases, altogether charming and enticing.

Style is not so important to the average man. His main trouble is to keep his hat looking fresh and new. I asked a friend the other day how he managed it, and he assured me that he had worn the same hat for several years. "I have had it blocked twice," he said, "cleaned three times, and last week I exchanged it in a restaurant."

Have you ever noticed how hats seem to take on the attributes of the people who wear them? A millionaire, a clergyman, a business man, a sportsman, a college boy, a gangster—you can pick out a hat for each. But a woman's hat—that's different. You may select one for your young daughter of gay straw and flowers, another of plain black felt for your mother. When you see them again, grandma is wearing the

flowery creation, while the little black toque is adorning the saucy head of your child, and—here's the curious part—they are much more becoming and appropriate when worn in that way.

Hats are a favorite subject for jokes and jests. Never a political campaign but that several hundred hats change hands or heads.

A newlywed was telling his wife a joke on a bunch of young husbands who had met by chance at the haberdasher's. The proprietor offered to give the best hat in his store to the one who could honestly say that he had kissed no woman but his wife since his marriage.

"We had a great laugh on Ed and Jack and Jim when they made no move toward the hat," said the young husband, still laughing heartily over the joke.

The young wife joined in his hilarity for a minute. Then a solemn thought gave pause to her amusement.

"Look here, Harry," she said, "how does it happen that *you* did not bring home that hat?"

Grocers

(By a Prominent Tradesman)

I PRESUME it is expected that any one in the grocery business can make wholesale remarks of a spicy character and retail snappy stories, but such is not the case, I assure you. I will leave

that to some one who has a little more ginger in his make-up.

It is a sad travesty on our business that our honesty is sometimes questioned. A certain grocer who had won the questionable distinction of being called a little rascal, said that the appellation was given him to distinguish him from the rest of the trade, who were all *great* rascals.

The inexperienced young bride is usually regarded as a target for the sharp practices of grocers and butchers. I recently heard of one who was clever enough to turn this to her own advantage. She visited the butcher shop to buy two chickens. There were six fowls hanging above the counter.

"I have a reason," she confided to the butcher, "for wanting you to select for me four of your toughest chickens."

The butcher, glad to avail himself of such an opportunity, selected from the six, four which he assured her, doubtless with reason, were the very toughest.

"Fine," said the ignorant little bride. "Now you may just wrap up the other two."

The grocery store is the clearing-house for the foods of the world. To it come products from the South Seas, the Orient, the frozen north, the desert, the jungle, the ocean, the mountain, and the plain. Could your son tell the history of every package on the shelves of an up-to-date grocery store, he would have the foundation of an excellent education. There is history, ro-

mance, thrilling adventure, and heart-breaking labor behind those bright colored labels on our shelves.

Science has done and is doing wonderful things for the grocery business, and government requirements have driven from the field those products and stores which were unwholesome and a menace to health.

And in return, the modern grocery business has done much for science and the government. For example, in the earlier polar expeditions, many were ill or died from disease because of their inability to carry proper rations. Yet in Byrd's Antarctic Expedition, there was no loss of life, nor did any of the party suffer from disease. This was largely because he was able to take with him all kinds of food, properly preserved and protected, so that his men could have a balanced ration at all times.

And the grocery store, by its high grade goods, its courteous attention and prompt deliveries, renders a genuine service to the home. People have become accustomed to telephoning their orders, but when grandma heard a little girl say, "We got Java and Hamburg on the radio last night," it was too much.

"Now, my dear child," she said, "you don't think I'll ever believe that they can deliver groceries over that fool contraption."

The time has come when one cannot look down on the man who purveys the nation's food. He is a man of scientific knowledge, skilled in a great

art, for surely it is as much an art to supply proper sustenance for the body as it is to furnish proper food for the mind. It is his business to feed the men who conduct the affairs of the world, to give them the strength and courage to carry on, and I would like to give a toast tonight to that indispensable man, the grocer, who is "The Man Behind the Man Behind the Gun."

Cotton Planters

(By a Member of the Cotton Growers Association)

I AM not going to make a speech about cotton, or anything else. If I dared to do so, I know you would say just what the polite minister said when the amateur soloist asked him if he thought her singing good. "Good," he exclaimed, "my dear madam, good is not the word."

Many and strenuous have been the efforts to depose King Cotton and place a pretender on the throne, but this has never been successfully accomplished. Despite all efforts to substitute other materials, cotton still is king, supreme and secure in his domain.

The uses to which this material is put are limitless. The new-born babe is wrapped in softest cotton. His infant clothes, as smooth as his own rosy skin, are of the same fine fabric. As he grows older, stronger garments are required to shield his body from violent contacts with the

world. Still cotton furnishes him with adequate protection.

We employ cotton in the manufacture of high explosives, and if by this means we are injured, gauze and lint stanch the flow of blood. Sometimes cotton masquerades as linen or silk, but in whatever form it may be found, whether in the heavy canvas awning, or in the dainty dress of the girl who sits beneath it, it will always be beautifully strong and dependable.

We are familiar with all these prosaic uses of cotton. But there is one phase, of which, in our busy life, we seldom think. Around the cotton fields centers the romance of the South. The picturesque fields, with their colored pickers, will always remain in the minds of the American people as one of the traditions of the nation. Never shall we hear beautiful "Dixie," or the sweet old negro folk-songs, but there will arise in our minds a vision of the little cabins, the cotton fields, the yellow moon, and the happy groups of colored workers singing to the tinkling of a banjo, "Way Down South in the Land ob Cotton."

And I have wondered if we could not, in some way, invest our business with a bit of this old romance. This is, I know, an intensely mechanical and prosaic business era, but there is always a romantic spot in human nature, and it is just possible that we could appeal to it in such a way as to have an influence on the business of raising our product.

Surely the fibre of the cotton plant is more dainty than the wool of animals or the thread of worms. Its history is more romantic, and, unlike silk, it carries an appeal to patriotism, because it is not of foreign origin. Let us in our advertising campaigns lay a little more stress on these things. It may help.

This is a democratic country and we are not supposed to bow down to royalty, but I want you to join me in a toast to King Cotton—Long may he live!

Fruit Growers

(Address for the Fruit Growers Association)

EVER since Eve picked the apple and thereby set an example for Adam, man has been picking fruit, packing it, and transporting it to other people. And considering the pleasure, health and wealth which lie in apples and other fruit, it was a very fortunate thing for mankind that Eve's curiosity got the better of her judgment.

Science tells us that the greatest war of all time is being waged between man and the insect world, and predicts that insects will prevail in a few million years. The fiercest battlefields of this war lie in the orchard and garden. Whether it be in the vast apple, cherry and peach orchards, or in the tiny city garden plot boasting only a few currant and berry bushes, eternal vigilance is the price of perfect fruit.

But science has come to our assistance and is

continually devising ways and means for combating insects and diseases of fruit-bearing trees and plants. These interesting methods, as you know, vary from the use of drugs to the introduction of birds and other insects which prey upon the pests.

I think we scarcely realize how much the medical profession has done to benefit fruit-growers. How much free advertising they have given us. Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, eminent English surgeon, says: "The basic principle of summer dieting is to eat an abundance of fresh fruit and vegetables. They supply valuable mineral salts and the indispensable vitamins which have been relatively lacking in our winter diet." Such statements, coming from well-known authorities, are of incalculable value to our business.

So I am inclined to be an optimist, for I feel that with science as our ally, physicians as our press-agents, trade journals for disseminating information, and frequent meetings such as this, we will be able to ward off the destruction of the world for a few thousand years at least. Then we won't care.

I wonder how many of you have heard the story of Johnny Appleseed, and the good work he did in three states. Johnny Appleseed, whose real name was John Chapman, was born in 1775. He is not a myth, for I have talked with people whose fathers knew him.

This wonderful man, with his quaint mission, traveled ahead of other white men, through Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, planting appleseeds, he said,

"for the children to come, who will gather and eat hereafter." He planted over one hundred thousand acres of orchards, mainly in small clearings in the woods, where there were only pine trees, oaks and beeches—orchards which were found years after by the surprised and mystified settlers.

Johnny Appleseed was a man of vision—and so is every apple-grower. When we plant a young orchard we know that it will require years of patient protection before there can be any return for our effort—yet, I never heard of that stopping any ardent orchardist from setting out saplings. And I think we may well spend a minute tonight in being thankful for that vision or patience or persistence that prompts us to plant, cultivate, graft, spray and prune and then wait until the harvest shall come.

Farm Relief

(Suitable for Grange and Other Community Occasions)

THE burning question of today is how to bring relief to the farmer, and everything has been suggested from changing the immigration laws to putting him out of his misery in a gentle way. And more people feel themselves qualified to give advice upon farm relief than upon any other subject. Men who have never been any nearer to a farm than Broadway, or who are operating with

a million-dollar capital and several expert overseers, feel themselves fully competent to advise the average farmer. One of these capitalists, on being asked how his model farm was prospering, replied, "Fine. Just so long as my business in the city holds out, I'll make it go."

The average city man thinks that all a farmer has to do is to plant his seeds and watch his crops grow. The city people will gather them for him, if he turns his back. All that is necessary is to "Drive home the cows from the pasture, up through the long shady lane"—and the milking-machine will do the rest.

The farmer doesn't have to bother with daylight-saving time. No. He's up at daylight in the summer, anyway, and long before it in the winter. If he'd save any more time, he wouldn't sleep at all.

No other business in the world has so many things to contend with—insects, blight, rain, hail, frost, drought—over none of which he has any control. The only certain things on a farm are the taxes and interest on the mortgage. If a paternal government can figure out any way to alleviate these, the farmer may continue to survive. But meanwhile, the experiments being tried on him are not bringing results. His may be a case of "the operation was successful, but the patient died."

There is one way, however, in which he, or his wife and daughter, can make a living. Let him set up a hot-dog stand in his front yard, scatter

billboards over the landscape, and cover his buildings with advertisements, for the benefit of city excursionists who throng the country roads. He may make a living that way; but who wants to live under such conditions?

Possibly, when the wise ones have had an opportunity to try their hand at farming, they will understand where the trouble lies and remove the evil. Until then, Heaven help the poor farmer in a country like this.

One of America's best loved poets, James Whitcomb Riley, describes the trials of the farmer in several cheerful poems. Regarding the perversity of the weather, he says:

"It aggravates the farmers, too—

They's too much wet, er too much sun,

Er work, er waitin' round to do

Before the plowin' 's done:

And maybe, like as not, the wheat,

Jest as it's lookin' hard to beat,

Will ketch the storm—and jest about

The time the corn's a-jintin' out.

"These-here *cy-clones* a-foolin' round—

And back'ard crops!—and wind and rain!—

And yit the corn that's wallered down

May elbow up again!—

They hain't no sense, as I can see,

Fer mortuls, sich as us, to be

A-faultin' Nachur's wise intents,

And lockin' horns with Providence!

"It hain't no use to grumble and complain;

It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice—

When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,

W'y, rain's my choice."

Real Estate

(For Occasions When Realtors Convene)

EVER since Adam and Eve left the Garden of Eden to take up some land outside the limits, and build a home of their own, it has been the desire of man to own a bit of the earth's surface.

Somehow, the ownership of nothing else is quite so satisfying; nothing else has the tangible quality that land possesses. Whether it be a fifty-foot lot in a crowded city, or vast tracts of western plains, it gives to its possessor a feeling of stability, security and respectability.

I am glad to say that few people are like the young woman whom a real estate agent tried to interest in buying a home. "Buy a home?" answered the young lady flippantly, "I should say not. I haven't any use for one. You see, I was born in a hospital, educated in a college, courted in an automobile, married in a church; we live out of paper bags and tin cans; I spend my mornings playing golf, the afternoons playing bridge, and in the evening we go to a dance or a movie; when I die I'm going to be buried from the undertaker's. All I need is a garage with a place to sleep above."

It is the desire on the part of would-be landowners which has built up the real estate business, and it is this desire on which we must always rely. Speculation sometimes plays a great part, it is true, but this is confined largely to the

city or to isolated instances of boom areas. The average man in the country and small town buys, not so much for speculative purposes as for a permanent business or a home.

Where they depart from this principle, look out. There is nothing so dangerous as a boom in real estate, as has many times been proven, because it is tampering with fundamentals. Land is the basis of everything, and to give it a fictitious value upsets the value of everything that rests upon it.

It is not necessary for us to go to the extremes adopted by the real estate broker whose home was entered by a burglar. The second-story man had been gone for a long time and his pal, who was standing guard, was growing uneasy. Finally he appeared.

"Well, does I git half de swag, or doesn't I," asked the one who had stood guard.

"Sure," replied the other, "you'se kin have four of 'em. Dat place is owned by a real estate guy and he sold me eight suburban lots."

Therefore, I want to urge that in our operations we build solidly. Our business may grow more slowly as a consequence, but its growth will be substantial. Let us strive to cultivate that desire which Adam and Eve handed down to their children, to own land for the sake of the land itself, and the pleasure and comfort to be derived from it.

Insurance

(By an Agent or Officer of the Company)

INSURANCE is a paradox, that is, every kind except life. It is the only thing in the world that we pay for in the hope of not receiving it. Of course, there always are some who now and then "slip one over" on the Company, but usually they don't do it more than once.

I heard a story not long ago of a man who had just taken out a policy on his store. "If I pay the premium for three years and the store burns down," he inquired, "how much do I get?" "The full amount of the policy," the agent told him. "And supposing it was to take fire about a month afterwards, how much then?" persisted the client. "Probably seven years," said the agent. I suppose, in spite of every precaution, there always will be some who ought to get seven years instead of the amount of the policy.

A story is told of Dr. Barrows, at one time president of Oberlin College. He had carried insurance on his household goods for twenty years, then permitted it to lapse. One day an energetic agent persuaded him to take out a new policy. That very afternoon fire broke out and a whole closetful of Mrs. Barrows' best gowns was destroyed. The loss was promptly paid, but the good doctor was vastly amused to receive the following letter from the Insurance Company: "President Oberlin College, Dear Sir: Inclosed

find draft for \$500. We note that this policy went into effect at noon and fire did not occur until four o'clock. Why the delay?"

The insurance business is the richest in the United States, and at the same time there is not one dollar but what is legitimately acquired and not one dollar but what has been of lasting benefit to the insured.

Regarding life insurance, Judge John C. Karel, a Wisconsin jurist, made the statement that the time will come when every qualified person performing a wedding ceremony will ask the bridegroom not only "Have you the license?" but also "Have you the certificate of love?" The certificate of love, Judge Karel explained, is an insurance policy which not only shows the bridegroom's physical fitness, but his willingness to protect his family. If a man were required to take out insurance, and the time is coming when it will be required, through legislative enactment, there would be no question about his physical fitness. We know that no policy is granted unless the test is passed.

Strange as it may seem, a man who would not let his fire insurance policy lapse for fear of loss, will let his life insurance go, and this might be needed infinitely more in case of his death. However, the people are being educated through the extensive advertising program followed by most companies. This recalls the story of two men who were standing on the deck of their vessel as it passed through the Strait of Gibraltar into the

Mediterranean Sea. As they came closer to the big rock, one said to the other, "Some way the Rock of Gibraltar doesn't look to me as I thought it would. What's wrong with it?"

"I can tell you," replied his friend. "It hasn't the Prudential Life Insurance ad on it."

The most ingenuous argument in favor of insurance I have ever heard was advanced by a colored captain during the World War. He was exhorting his men to take advantage of the Government's offer of insurance. "If you is insured," he argued, "you is worth ten thousand dollars, and it stands to reason that Uncle Sam ain't gwine to put no ten thousand dollar men in the front line trenches."

Gentlemen, ours is a business into which we can enter with a clear conscience, for the more insurance we write and the more money we earn for our company, the greater the commission for ourselves, and the greater benefit we are to mankind.

Hotels

(By the Manager of a Hotel)

THE phrase "traveling public" used to mean those few fortunate people who had accumulated enough of this world's goods to enable them to take a sight-seeing trip, or the commercial salesman whose expenses were paid by his employer. But the world and his wife and family are traveling these days. The successful hotel-keeper must

know how to entertain, with equal satisfaction and ease, a cattleman's convention, or a party of girls attending a sorority reunion. He must provide ten times the comforts of home, and woe unto the manager who lets his patrons see the wheels go round.

The guest usually believes that he wants to feel at home in a hotel, but in reality that is the last thing he desires. What he really wants is service and food such as the best regulated household could not supply. Usually the man or woman who demands the most attention and is hardest to please is the one who is new to hotel life. The seasoned traveler knows what to expect, and how much it costs.

Therefore, we must make the traveler feel at home, and at the same time treat him like a glorified guest, for whom not only the fatted calf has been killed, but most of the other animals—and then charge him for it.

In order to do this, we must have someone to broil, or roast, or fry the calf. Owen Meredith touched on a vital point when in his poem, "The One Essential," he says:

"We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without
books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks."

Where is the hotel that can live without cooks?
It sometimes happens that the family cook leaves,

or is ill, and then father, mother and the children repair to the nearest hotel or restaurant in the calm assurance that hotel cooks are invulnerable and omnipresent. Cooks we must have. Sometimes we hire them. Sometimes we steal them. A bachelor or widower has an advantage there, for he can marry one.

So I ask you, gentlemen, to join me in a toast to that person who is king or queen of the culinary department, whether it be the kitchenette of a two-room suite, or the mammoth kitchen of a modern hotel; that person without whom civilized man and hotels cannot live—The Cook.

Congratulating Owner on the Opening of a New Restaurant

(By a Guest)

It is the general belief that to make a man happy and good-tempered, all that is necessary is to serve him with plenty of well-cooked food. "Feed the brute" has for many years been the slogan of lovely woman when she wants something, whether it be a ticket to the opera, a new sealskin coat, or a trip to Europe.

Judging from the delicious meal served to us this evening, I predict that your establishment is going to be a great boon to the people of this town, especially the ladies. All that will be necessary is to inveigle John into coming once. After that it will be easy. John will henceforth

be happy, good-natured and liberal; Mary will have her heart's desire, and the entire town will be in a state of peace. My only fear is that you will not be able to accommodate the crowd, and that all the other eating places will be compelled to go out of business for lack of customers.

And right here I would like to give you a little advice. Watch your waiters closely, lest some of your guests meet the fate of a friend of mine. This man, a generous patron of a certain restaurant, had not been receiving any attention from his waiter, who was standing idly on the other side of the room.

"What's the meaning of this, Rastus?" he inquired. "Haven't I been taking care of you right along?"

"Dat you have, Col'nel," replied Rastus. "But I done los' you to anudder waitah in a crap-game las' night. He'll be along d'rectly, sah."

I think it was the same waiter who brought a piece of chocolate pie to a customer.

"What's this?" roared the customer. "This isn't what I ordered. I ordered Washington pie!"

"Dat am Washington pie, sah," replied the waiter. "Booker Washington pie. We's all out ob George."

But joking aside, the advent of a new restaurant (or hotel) is a distinct asset to a city. There are many attractions about the various urban centers—their climate and location, their buildings and business enterprises, their museums and art galleries, their social and educational advan-

tages—but the character of their hotels and restaurants determines in a large measure their popularity with the traveling public. Whatever else a city may be noted for, if it does not give the traveler good food, it is shunned.

Your friends in the city of ——— are grateful to you for this addition to our civic attractions. We predict that the time will come when this town will be known far and wide because of your restaurant (or hotel). We wish you success in the launching of this new enterprise. It will be a pleasure to direct prospective patrons to your door, for we know that once here, they will be added to your list of friends.

Response

(By the Owner of a New Restaurant)

My friends, I can decorate a room, a table, or an entrée, but when it comes to making flowery speeches, I must confess I am a total loss.

If I were gifted with the power of eloquence, I would open my remarks with a peppy story—a kind of *hors d'œuvre* to whet your appetite for more. I would then regale you with choice words of friendship, like a clear, fragrant *consommé*. This would be followed by a few solid remarks concerning the serious things of life, resembling the *pièce d' résistance* of the meal. All these would be interspersed with bright, spar-

kling words, like *champagne*, and I would close with a flowery phrase or two as a dainty *dessert*.

But, alas, I can give you only a few plain words of appreciation for your good wishes and evidence of friendship. In the operation of this new enterprise, I hope I shall justify your faith in the business and in myself.

Airplanes

(By a Well-Known Aviator)

I DON'T think this is fair, for I am not accustomed to doing stunts on the ground. I may be able to fly with some ability, but when I try to make a speech I am all up in the air. Cross-country flights are commonplace, but flights of oratory are not in my line.

Orators and flyers have much in common. An orator is ambitious; our aim also is to rise in the world. And I have known orators who could compete with any aviator in an endurance test. Some aviators make solo flights; others get married and ship a pilot. I say pilot advisedly, because, while we may actually operate the ship, it won't be plain sailing unless the better half does the piloting. So we might as well relinquish control when we step aboard, and thus avoid a smash-up or a forced landing.

Speaking of crashes, some of you doubtless remember the story of Darius Green and his flying-machine, as so graphically told in the poem

by Trowbridge. You will recall that Darius hopped off the roof of his father's barn and came down

"In a wonderful whirl of tangled strings,
Broken braces and broken springs,
Broken tail and broken wings,
Shooting-stars and various things."

Many an aviator has had a similar experience, and we can sympathize with Darius

"As he staunched his sorrowful nose on his cuff,
'Wal, I like flyin' well enough,'
He said; 'but the' ain't such a thunderin' sight
O' fun in't when you come to light.'"

He certainly had the right idea. The test of flying is how you light. But if Darius Green had lived today he would not be the laughing stock of the community. Instead, there would be plenty of genius and money to help him perfect his invention and put it on the market.

This has been called the Mechanical Age, but I think that the Age of Miracles would be more appropriate. We are living in the infancy of a marvelous invention. Our children will see this new industry in all its glorious possibilities. The solitary flight across the ocean, the Bryd wings hovering over the extremities of the earth are but beginnings. The real achievements are yet to come.

Railroads

(For Meetings of Railroad Officials)

THERE is no question that ours is the most important of human industries. Our workers, from the humblest section hand to the most influential director, constitute the aristocracy of all trades.

From being pioneers in the development of the country, railroads have come to be the very life of the nation, without which it could not exist. Food from every country in the world is assembled on our tables; luxuries, unknown but a few years ago, adorn our persons and our homes; distant parts of the earth are familiar to our sight; starvation is prevented and sickness alleviated; armies and munitions of war are transported; and all the materials for building a home, a factory or a city is carried over the two slender rails which stretch millions of miles over the earth's surface.

The telephone, telegraph and radio may be the nation's nerves, sensitive to every beat of the pulse; the vast manufacturing plants, her muscles and sinews; men and women, her head and intellect; and homes and business offices, her heart; but the railroads are her veins and arteries, through which pour the very life-blood of the nation.

And it is our duty to keep these veins and arteries in a healthy condition, to see that the flow

of life-giving traffic is steady, regular and sufficient to meet the needs of the clamoring world.

The pride that every employee takes in his road and its equipment is well-known. Two Pullman porters had been bragging about their respective lines and the argument had grown rather heated. Finally one of them said: "Wy, man alive, dis here system kills mo' people ebery year dan y' ol' C. an' O. carries."

Yes, gentlemen, ours is a dignified, glorified business, one of which we are all proud, and, before I switch to a side-track to make way for a regular standard-gauge speaker, I wish to offer a toast in which I hope you will all take stock—
The Railroad.

Automobiles

*(Suitable for Meetings of Automobile Clubs or
Automobile Dealers)*

Do you remember, and many of us can, the first days of the automobile—the "horseless carriage"? How the calamity howlers howled. It was a rich man's toy; it would never be practicable; it could not be operated in the winter, or on some of the country roads at any time; it could not be relied on after dark, like old Dobbin, who knew every pebble in the home road, even in the darkest night; and finally, the boy friend couldn't drive and make love at the same time.

What a difference a few years make! Every-

body has an auto today. To confess to not owning a car is to confess to a social or business shortcoming. They are within the reach of all, and range from traveling palaces costing thousands of dollars to the ten dollar monstrosity of the high-school boy.

As far as travel in winter is concerned, the snowplow, chains, and, in more inaccessible places, half-runners, have solved that problem until now a sleigh or cutter finds place only in a museum, while a string of sleighbells scattering music through the air would soon attract a crowd.

The lighting question has been solved. All cars carry powerful lamps; the smallest village has its perfect lighting system; and the time is not far distant when each principal thoroughfare will be a great white way. Our marvelous roads are today the pride of the country—practically all paid for by the automobile itself. Distance and time have been annihilated.

The benefit which has come to the laboring man through this invention is enormous. Automobile shops, machine shops, repair shops, steel mills, oil fields, all owe their great development to the automobile and its kindred industries.

And the objection of the lad and his sweetheart! Every boy and girl are expert one-arm drivers today—and—you can always stop the darned thing; there are parking places everywhere.

The automobile has been blamed for a good

many things of which it is entirely innocent. A stranger called at the front door, which was opened by the small boy of the house.

"I represent a society for the suppression of profanity," he began. "I want to take profanity out of your life"—

"Hey, Mother!" yelled Bobby. "Here's a man wants to buy our car."

Ever since Henry Ford built his first rattling good car, there have been jokes and poems about the automobile. Some one with a keen sense of humor composed this jingle:

"A balky mule has four-wheel brakes,
A billy goat has bumpers,
The firefly has a bright spot light,
Rabbits are puddle jumpers,
Camels have balloon-tired feet,
And carry spares of what they eat,
But still I think that nothing beats,
The kangaroo with rumble seats."

We talk of hard times, but the hard times of today do not compare with the hard times of a generation ago. A settlement worker, being questioned regarding present conditions, replied, "Yes, indeed, I find many cases of extreme want. I visited a family only today, and actually they didn't have a drop of gasoline for their auto."

There is no question that the prosperity of this country can be traced to the automobile more than to any other individual thing. It is now possible for the city worker and his family to live in the country, for less money and in more

healthful surroundings; for children to have greater educational advantages; for farmers and their families to enjoy the pleasures and bargains of the city; for more entertainment, closer friendships and greater health, and for the development of a new artist—the back-seat driver. To paraphrase an old familiar saying, the automobile is, without question, man's greatest friend. So, gentlemen here's to your car and my car—may they never meet.

Radio

(For Any Organization Interested in the Radio)

SOME day, somewhere, some one may invent, or discover, or create a more wonderful thing than the radio, but as far as I am concerned, the story is told, the play is ended. The United States patent office may shut up shop, museums may close, and scientists cease their studies. As for me, I will die content and ask to see no greater marvel than the radio.

To fly has been wonderful, of course, but that was a foregone conclusion. Birds and some animals have always flown; it was just a matter of time until man should do the same. The telephone and telegraph, the talking machines and moving pictures, electrical appliances, all are remarkable, yet easily explained. But until man has learned to create life, he will accomplish nothing greater than the radio. It is only in its infancy now, but the time will soon come when

in every home the radio will enable us to speak instantly with a friend at the uttermost parts of the earth; when the power from any hydraulic plant can be transmitted to any city in the country. If we ever communicate with any of our sister planets, it will be through the radio.

The working of this new invention is a great mystery to many people. An old colored man explained it to his small grandson in this way: "First off, Rastus," he said, "Ah'll expatiate on de way de telegraph wo'ks. Hit's like dis: Ef dar were a dog big 'nuf so his haid could be in New Yo'k and his tail in Bosting, den if you-all tromp on his tail in New Yo'k, he 'ud bark in Bosting. Now, de radio am jest perzackly de same, Rastus, wid de exception dat de dog am 'maginary."

Aside from the entertainment derived, the radio already is of great convenience in the home. Father knows just when to buy or sell stock; mother learns to play bridge or make marmalade; sister is told how to keep her fairy-like form; the farmer is advised when to cut his hay; and the whole family is relieved from the task of telling Junior a bedtime story. The only trouble is that we are all learning to speak very loudly in an effort to compete with the loud-speaker. Though even there it is sometimes useful as it helps to entertain an unwelcome guest.

Verily, the radio is man's greatest blessing, and I am thankful that I was born in time to see and hear its wonders.

Telegraphy

(Toast to a Group of Telegraph Operators)

TIME was when the sight of the well-known yellow, or blue-edged envelope brought gripping fear to the heart of the recipient, for its advent almost always spelled sorrow and disaster. It has taken many years to educate the public, but today the sting of fear has been removed. The small uniformed boy may well be the bearer of good wishes or congratulations. The message may transmit flowers, a gift, or much needed financial assistance. If it arrives in the morning, it may be a fifty-word, compact, newsy letter from an absent member of the family. The public has learned to use this great service.

There's a curious thing about a telegram. The average business man will spend a dollar's worth of time figuring how to compress his message into ten, or fifty words, thus sacrificing clarity to save the two or three cents per word extra. Furthermore, he, or more likely she, will pad a message with frivolous words to make up the ten for which she is paying. And nearly always she will scheme to add one last word of greeting. Someone has defined "love" as being the tenth word of a telegram.

A man from California came to Washington during the early spring, bringing with him heavy clothing in the expectation that it would be very cool in the East. The weather turned warm sud-

denly, and the gentleman availed himself of the telegraph service to send his wife this message: "S. O. S.; B. V. D.'s; C. O. D.; P. D. Q."

The telegraph, and its twin, the telephone, are undoubtedly the most useful services in the business and social world today. Without them life would be devoid of even its daily comfort. An urgent message, a gift, a word of welcome, a loan, all will be delivered in any part of the world, in an unbelievably short space of time and with absolute accuracy. Under the sea, under the busy city streets, over the highways and byways of the world, the humming wires go. On the lonesome, uninhabited plains we see the rows of telegraph poles bravely marching on, over mountains, across chasms, mute evidence of the pioneering spirit of man, and the great necessity for instantaneous communication. Outposts of civilization. The vanguard of business development.

Whole fleets of trains, loaded with precious freight, depend upon it. As we lie contented in our berth, while our train thunders through the darkness of the night, we sometimes offer a silent prayer for the engineer in the cab ahead, asking that he may bring his precious train safely over the perilous way. But how often do we think of that other man, the dispatcher, who, with his finger on the key, watches every mile of our progress across the country. Upon that little instrument, ticking away in that distant office, depend our very lives as we speed through the night.

I can think of no better toast tonight than the Telegraph, the key to many situations, the universal code.

Telephony

(By an Official of the Telephone Company)

I WONDER if you have all seen that beautiful allegorical picture issued by a member company of our organization. It represents a girl seated at the switchboard. With one hand she holds the myriad lines coming from the poles of the company, while with the other she weaves these wires into the fabric of the country, and as she weaves the pattern grows—cities, farms, villages, churches, schools, factories, homes, all woven into one great whole. It is a beautiful picture, symbolic of the telephone and the service it is rendering in bringing into close communication the uttermost parts of the world.

Our telephone operators are fast disappearing, and soon, like the dodo, will be extinct, as the new dial system takes their place. They will be missed. The cheerful "Number, please" will sound no more in our ears, and the man who invariably "blew up" the operator when he got the wrong number, must now vent his displeasure at his own stupidity in some other way.

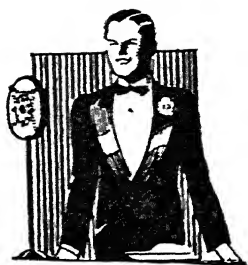
The story is told of an irascible old gentleman who came into an exchange, his arms laden with flowers which he explained were for the telephone girls.

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed the supervisor. "You flatter our service."

"Service, humph!" said the irate individual. "I thought they were all dead."

It is a long cry from that curious instrument exhibited by Alexander Graham Bell at the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876 to the intricate and marvelous system of today; from that first New York exchange, noisy as the Board of Trade in a bull market, to the almost noiseless automatic service. Truly the history of the telephone is the history of the nation. They are inextricably woven together.

What the future holds for the telephone industry no one can prophesy, but it is safe to say that it will be many years before it gives way to the radio or any later invention. Meanwhile, we who depend upon the telephone for business, pleasure and comfort will continue to drink toasts to our patron saint—Alexander Graham Bell.



PROFESSIONAL GATHERINGS

"I AM not bound to win, but I am bound to be true; I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to the light I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right, stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong."

-Abraham Lincoln.

Lawyers

(By a Layman)

WHEN I was served with a *summons* to appear at this dinner, I was not given the proper *legal notice* that I should be called upon to *defend* myself before this gathering of my *peers*. Had I known, I certainly would have *demurred*.

A mere layman attempting to speak before a gathering of this character is an *appealing* object. But I will make a *supreme* effort in the hope that I shall not win your *contempt*. I am not as good a speaker as a friend of mine, who told me that he once got ten dollars a word. That was when he talked back to the judge. There was a disorderly crowd in the courtroom that day, making an unusual amount of noise. The judge bore it as long as he could. Finally he lost his temper, and striking the desk with his gavel, shouted, "Silence! Silence! This noise will have to stop, or I'll throw every man, woman and child out. We have decided not less than half a dozen cases this morning, and I haven't been able to hear a word of one of them."

Not long ago I read a little verse about lawyers which seems quite appropriate. It goes like this:

"I have no use for lawyers,
That I have I don't pretend;
I admit, though, one comes handy
When a *felon* needs a friend."

You fellows are plausible. I would hate to risk my life in your hands, because you can prove anything against anybody. Not long ago, a man being tried for murder pleaded self-defense. During the examination it developed that the murdered man had been unarmed. "How, then," sarcastically inquired the judge, "do you intend to prove self-defense? The dead man didn't even draw first." "Well, Your Honor," replied the defendant's attorney, "we are prepared to prove that he *would* have done so, if he had had a gun."

But joking aside, I want to tell you that I have the keenest admiration and respect for the legal profession, and for the law—not always the same thing, I grant you. While there may be some unscrupulous men who are masquerading as lawyers, the great majority are honorable and upright, with the one desire of seeing justice dispensed, not dispensed with.

I assure you, I do not at all agree with the young clergyman who was called upon to act as chaplain at the opening of a term of court in Maine. After an earnest petition, he closed his prayer with the words: "And finally, may we all be gathered to that happy land, where there are no courts, no lawyers, and no judges."

You may have heard of the lawyer, who, being

unused to the practices of the United States Supreme Court, addressed the dignified justices as "gentlemen" instead of calling them "your honors." He immediately apologized. Chief Justice Taft, in accordance with his customary attempt to make lawyers who were appearing before that august body feel at ease, replied, "Don't apologize for calling us gentlemen. That is what we try to be."

It has been a pleasure to be the guest of so fine a company tonight. I have enjoyed every minute, and in closing will give you this toast:

To the Law—may it always be right;
To the Lawyer who loves a good fight;
To His Honor, the Judge at the bar;
To the Jury, whose victims we are.

Physicians

*(After-Dinner Speech for Medical Association
Meetings)*

I WAS rather afraid that I could not come to the dinner tonight, but I have a couple of patients not far from here and I decided to kill two birds with one stone, combine business and pleasure, so here I am.

I suppose you expect me to make a few cutting remarks, or to give you inside information concerning some of the accidents in the medical profession, but I prefer to let our mistakes rest in peace. I hope that others will be as considerate.

But seriously—and what is more serious than the practice of medicine and the art of surgery?—a physician has a great responsibility upon his shoulders. Health, happiness and life itself depend upon our ability to diagnose a condition, to apply the specific remedy, to keep our nerves steady and our minds clear. To us has been intrusted the almost divine art of healing the sick, ushering into the world a new life, and giving peace to an earth-tired spirit.

And because of this sacred trust it is our duty, not only to fit ourselves for the work, but to do all in our power to advance the science of medicine. We should encourage, advise and assist those who are fitted for its practice, and forever drive from the fields of medicine and surgery those who are a menace to life and health and an insult to our noble calling.

We must be constantly alert and studious in order to keep abreast of scientific research, that those who are depending upon us for health and strength may not be betrayed, and that our profession may profit through our efforts.

And we must use great care in prescribing treatments. A certain doctor advised one of his patients to take a month's rest. "Go to bed early," he ordered, "eat more roast beef, drink beef tea, and smoke one cigar a day—no more."

At the end of the month, the patient reported that he was feeling much better. "I followed all your instructions, doctor," he said, "but that

cigar a day nearly killed me. I had never smoked one before."

Sometimes we are embarrassed by gratitude; occasionally, by the lack of it. You may have heard of the grateful patient who exclaimed, "Oh, Doctor! how can I ever repay you?" To which the matter-of-fact physician replied, "By check, cash or money order." I often wish that our bill could be made a part of the prescription, so that it would have to be paid before the patient could recover. On the other hand, our charges should not be so high that when we prescribe reducing exercises, they may be considered part of the treatment. Neither should we allow a patient to omit paying his bill because he did not follow our instructions and hence derived no benefit from our visits.

And, finally, we must beware of overhasty diagnosis, and must not allow ourselves to be carried away by fads. They tell a story of a man who was subject to fits. He was found unconscious one day and taken to a hospital. On removing his coat the attendant discovered a note pinned to his shirt which read as follows: "This is to inform the house-surgeon that I am suffering from a plain fit. It is not appendicitis. My appendix has been removed twice." I trust that none of us will ever be guilty of a like mistake.

Dentists

(By One of the Profession)

DENTISTS, of all people, should be able to enjoy a good dinner, and I am sure we have done justice to this one.

Our profession, gentlemen, is a most thankless one. We charge a man for removing his teeth and giving him a pain. At best our products are but imitation, and it is difficult to induce people to replace the real article with false work, alloy, and gold-filled pieces. On our part, if all our drilling and blasting could be concentrated into locating an oil well or a gold mine, we would never need to pull another tooth.

And the public does not always have confidence in us. If our offices are full, people say we have a pull. If we have only a few patients, they say it is because we do not make a good impression.

Now-a-days the public is very exacting. Not only must a dentist have the most up-to-date equipment, but he is supposed to keep a library of the latest literature. One man said, "I visit my dentist twice a year. Not only to have him look over my teeth, but also to see what the old magazines were like."

It takes a Scotchman or a small boy to get his money's worth at a dentist's. Sandy complained that two dollars was too much for extracting a tooth. The dentist finally agreed to pull it for half-price—one dollar.

"Could ye no' be loosening it a wee bit for twenty-five cents?" asked Sandy.

A small boy who had gotten up courage to visit a dentist alone, asked the price for pulling a tooth. The dentist explained that he would do the work by electricity for two dollars and by gas for one dollar.

"Can't you pull mine by kerosene for fifty cents?" inquired the lad.

It was the maid who had had a tooth treated for the first time, who explained that she knew the dentist had filled it with thunder and lightning.

But seriously, and pulling teeth is a serious matter, the dentist is a great blessing to humanity. It is within our power to alleviate pain, safeguard health, and improve the looks of our patients, to say nothing of the great boon we are to dentifrice advertisers and the writers of other fiction. Whatever other defects of countenance the beautiful heroine may have, she must always possess teeth of pearls.

There is a fad among the ultra rich for having Fido's teeth treated, but I draw the line at dogs, especially since I heard of one dentist who, in administering an anesthetic to a valuable pet, accidentally gave it an overdose.

"My dear woman," he apologized contritely to the bereaved owner, "I will replace your poodle."

"Sir," she replied haughtily, "you flatter yourself."

For myself, I ask but one thing of our Pro-

fession. That is that some day there will be invented a state of mind to be administered to our patients so that "going to the dentist" will be looked forward to with as much pleasure as a birthday-party.

Address to a Graduating Class of Nurses

(By Head of the Hospital Staff)

You have doubtless been told so much about the "sacred calling" of a nurse that you are ready to laugh at the phrase—you, who have passed through your probation period and know so much of the drudgery and unpleasantness of the calling.

Nevertheless, from the days when Florence Nightingale soothed the brows of the Crimean soldiers down to the last graduating class of bright-faced, clear-eyed nurses, mankind has persisted in investing one who wears the uniform with superhuman qualities. And they are disillusioned and disappointed if they learn that their idol has, not exactly feet of clay, but feet that grow very tired with too much standing, backs and heads that sometimes ache, a very human desire for frivolity, and now and then a bit of temper.

It is conceded by everyone that nursing is a profession particularly suited to women. Men cavil when woman enters other fields of labor, and proclaim loudly that her place is in the home, but not a voice is raised when she adopts nursing

as a career. Possibly the reason for this is that every man has a hidden feeling that sometime he may spend a few weeks in a hospital, in which event he would much prefer to have a bright-eyed, gentle-handed, soft-voiced little woman smooth his pillow and cool his fevered brow than the most competent man nurse in the world.

Hospitals are Cupid's favorite hunting-ground, and you would do well to arm yourselves against his darts, if you intend to continue in your career. However, nursing is the only profession which is not lost when a woman enters a home. A trained nurse is especially fitted to become a wife and mother, and is a valuable addition to any community.

A nurse's life is not an easy one. This you know, but it is a blessed one, and I think the Lord particularly blesses those who enter it. To help a young life gain a foothold in this world, to soothe a child's fevered body, to lessen pain, to bring peace to a dying soul and comfort to an aching heart, this is a wonderful mission, a sacred trust.

You are splendidly equipped with youth, health, training and the desire to serve. We can add to this only our congratulations and most earnest wishes for your success.

A Toast to Science

(By a Layman)

HENRY DRUMMOND, the eminent Scotch scientist, has told us that the greatest thing in the world is love. There are others who believe that it is power. Still others maintain that it is money, for they assert that money will buy everything, including love and power. Gentlemen, I contend that the greatest thing in the world is curiosity; that desire manifest in even the smallest child, to know "what makes the wheels go round." What is in Pandora's box? The eternal question, from the cradle to the grave, is "Why?"

The chemist wants to know what will happen if he combines certain elements; the biologist, if he crosses certain species. The astronomer sees in the sky a constant incentive to research. Man has wanted to know what lay at the poles of the earth, beneath the sea, in the depths of mountains, and in the currents of the air. He has wanted to learn the effects of the elements, the force of electricity. He has been curious to know how fast, and how far, a machine, a bullet, a sight, or a sound could travel.

And he has found answers to all these questions, answers which have revolutionized the world and given to mankind all the inventions and discoveries which have brought progress in their wake.

So, in offering a toast fitting for this gathering of learned men, I will pass over the more obvious sentiments and give you, gentlemen, the thing that is the very foundation of any and all branches of Science—Curiosity.

Advertising

(By a Display Artist)

ADVERTISING isn't a product of modern times. In some form or another it has existed for many centuries, whenever and wherever it became necessary to impart information. In its primitive form, it was verbal and was transmitted by messengers. The town crier, retailing the news of his small community to his fellows in the market place was the local advertiser. Later this work was taken over by the village gossips, by some of whom it is still carried on very successfully. King Solomon was the champion advertiser of all time. He had 700 wives.

With the advent of printing a great impetus was given to advertising and much space was devoted in the gazettes of the day to notifications of run-away apprentices and wives. There are no apprentices today, but there are still run-away wives, who are widely advertised through court proceedings and the Reno and Paris press.

Pictures were also used in the olden times. A store-keeper would display the picture of a cow, so that illiterate servants might understand that

milk was sold there. Taverns advertised by crude pictorial forms or images the special merits of the hostelry. Some of these ancient signs exist today—the striped pole of the barber shop, the three balls of the loan bank, the wooden Indian of the tobacconist, and the mortar and pestle of the druggist. In the last case, however, almost any other sign would be as appropriate.

The profitable result of displays is illustrated by the remark of a man who said that advertising had cost him a pile of money in the last year or two.

"I didn't know you did much advertising," said a friend.

"I don't," he replied, "but my wife reads other people's ads."

Politicians are the most optimistic of advertisers, but it is hard to understand how they can expect success from some of the pictured faces scattered all over the city previous to election. In many instances I believe they would stand a better chance of success if they would adopt the method used by Tom Murray, famous Chicago haberdasher, and display only the back of their heads, with the slogan "Meet me face to face on election day"—and then leave town until the returns are all in.

During the last few years many objections have been raised to the large bill-boards throughout the city and country. One New York woman has an antipathy for a certain toothpaste since the morning when, coming out of the subway, she

stumbled over a street-cleaner's broom, and looking up from her prostrate position saw this sign: "Comes Out of the Tube and Lies Flat on the Brush."

Harry Lauder is responsible for the story of a visiting tenor who was on the program of a small town concert to sing "The Village Blacksmith." While he was resting at the hotel, a caller was announced.

"I understand, sir," said the visitor, "that you're going to sing 'The Village Blacksmith' to-night."

"Yes, I have promised to do so," replied the singer.

"Well," said the caller, "I just came to say that I am the village blacksmith, and I would take it very kindly, sir, if you would introduce into the song a few words which would let the folks know that I also repair bicycles."

Sometimes I think we are apt to forget that the best advertisement ever written is useless unless it is read. So let us toast someone to whom we owe all our success—our work, itself. Here's to the man who reads his magazines from back to front—the man who reads advertisements!

The Press

(By a Newspaper Man)

WE often wonder what life would be today without the press. Much of our enjoyment and

prosperity depends upon the daily paper which adorns our breakfast table. It is the solace of the lonely diner in restaurants and hotels. It relieves the tedium of the crowded subway or interurban train. It furnishes a breakfast table topic—or prevents conversation, as the participants desire. Its flamboyant headlines supply us with that daily thrill which we have come to demand. And it affords the deeply loved opportunity for men and women to voice their grievance against society in general. In short, life without our daily paper would be but a dull affair.

We are at times inclined to criticize it as being too sensational, especially when our own foibles are held up to public gaze. But this wholesome fear of unfavorable publicity which most of us possess, and which is fostered by the press, is an excellent deterrent of evil. On the other hand, favorable mention is always a great incentive to commendable or heroic action, for which the press accords us generous praise. We should realize that the press is but a mirror of our lives. If we would not have the world see a distorted reflection, we must stand before it in uprightness, strength and beauty. Shutting our eyes to disagreeable facts does not eliminate them. It is for this reason that the freedom of the press is one of our greatest blessings; it shows us as we are.

It is sometimes amusing to note the national characteristics as reflected in the press of differ-

ent countries. This is well illustrated by the story of five writers from five different nations who went to Africa on an elephant hunt. On their return each one wrote his experiences.

The Englishman called his article: "What the British Empire Has Done for the Elephant."

The German chose this title: "The Elephant, His Habitat and Habits; His Place in Germany's Commercial Expansion."

The Russian put it: "Two Years' Study of the Elephant—Is There Such an Animal?"

The Frenchman's work discussed—"The Elephant and His Love Affairs."

The American's story bore the characteristic title—"Bigger and Better Elephants."

The lives of most of us are so crowded that there is not time or opportunity for the proper study of books, and indeed the world is so full of books that one could go but a short way in a lifetime devoted to reading. But in our daily paper we have a friend who selects for our attention the best in all literature, and places the results before us, in summarized form, so that we may, in a comparatively short time, familiarize ourselves with what the best minds of our own and past ages have accomplished. Here we may keep abreast of the world in the fields of science, invention, history, music, literature, art. In fact, a liberal education may be obtained, and with great enjoyment, through a diligent reading of our daily paper.

Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, I take pleas-

ure in giving you as a toast, the best friend of man in this day of high-pressure activity. May we never quail when its keen eye is upon us. But may our words and deeds be instrumental in creating an image of national and social life which we will be proud to see reflected in the pages of—The Press.

A Toast to the Printing Press

(By Asa H. Craig)

Who says thou hast no soul or life—
Just mighty bars of fashioned steel?
Who says thou hast no voice to speak
To men in sorrow or in weal?
Who says this wondrous mechanism
Possesses not a mind that guides?
Base slanderer! Thou shalt not say
No soul within this form abides.
It hears, it speaks, it has the power
To send to every man on earth
A message, whether framed with ill,
Or girded on with joy and mirth.
There's something in the lightning's flash
That man has caught from God's great tower
Which yields to harness, weak or strong,
And through its might brings wondrous power.
Oh! doubting man, thou dare not say,
When list'ning to its thunderous roll,
That all this perfect acting force
Is not the engine's mighty soul.

Those bars of steel, those flying wheels,
Obey the lightning's swift command,
And bring us music, speech and verse,
And pictured art from every land.
Itself, it does not lie, or cheat; nor will
It print with slanderous fraud;
But, freed from man's ingratitude,
The engine speaks the truths of God.

Housewives

(Address Lauding the Work of the Home-maker)

I KNOW there are before me some women who, away down in the bottom of their hearts, wish that they had something more interesting to do than bake and wash and mend and sweep. You would not be human if you did not once in a while long to be something else—a writer, an artist, an actress, or a business woman. The greenest pastures always seem to lie just over the fence. I think every woman goes through this experience. Many of them have left their homes and gone forth to wrest a living from a rather unresponsive world. The spirit of independence is strong within us. But let us not be mistaken, for the woman in the humblest home is far more independent than she who must account to another for every hour of her working day.

And there are unlimited opportunities in the average home to give expression to those long-

ings which lie within our hearts. Would you be an artist? The walls, floors, windows and gardens of your home are wonderful canvases on which to exhibit your talent. Would you be a designer? The garments of yourself and your family are splendid material with which to work. Would you be a writer? Exercise that talent, if you possess it, in writing to your friends letters which they will wish to preserve. When your husband, brothers, or children are absent, send them letters which will make them realize the superior qualities of their wife, sister, or mother. And, who knows, this practice may lead to the accomplishment of your desire.

Would you be a musician? What better or more appreciative audience than your family and friends, your church, your club, your community, none of whom will be slow in recognizing your ability. Would you be a nurse? Ah, where will you find better use for this talent than in the care of your dear ones?

Would you be in business? The housekeeper who is efficient in every way must be an exceptionally good business woman, because she has problems to meet as complicated as those of her husband. She is the buyer of all the family supplies; she must understand something of banking and investments, how to keep accurate accounts, make out her income tax statement, be able to look after the insurance, taxes and her servants; and she should understand at least the

language of her husband's business. And finally, would you be an actress? There is no stage in the world that gives so great an opportunity for the exercise of this talent as the home.

To be an efficient housekeeper and homekeeper is one of the greatest things in the world. It is the only work upon which you can exercise all of your talents. Let me offer one suggestion. If you have some one particular talent, cultivate it for your own pleasure and the joy of your family and friends. Train yourself so that you may be known not only as an excellent housekeeper, but also as the writer of delightful letters or articles, as a wonderful nurse for children, as a most artistic decorator, or as a very efficient manager.

In other words, let your home be your kingdom, where your influence is constantly felt, and where you can find happiness by giving happiness to others.

"There is a place for you to fill,
Some work for you to do
That no one can or ever will
Do quite as well as you.

"It may be close along your way,
Some little, homely duty,
That only waits your touch, your sway,
To blossom into beauty.

"Or it may be that daily tasks,
Cheerfully seen and done,
Will lead to greater work that asks
For you, and you alone.

"Be brave, whatever it may be,
The little or the great,
To meet and do it perfectly,
And you have conquered fate."

Cultivate all your talents, but lay stress on your particular one. I am sure that in doing this you will find much pleasure, will give much happiness to your family and friends, and will gain for yourselves an enviable reputation and widen your circle of worthwhile friends. And in addition, if you can, by your example, raise housekeeping to the high level of a profession, where it belongs, we may be able to persuade the census-taker not to place after the names of housekeepers the descriptive phrase—"no occupation."

Amateur Photographers

(By an Enthusiastic Photographer)

WHEN our genial toastmaster *focused* his eye on me just now, I knew that a *negative* answer would not satisfy him, so, with reluctance I rise to make a few remarks, and I trust you will not be *hypo*-critical of them.

Photography may today be classed with the arts, for truly it *is* an art in the highest sense of the term. By its aid we may exercise to the fullest extent our artistic talent and our passion for beauty, and at the same time feel that the scenes we are presenting hold nothing but truth.

To catch the sunlight on a mountain peak, the

sparkle of a maiden's eye, the dash of a wave on a rock, the reflections in a woodland stream—to catch and hold them, to pass them on to others less fortunate than we, or to keep them as reminders of a joyous past—is a wonderful thing.

The service which photography has rendered to the commercial world is of incalculable value. No more are our pages covered with poorly-drawn illustrations. The car, the machine, the flowers, the garments, stand before us in all the beauty of their actual existence.

Perhaps the greatest blessing that it gives is the permanent record of family faces and events. By means of a kodak, either the ordinary kind, or the motion-picture type, we may preserve for all time the faces of our loved ones, the scenes which mean so much to us.

And all this is a joy within the reach of almost every person. From the boy or girl with his little kodak, to the professional camera-man, there is pleasure and profit to be had. The opportunity for display of artistic ability in subject arrangement, symmetry, lighting and color is an education in itself. An artistic photograph is an inspiration to an artist, for it brings before him the perfection of nature and urges him to a more faithful observance of her beauties. All this makes photography a worthy subject to be included in the curriculum of every high school.

Artists

(By a Fellow Artist)

ART is one of the earliest instincts of the human race. To draw, to make a picture, was instinctive with prehistoric man. And we find instances where he has traced upon the walls of caves pictures of the beasts that he had killed. Exceedingly crude, of course, but none the less indicative of a yearning to reproduce what he had seen.

So, too, with the young child. Pictures are his delight, and one of his first efforts is to make marks on paper. People who claim that they have no artistic sense will climb to the top of a mountain for no other reason than to see the sun set in glory, or the moon rise in its silver beauty.

The gardener who takes pride in symmetrical groupings of shrubs and flowers; the woman who delights in becoming garments and handsome furnishings; the architect who builds a cathedral; as well as the sculptor of figures or the painter of scenes, are one and all striving to express that God-given sense of beauty in art.

The study of lines and forms and color has accomplished one very practical thing for humanity. It has raised commercial drawing from the crude figures which wounded the sensibilities of the painter to a real art, and made the pages of our magazines a joy to the reader. The com-

mercial architect has also learned the beauty of lines, and the sight of the modern sky-scraper is no longer painful to the eye.

Art has its own language, and those who speak it have a common bond. Realizing this, a maid who had been three weeks in the employ of an artistic family, improved her time in becoming proficient in the professional jargon which she heard daily. While giving her instructions regarding the dinner one day, her mistress admonished, "And don't forget the potatoes." "No ma'am," came the reply, "will you have them in their jackets or in the nude?"

There are as many kinds of artists as there are kinds of men and women and there are some, of course, who cannot appreciate art for art's sake. Sir Walter Scott was one of these. William Turner, the great English landscape painter, and Sir Walter were very good friends, but neither one could understand or appreciate the other's art. Scott could not see why any one should want to buy Turner's pictures. "As for your books," said Turner, "the covers of some of them are very pretty!"

We who make painting our life work have been trained to see and appreciate the beautiful, the pathetic, the tragic; to find the hidden treasures and thoughts, and to set them forth with a true brush. The truth we find may not be beautiful, but nevertheless, we must portray it faithfully. Usually our reward is small. Sometimes, too late, we find that we have mistaken our

medium of expression. But for the most part we are happy in our chosen field, confirmed optimists, forever seeing in that huge palette of colors, the rainbow, God's promise of the fulfillment of our dreams.

Musicians

(For Any Musical Occasion)

"Music," it is said, "hath charms to soothe the savage breast." It has also been said, less poetically, that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. So when we have a combination of the two—a musical dinner, so to speak—we should all be most charitably inclined. For this reason alone I have the courage to address you. I do not want to be classed with the man who acts like an orchestra leader in public, but plays only second fiddle at home.

Few people realize the great part that music plays in our lives. Although the average person looks upon it as a pleasure—merely one of life's delights—it has, in fact, become one of the very essentials of our existence. From the time we are first hushed to sleep in our mother's arms to the moment the last hymn is sung above us, we have music for our daily companion.

The child and youth delight in the bright and cheerful melodies of the day. The soldier marches to war and returns triumphantly to the thrilling strains of martial music. We tread the

aisle of the church as the organ peals forth the chords of the wedding march. We parade noisily through the streets to the strenuous music of the steam calliope. We eat and play and dance and talk and sleep to music. Our clocks and bells are tuned to notes of harmony. Scarcely a home in the land but has its musical instrument and its radio. No entertainment is complete without music. From grand opera to the smallest theater, music is the key-note around which all else revolves.

About the only place that music has not invaded is the court room. But doubtless we will soon have it even there. Then a murderer will receive his sentence to be hung to the strains of "Swinging 'Neath the Old Apple Tree." The pretty divorcée will be granted her decree while "The Battle-Cry of Freedom" rolls from the radio, and the chronic toper will be given thirty days to the tune of "Comin' Thro' the Rye." The "Anvil Chorus" would lend atmosphere to a suit for slander, while the second-story burglar will begin his sentence with the "Jewel Song" from Faust ringing in his ears.

It is true that many crimes are perpetrated in the name of music, but we must forgive the criminal, for the reason that his musical instinct is not dead, only perverted, and it is the duty of real artists to lead him in the right way.

"What do you say to a little Grieg before dinner?" asked the musical host of his unmusical guest.

The guest smiled delightedly. "That will be fine," he said, "just a little glass for me."

"The opera was all right, dear," said Mr. Brown on the way home, "but why did you have to pick the night the hod-carriers' quartette was on the air?"

Perhaps the hardest thing to forgive is not ignorance of music, but the assumption of a knowledge not actually possessed. So few people are honest regarding their musical ability or understanding. At least one man has found a way to keep would-be performers from operating on his fine baby grand. He always sits on the piano stool when they have company.

An old man at an evening function bowed his head and wept while a young woman rendered the plaintive melody "My Old Kentucky Home." The hostess tiptoed up to him and said softly, "Pardon me, are you a Kentuckian?"

"No, madam," replied the tearful one, "I'm a musician."

A young reporter was taking his best girl to hear Bach's Mass in B Minor. Wishing to impress her with his importance, he insisted that his connection with the press should admit him free. The doorman informed him that the free list had been suspended.

"You just send Mr. Bach out here," persisted the reporter, "he'll let me in."

Will Rogers, the noted humorist, makes no pretension of being musical, but that fact did not deter an enterprising piano company from asking

for a testimonial regarding their instrument. "Dear sir," Will wrote in reply, "I guess your pianos is the best I ever leaned against."

But, seriously, to be a real musician is truly a wonderful thing. It is not merely a career; it is a sacred trust. The ability to give the world good music is a privilege for which we should be grateful. I like to remember that it is the "songs we sing," as well as "the smiles we wear, that makes the sun shine everywhere."

Theaters

(By a Member of a Theatrical Organization)

THE world today seems to be divided into two classes: those who want to go on the stage and those who want to write for it. Between the two, the poor producer is liable to become a fit subject for an insane asylum.

Probably no profession, except that of an elevator boy, has so many ups and downs as that of an actor or producer. No profession is more uncertain, depending as it does upon the whim of the public, but in that very uncertainty lies its greatest charm.

We of today are much more fortunate than the barn-storming actors of a past generation. As an old actor once said when asked how his tour had succeeded, "It didn't succeed. When we played tragedy, the receipts were a farce; when we played farce, the receipts were a tragedy."

Thank heaven, the days of the one-night stand are over.

These road companies had to resort to queer measures when one of their troop fell ill. An Uncle Tom's Cabin company was playing in a small town when such an accident happened. As the curtain rose, the manager, a Frenchman, appeared. "Ladies and Zhentlemen," he said, "I beg to annoince zhat zee bloodhound ees seek, and zee poodle dog will take hees place."

On another occasion the villain in the play appeared and whispered hoarsely to the heroine: "Are we alone?"

"Yuh ain't tonight," called a voice from the gallery, "but yuh will be tomorrow night."

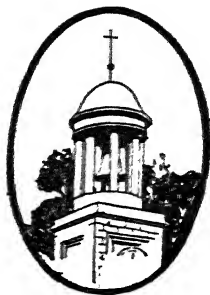
The "movies" and "talkies" have depleted our ranks. Competition is keener today than it ever has been before. The exits are more numerous, and some of our best have gone over to the silver screen. However, I predict that they will eventually come back to the legitimate stage, because drama and opera hold a place in the social world that nothing else can fill. When television is perfected, performances, vision as well as voice, will be broadcast directly from the stage.

There are four institutions which play a great part in the life of man: the home, the church, the school, and the theater—his family, his religion, his education, and his pleasure.

The home trains the child socially and in habits of industry. The school educates him and fits him for a position in the business world. The

church directs his religion and protects his morals. To the theater is left the task of supplementing all three by giving him pleasure and amusement, directing him in the proper expression of his thoughts and in the use of his leisure moments.

He is born in the home, he is sent to the church and the school, but he comes to the theater of his own accord, and he should find there good, clean, entertaining amusement. We who are members of this great profession, whether actor, director, producer, or author, should strive to keep the stage on that high level which will make it a worthy companion to the other three; a place where the child will obtain no false ideas of life. The theater is an ancient and respectable institution. May the curtain never descend upon its glory.



EDUCATIONAL
AND RELIGIOUS
OCCASIONS

“It matters little where I was born, or if my parents were rich or poor; but whether I live an honest man and hold my integrity firm in my clutch, I tell you, my brother, as plain as I can—it matters much.”

—Emerson.

High School Commencement

(Award of Diplomas)

It seems strange that we should use the word "commencement" to designate the day on which we lay down for all time the school work we have carried for so many happy years. "Completion" would seem to be a more appropriate term.

But that would not be life, for in this world everything that marks an end, also marks a beginning. The end of one day is the commencement of another. The end of one task, the beginning of a new one. The tree blossoms, bears fruit, sheds its foliage, and immediately begins preparation for another crop.

So it is with our education. What we have learned at school, valuable as it is, is only a beginning. The end of our school work merely means the commencement of those experiences which will put to the test the principles we have learned.

Whether or not you have derived all the advantages of the course you have just finished is a matter between you and your own conscience. Up to this time your work has been directed and made as easy and beneficial as trained minds could make it. From now on you must rely more

and more upon your own efforts. The good you derive from your college work will depend entirely upon you. The success you make of your life career will likewise be due to your own initiative.

You have enjoyed that blessing which a benevolent state has bestowed upon her children—a free education. To you has been given freely that which great men of the past have obtained only with many sacrifices and much labor.

Today means different things to each of you. To some it is the commencement of higher educational work; to others it is the beginning of business life or home cares. To those who are going on to higher schools, I would say: Have a purpose. Do not go merely because a friend will be there, or for the social enjoyment it will afford. You will find plenty of both without seeking them. Select a goal and work toward it with earnestness. Know what you want and shape your course of study toward that end. To those who by choice, or necessity, are going immediately into some line of endeavor, I say, also: Have a purpose and work toward it. Do not work aimlessly, even for a single year. If you do, that year will be a year wasted.

You are well equipped. The fact that you will receive your diplomas tonight proves that you have high intelligence, that you know how to work, and that you are ambitious. These qualities should carry you far.

As I stepped upon the stage tonight, I was

reminded of a certain professor who was to address a graduating class. To reach the stage he had to pass through a door which was labeled "Push." Using this as his text, he said, "In one word you will find the secret of success. Behold it for yourselves." And he pointed to the door, on the *inner* side of which was emblazoned the word "Pull."

The best wishes of your faculty and friends go with you as you leave the school door for the last time, and commence the larger life which lies just beyond the threshold. May your hopes and dreams be realized in the fullest degree, and in the years to come may your names reflect credit upon the institution which has been your home during the formative period of your life.

"Your school days are over, your books laid aside,
Never again to be read;
For the days that were happy and carefree and gay,
Are the days that forever have fled.

"Life, with her problems and lessons severe,
Has added your name to her roll;
And you have commenced the long path to be trod,
Before you can win to your goal.

"May your pathway of Life be made easy and smooth,
And your efforts along its bright way
Be crowned with success, is the wish of your friends,
On this, your Commencement Day."

A Talk to School Children

(By the Principal or Other School Official)

I AM going to talk to you children for a few minutes about law. That sounds like a dry subject, I know, but it isn't so hard, after all.

Nowadays we do not say much about armies, but possibly some of you belong to the Boy Scouts, or the Girl Scouts, and these organizations all teach one very important thing—obedience. Without it, there could be no army or scout troops.

I wish all you boys and girls would think of yourselves as being part of that great army of children who are marching, step by step, into manhood and womanhood. You are now in camp, being trained and drilled. When your marching orders come, and you take your place in the lines, I know you will be the grandest army in the whole world.

But if you would become the highest type of soldier in this army, if you would win promotion, you must give cheerful obedience to the rules which govern you. Remember, you can never be a great leader unless you, yourself, know how to obey.

So, if you want to be a lieutenant, or a captain, or a general, in this great army; if you want to be a leader in your community, you must learn to play the game, to obey the rules, for that is what all laws are—just rules which have been made

for us by those who have played the game longer and know it better.

In your football, baseball and basketball games there are sets of rules, which you insist must be obeyed. If you start a club for the boys and girls, the first thing you do is to draw up a set of by-laws, which you agree must be obeyed by all who wish to become members.

And your baseball, football and basketball teams will all fail, they will cease to win games and fall to pieces, if each member insists that he is a law unto himself, and does exactly what he pleases. So will our country fall, unless its citizens play the game fairly, respecting the rights of others and obeying the rules.

The trained athlete must submit to the most rigid discipline. He must work many long hours, must obey many rules, must deny himself many pleasures. But he counts these things as nothing to the joy of winning.

And so it is in every phase of life. If we would be successful men and women, if we would build up a profitable business, beautiful homes, fine churches, schools and other organizations, and above all, if we would keep our country on that high plane which commands the respect of the whole world, we must obey the rules and play the game.

You may say, and rightly, that you do not know all these laws and cannot tell when you are breaking them. That is true, but I will give you a rule which will never fail. There is a small

set of laws which you all know—the Ten Commandments—and every law that man has made is based on these, and one more—the Golden Rule. So when you are in doubt, ask yourself the question: Does it come under one of the ten laws? If you still are not sure, then ask yourself: Does it come under the Golden Rule? Is it something which I would like to have others do to me? If you will obey these eleven laws, I am sure that you will never disobey, even unknowingly, any of the laws of man.

Distribution of Prizes to a School

(By a Popular Teacher)

PROFESSOR (or Miss) ————— has asked me to perform a very pleasant duty—to distribute the prizes given by the school as a reward for exceptionally good work done by the pupils in the different classes.

This is a custom not followed in all schools to-day. Some instructors hold the theory that the giving of prizes is unfair; that it creates dissatisfaction and disappointment among the contestants. They feel that one of the best students might, by a few days' illness, lose the honor which he deserved far more than the one to whom it was awarded. This may be true, but it is also true of every contest in life. In games and sports, and in the social and business world, while occasionally fate seems to take a hand, yet

in the majority of cases the game is won and the prize received by him who possesses the greatest ability and who has worked the hardest.

Aside from the actual thrill of competition, several valuable lessons are taught by such a contest. I know you feel that lessons are out of order now, but I cannot keep from pointing the moral to this particular one. A contest does, or should, bring out all that is best in us along a particular line. It may even serve to encourage us to greater endeavors, which will lead to ultimate achievement. On the other hand, it may prove that we are not fitted for a particular line of work, thus directing our attention to some other field in which we have more talent or ability. But above all, it teaches that true sportsmanship which is so essential to success in life—to accept smilingly and, like Sir Thomas Lipton, try and try again, until at last the coveted trophy is ours.

I know you are all anxious to see the prizes. I have an idea that you already surmise who are the fortunate ones to receive them; therefore, I will delay only to extend my sincere congratulations to the winners, and to wish that you may all win many prizes in the great contest we call life. Remember, nothing succeeds like success. Each time you win makes it easier to win again.

Parent and Teacher Association

(By a Parent)

WHY is it that the only people who know how to train children are not privileged to have them? I never attend a Parent-Teacher meeting but I think of the childless expert who was addressing a gathering of this kind. Among other advice, she made the statement that all children should be kissed and put to bed at night. "That's all right," replied some one in the audience, "if you don't have to sit up too late to do it."

We read and hear a great deal these days about the wayward younger generation, and their utter disregard of the law. In the first place, I refuse to believe that the young people of today are as black as they would have us think. Just because they insist on calling a spade a steam-shovel is no sign that they are bad at heart.

The trouble with us older people is that we forget the time when we were young; when we, too, liked to show our independence by bending, if not breaking, the law. We all, both old and young, need to cultivate that rare faculty of seeing the other person's point of view.

Did you ever stop to think that from the moment a child can walk he is constantly hedged about with restrictions? From the time that he can understand, he is continually being told that he must not do certain things. A friend of mine has a lively little son called Buddy, who fre-

quently gets into mischief. One afternoon he came into the room where his mother was entertaining callers. Some one asked his name, and he made the amazing reply that it was "Nobody." "Why, dear," exclaimed his mother, "your name is Buddy." But, no, he insisted that it was "Nobody." When closely questioned, it developed that the poor little fellow had been told, "No, Buddy, you must not do this," and "No, Buddy, you must not do that," so many times that he actually had come to believe that his name was "Nobody."

There are many kinds of laws in the world. There are the laws of the United States, the state, the county and the city; there are the laws of the home, the church and the school; there are economic, scientific and natural laws; there are moral laws and laws of health; and there are laws of etiquette, custom and humanity. Some one has said that the difference between a custom and a law is that it takes a lot of "nerve" to break a custom. This is almost literally true.

Not content with all these laws, we are constantly forming societies and clubs, and making for ourselves other sets of rules which we must obey. Small wonder that those who do not understand the reason for these laws, who have not been properly trained, rebel; that they demand more freedom even in this country, the freest in the world. We do not speak of war and armies nowadays, but there is one thing which army life teaches, and that is the value of discipline—the

absolute, instant and unquestioning obedience to the voice of authority. Without this there could be no army.

And this is what we all should strive to learn. We cannot expect this implicit obedience of law by others, unless we, ourselves, observe it strictly; unless we are scrupulous in our honesty and in our respect for the rights of others.

A child naturally follows the example of its parents. When we knowingly evade the civil or moral laws, when we withhold a penny that is due another, even though that other be a railroad or a utility, when we fail in courtesy, we are setting an example for our child, who looks to us so closely for guidance.

I read a story not long ago which illustrates this point. A woman and her small son were waiting on a street corner for a car. It was raining, and the corner was one where cars come only at half-hour intervals. They waited a long time, standing beside a fruit-stand. At last the car came, and they left the curb to board it. Just as they started the boy took an apple from the stand. The mother did not see it until they were about to step on the car; then, signaling the conductor to proceed without them, she took the boy back and made him return the apple; then they waited a long time for another car. And I wondered how many of us would have done that. We might have thrown the apple away; we might even have let the boy eat it, after we had administered a scolding or some

slight punishment; but we would not have missed the car.

Because a law is not a good law is no reason why it should not be obeyed. Any law may work a hardship on an individual or a class, and still be good for the country as a whole. If a law is indeed bad, the remedy lies in repeal, and we should bend every effort to that end; but while it remains on the statute books it should be obeyed.

And this is the message I want to leave with you tonight: If we would have our children grow to manhood and womanhood with respect for the law of the land, for the laws of morality and health, and for the customs of good society, we must, ourselves, be conscientious in our observance of them. And we must remember that "as the twig is bent, so the tree is inclined."

Presentation of a Gift to Principal of High School

(By a Pupil)

BEFORE we separate for the summer vacation, from which some of us will not return, we wish to thank you for your efforts in our behalf during the year just ended. We wish you to know that we respect your ability, appreciate your kindness, admire your character, and value your friendship.

We know that we have many times given you cause to doubt the truth of this statement; that

we have frequently tried your patience almost to the breaking point. But you were a boy once, yourself, and can understand that we do not really mean one half the thoughtless things we say and do.

We hope that you will accept this little gift, which I have been asked to present to you, as a token of our respect and esteem. With it go our warmest wishes for your health and happiness. And may the future prove that your labors in
——— School have not been in vain.

Presentation of a Gift to Teacher of Girls' School

(By a Pupil)

SOMETIMES during the past years, it may have seemed to you that your efforts to educate our minds, train our bodies, and cultivate our manners were in vain, and you must have despaired of achieving any worthwhile results. But we wish you to believe that we are not insensible to all that you have done for us.

You have been interested in us personally, and your kindness and patience have made our lives very pleasant and our tasks less difficult. We shall look back to these years as the most enjoyable and interesting of our lives, and to you as a sincere friend, one whom we will ever hold as an example of ideal womanhood.

My school-mates have asked me to present to you this little gift as a token of our admiration,

gratitude and love. We shall be happy if, when you look upon it in after years, you will think kindly of your pupils at _____ School.

Dedication of a School Building

(By a Prominent Citizen)

To me has fallen the very pleasant duty of welcoming you to the dedication exercises of this beautiful, up-to-date building. Every serious-minded man and woman in this community today is rejoicing over this fine structure which is to be dedicated to the cause of education.

We are glad the building is beautiful in design, because we know that it will lend inspiration to the young students who will gather beneath its roof. We are glad that it is modern in all particulars, for we feel that a child who spends so many years of his life in the school-room should have everything possible to assist him in his studies and to keep him strong and well. And we are glad of this evidence of generosity on the part of the people of this city, for it gives the assurance that they have the cause of learning and the good of the younger generation at heart.

You are anxious, I know, to view the various parts of the building. As you pass through the rooms, you will be reminded of the school-houses of your own youth. They were so different. The graceful, comfortable, well-adjusted desks will recall the straight seats of your youth, often

shared with an undesirable companion. The splendid heating plant will recall the long box-stove, across the top of which you used to draw a screaming poker, to the fiendish joy of the other lads and the agony of the little girls. The water system will remind you of nothing, for there simply wasn't any in those days. Among the things which you will not recognize are the maps. They are totally different from the faded, speckled ones which adorned the walls of the little red school-house. The world has changed with them, for the better we hope. At least, this is one evidence of it.

I share your enjoyment on this occasion and again bid you welcome. Please remember that the building is yours—the home of your children while they are receiving their preliminary education.

Debate

(Address by the Chairman)

IN this generation some people believe that colleges, universities, and even high schools, are placing too much emphasis on the athletic side of the undergraduate work. For this reason, I am very glad that the art of debating is coming more and more into favor.

Athletics and physical training are a most important part of school. The building of a fine, strong body is highly necessary. But athletics, except for the professional, will never be in-

dulged in after the school period is over. On the other hand, the art of debating, of finding the essential points of a question and marshaling facts to uphold or defeat them, will be of inestimable value in after life.

The ability to speak lucidly, convincingly and in an interesting and entertaining manner upon a public question is an asset to any man, and something of which the country has need. The pulpit, the rostrum, the school, the courts, are all arenas for the exercise of this talent, and it is the duty of every man gifted with the ability to speak to cultivate his power of expression, so that others may derive benefit and pleasure therefrom.

Public speaking has changed somewhat in late years. There are not so many silver-tongued orators as there were in the past. Men are relying more upon brief, convincing statements of fact, devoid of play on the emotions, but with an appeal to the reason and judgment of the audience.

Our young friends who will debate this evening are not great orators. They do not expect to sway you to tears or unrestrained laughter, but they do have splendid ability, they have given much time and careful thought to their subject, and are in earnest in their desire to use this stepping-stone for their improvement. Therefore, whichever side may prove victorious, we will know that the very facts of the case have decided the issue, and not the manner or the completeness with which they are presented.

Alumni Dinner

(By an Alumnus)

WE all like to go home. We like to gather the family around us and tell them of all the wonderful things we have done. For this reason we enjoy these alumni reunions. We like to see again the familiar faces, listen to the well-remembered voices, and sing the old sweet songs.

We are proud of our Alma Mater. Whether or not we have given her cause to be proud of of us, is another matter. But, like the kind, forgiving mother that she is, she wants her children, great or small, to come home.

When we left college, we went forth into the world to seek our fortune, with high hopes and ambitions. Some of us have achieved a large measure of success; some have plodded along in a humdrum way. But to her it makes no difference; she welcomes one and all with open arms.

We came to her ignorant, unsophisticated, and uncultured. She did her best for us, with the material at hand, and sent us out into the world with her blessing. But we couldn't all be football or baseball heroes, editors or poets, orators or scientists. We had to face the stern business of life, which, in the classic language of Potash and Perlmutter, "is something else again."

Time was when a college education was a luxury coveted by the many; enjoyed by the few. Now, thanks to our national prosperity, it is

within the reach of practically all who desire a higher training and have the courage to obtain it. In this great movement ————— College has played an important part, and is destined to play a greater. We are proud of our school, and as alumni should show our appreciation by making these reunions a success, and by so living as to merit the respect of all who follow in our footsteps.

“Then here’s to our dear Alma Mater;
Here’s to her future success;
And here’s to her sons and her daughters—
‘May their shadows never grow less.’”

Careers for Women

(Address to a Class of Girls)

BEING a business woman, I have been asked by your instructor to give you a word of advice on the question of choosing a life work, something in which you are particularly interested just now. Whether or not my advice will be of benefit, I do not know, but I am glad to give you my opinion. After I have finished you may feel like the man, who, being in a rundown condition, consulted his physician. After he had been told what to do, he started to walk out.

“Hold on a minute,” said the doctor, “my charge for advice is \$10.00.”

“I don’t owe you anything,” replied the patient, “because I’m not going to take your advice.”

The average young girl of today does not realize the wonderful opportunities which are hers. A generation or two ago, the daughter of the house, when she was not learning to bake and broil and brew, crocheted lace edging by the mile, or ruined her eyes with the finest of needle-work, all against the time when she should marry and begin housekeeping.

How different today. The "hope-chest" is a thing of the past; marriage, alas, is sometimes not taken so seriously; and the installment house sees to the furnishing of the apartment. Some one has said that the contents of the modern girl's hope-chest would reach no farther than from the vestibule door to the door of the kitchenette.

All this being the case, girls are more and more preparing themselves for an independent career, and they find all fields of industry wide open for them to choose their life work. Let us consider a few.

If you have a talent for music, art, or the stage, cultivate it to the fullest extent. If your love for any one of these things is so great that you are willing to give long hours to its development and make great sacrifice for it, do not hesitate; but unless you have real ability and great courage, do not waste your time and the time of your instructor beyond the point of being able to give pleasure to yourself and your friends. In this day of the radio and talking-pictures, one must be exceptionally good to succeed along these lines.

People of discriminating taste demand the best and will take nothing less.

"That is a difficult selection the baritone is struggling with," said a man at a concert.

"I wish to goodness it was impossible," exclaimed his friend.

The same suggestions apply to literature. If you have a real message, if poetry comes unbidden to your lips, tell it to the world. If not, then turn your thoughts to other channels. The book shelves of stores and libraries are filled to the ceiling with the choicest of literature, and pens and typewriters are busy throughout the world.

If you choose to write, remember that desire alone is not sufficient. As Winthrop Mackworth Praed has so aptly said—

"True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance."

One does not dance from joy alone. One must learn the steps by patient endeavor.

Architecture has not proved attractive to many women, although it would seem that the designing of homes, and its kindred professions, interior decorating and landscape gardening, should be a field particularly attractive to them. It has the added advantage of being a profession which can always be followed—at least to a certain extent—even though one finally surrenders to the wiles of Cupid. To be able to design one's own home, or the home of a friend, and to decorate it in an ar-

tistic manner, is an accomplishment of which any woman might be proud, and in which too many are sadly deficient.

The first impression of a home is lasting. By its arrangement and furnishings one can judge the character of those who dwell therein. It should be a comfortable, cheerful home, whether a palace or a tiny cottage. And it seems that in this profession woman's natural instinct, supplemented by correct training, should be able to build a home about which the owner can say :

"To thee I return overburdened with care,
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there."

Law and medicine, both of which give unlimited opportunity for contact with people and for the alleviation of suffering and trouble, also offer attractive and remunerative fields, and there is no good reason why women should not succeed in them. But they do entail long, hard years of preparation, much ability, and the determination to win through to success. Unless one knows that her career will not be interrupted by marriage, it would seem a waste of time and effort to undertake either of these professions.

Also, and this must be taken into consideration, in no field does a woman compete so closely with men. Nowhere is her entrance into the business world looked upon with so much skepticism. And I may add, nowhere can a mistake have such far-reaching consequences. It requires courage and

confidence in one's ability to become a doctor or a lawyer.

To be sure, the fees charged today are larger than in former times. An old practitioner, meeting a young doctor as he was leaving the operating room, asked, "What did you operate on that man for?"

"For five hundred dollars," replied the young doctor.

"No, I mean what did he have?"

"Five hundred dollars," was the answer.

Secretarial positions are particularly attractive to women, for they offer that opportunity for attention to details which seems to be woman's particular forte. They also broaden her knowledge of business, and hence give her more independence. To be a perfect secretary means a willingness to endure uncertain hours, infinite patience, and an almost encyclopedic knowledge. It also requires tact and dignity and a nice discrimination to determine and maintain the line between purely secretarial duties and duties of a personal character. Incidentally, the ability to spell correctly is an important requirement.

The story is told of a business man who dictated to his secretary: "Dear John—I will meet you on the 5th at Narragansett Pier." His secretary confessed that she did not know how to spell Narragansett Pier.

"Well, then," said her employer, "make it 'I will meet you on the 5th at Newport.'"

Nursing is another profession which seems to

be woman's heritage. No one ever raises a voice against a woman in the hospital. Her mission there is one of mercy. Since the days of Florence Nightingale, the nurse has been the subject of song and poetry. I might say, parenthetically, that a hospital is Cupid's favorite hunting-ground, and I might also add that, aside from home economics, nursing is the one profession that can most advantageously be carried into family life.

The attribute which is the greatest asset in the nursing profession is a cheerful disposition. Remember, those of you who choose this field, that

"The thing that goes the farthest toward making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most is just a pleasant smile."

In regard to home economics, I feel that every woman should have at least a certain amount of training along these lines. Such knowledge is vitally important in the successful and orderly operation of a home. There is a bit of old German philosophy which says:

"The beauty of the home is Order: the blessing of the home is Contentment: the glory of the home is Hospitality: the crown of the home is Godliness: the foundation of the home is Love."

You will notice that the first of these is Order—that is, the science of home-making. Love and poverty may go hand in hand, but love and sordidness, never. Forgive me if I say that domestic

economy is the true womanly profession. Those who undertake it will never have cause for regret.

It is strange that the greatest dress-makers and the greatest cooks in the world are men. Possibly these fields are not so attractive to women, but they are fields in which women should succeed. Surely, to be able to design a beautiful dress, or to prepare a delightful meal is as important as to build an attractive house or to mix a healing medicine.

As for teaching, I will leave it to your instructors to advise you. They can do so far better than I. I will say, however, that a great deal is expected of a teacher. A story is told of a number of spirits who demanded admission at the Celestial Gates. The keeper inquired who the first applicant might be.

"It is me," a voice replied. And St. Peter bade him enter.

Another knock. Another question, "Who's there?" Another answer, "It's me."

Finally there came a sharp rap. "Who's there?" demanded St. Peter.

"It is I!" a voice replied.

"Another one of those school teachers!" grumbled St. Peter.

In closing, my word of advice to you is not to select a trade or profession which offers undue hardship or physical strain. There are plenty of men for these jobs. And whatever you choose, do not lose sight of the fact that you are a woman.

By this I do not mean that you should play upon your femininity to gain special favors. Far from it. But on the other hand, do not try to imitate men when you are doing that which has hitherto been considered man's work. And through it all, keep to those high principles which have been taught you here and the splendid examples that have been set before you. Susie M. Best, the poet, has asked us the question:

"Is it success to lose in wealth's pursuit
The consciousness of right and self-respect,
Nor care, so gold become our labor's fruit,
How many noble principles are wrecked—
Is it success?"

In other words, whatever field of honest endeavor you may enter, play the game squarely and be yourself, a true woman doing, in a dignified way, an important part of the world's work.

Children's Day

(By a Visitor)

I AM very happy to be with you this morning, and much complimented at having been invited to say a few words to the boys and girls of _____ Church. I like these children's days—the days we have set aside for the young folks, when they entertain us with songs and readings, and we try to entertain them with short talks.

• But in our pleasure we must not lose sight of

one thing, and that is that every day of the three hundred and sixty-five is, or should be, children's day. The extra day we have once in four years is enough for the grown folks. For, you see, the thing which we older people are living for right now is the children—to properly clothe and feed and educate them; to fit them to carry on our business and the business of the United States and of the world, when the time comes for them to do so.

Not long ago I read about a dairy show, and there were pictures of calves, and lambs and little pigs, and some of them wore blue ribbons, and red ribbons, and white ribbons, which showed that they had taken prizes for being such fine little calves, and pigs and lambs. And I thought how proud the farmers must be to have such fine stock to exhibit, and how much care had been given to those little animals to make them win the bright ribbons.

And I wondered what would have happened had there been also an exhibit of children. Which ones would have worn the blue ribbons, the red, or the white, and which would have worn none at all? And which fathers and mothers and boys and girls would have gone home proud and happy, and which ones would have been disappointed?

But there is this difference: the calves and lambs and pigs can only grow as the farmer feeds and cares for them. If they are not prize-winners, he can sell them and try again next

year. But our boys and girls cannot be sold or exchanged. They must be exhibited year after year just as they are. There is one thing, however, that boys and girls can do that calves and lambs cannot. They can help to grow into prize-winning men and women.

There are lots of prize-winning people in the world. Colonel Lindbergh is one, Commander Byrd is another. The President of the United States is another. There are thousands of these winners, and all the world has pinned blue ribbons on them. Why? Not because they just grew like the calves and the lambs, but because they *wanted* to grow properly, to do great and fine things, to live good lives, to wear blue ribbons.

Twenty-five, or forty, or fifty years from now who is going to be President of the United States? Who is going to run the business of the country, paint the pictures, write the books and music, invent wonderful things like the airplane and the radio? Why, the boys and girls of today. I am sure that some of the great men and women of twenty years from now, maybe even the President of the United States, is sitting right in this room.

It all depends upon you, boys and girls. If you just grow, like a calf or a lamb, you will never win a prize. But if you grow in the right way physically, morally and mentally, you will sometime wear the blue ribbon of success.

Honesty

(For Any Young People's Meeting)

THAT wise old philosopher Æsop, in his fable "Mercury and the Woodman," made immortal the phrase "Honesty is the best policy." You all know this fable as being about a woodman who was bemoaning the loss of his axe, which he had dropped in a river. Mercury, appearing and desiring to test the man's honesty, dived into the water and brought up a golden axe. The woodman refused it, saying that it was not his, so Mercury dived again, this time bringing up a silver axe. Again the woodman denied that it was his. Diving a third time, Mercury produced the identical axe the man had lost. Whereupon, "That is mine," the woodman exclaimed. Mercury was so pleased at the man's honesty that he gave him the other two axes.

A certain teacher who had been trying to correct faulty grammar and also to enforce the rule against whispering, asked one of the pupils, "Freddie, have you whispered today without permission?"

"Yes, wunst," answered Freddie.

"Johnny," said the teacher, "should Freddie have said 'wunst'?"

"No, ma'am," cried Johnny triumphantly, "he should have said 'twist.'"

We are taught from childhood to do right because it is right. This is a laudable sentiment,

but it is difficult to convince some people that "virtue is its own reward." Virtue may some times be its own reward, but many other things may also enter into the question. Quite often the reverse is true.

Whether the thing sought be knowledge, riches, power, position, fame, it can only be won by the man or woman who plays the game fairly with his fellowmen. Let your mind dwell for a moment on the truly great names of history and of our present time. These men did not reach their enviable position by dishonesty or vice. No. They won the fame which they have achieved, and their firm position in the hearts of the people, by being upright in their dealings with all men. People know that they can be trusted. Their accomplishments, without their sterling character, would not have won for them the love of their countrymen.

The reverse side of the picture shows many proofs that dishonesty fails dismally. It does pay to be honest. Truth and uprightness, straight-thinking and straight-acting are qualities much appreciated in the business, professional and social world, and the reward is sure to those who possess them.

Honesty does pay materially, and many times the dividends are very large. The man who claims only the iron axe, because that alone is his, will often find himself the possessor also of the gold and silver ones.

A school-boy, asked to compare the word "on,"

replied, "Get on, get honor, get honest." The reverse order of the words is, perhaps, even stronger. For if you are *honest*, you will *get honors*, and you will *get on* in the business of life.

Sometimes we see dishonesty in another, but are not quick to recognize it in ourselves. A story is told of the captain of a football team, who, vainly searching through his locker for certain things, exclaimed: "There's a crook around here somewhere. In the past week I've lost a set of Stanford shoulder pads, a Yale sweater shirt, a pair of Harvard pants, a Northwestern blanket, and a couple of Y.M.C.A. towels."

We should remove the beam in our own eye, ere we search too carefully for the mote in the eye of our brother.

The Ten Commandments

(For a Young People's Meeting)

THERE is no country in the world that has so many laws as the United States. They cover every subject on earth, extend in every direction, and overlap each other. But practically every one of them is founded on the Ten Commandments—those marvelous laws which were given to Moses on Mount Sinai so many centuries ago.

The entire superstructure of our laws is founded on the first commandment—"Thou shalt have no other gods before Me." We make this

manifest when we engrave upon our coin the words "In God We Trust." We also recognize it when, in November of each year, our President issues a proclamation commanding us, on a given day, to return thanks for the blessings received.

We have no law covering the second commandment. This is doubtless because it is the one of God's laws which is never disobeyed in Christian lands.

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Most of our states provide that a contract made on the first day of the week is not binding. Papers cannot be served on that day. Sunday is a day of rest and recreation, and the wheels of commerce turn not, in conformity with this age-old law. We may not keep the day as holy as we should, but the law has done what it can to turn our minds in the right direction.

"Honor thy Father and thy Mother." All the laws governing minors and their property are developed from this commandment. We have curfew laws, children's codes, juvenile courts, and, I am sorry to say, reformatories, all for the discipline and protection of children, and to compel them to obey the laws which their fathers and mothers have created. We also have statutes which compel a child to support his parents in old age.

Upon the sixth commandment are built all our familiar laws regarding murder, homicide, and injury to persons. Under this head may also come the wanton and unnecessary killing of ani-

mals and birds. Fish and game laws regulate this so-called sport, while our conservation laws apply to the destruction of forests. The commandment does not specify. It merely says: "Thou shalt not kill."

Upon the seventh commandment are based the statutes covering human deportment. All our marriage and divorce laws, and laws against immorality are founded upon it.

"Thou shalt not steal." The laws against theft are well-known. The ten commandments do not include arson—the setting of fire. But this might well come under the head of stealing, because it results in forcibly depriving another of his property, thus causing a loss. So, too, is an injury to any of his possessions.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness." One of our most important laws is the requirement of an oath upon giving testimony, written or oral, and the violation of that oath is punishable by imprisonment or fine. Our laws against slander and libel are stringent. One cannot make false statements against his neighbor without incurring the wrath of the law.

The third commandment is closely related to the ninth, for false testimony means a broken oath—the taking of the Lord's name in vain.

The Lord appears to have laid great stress on stealing, because He has further said, "Thou shalt not covet." Coveting is stealing with the mind, and if not curbed, may lead to the actual theft of the thing so coveted. So, while we can-

not by law forbid a man's thoughts, we can curb the first outward show. The commandment itself goes only a little farther.

Thus we see that out of the ten commandments given on Mount Sinai have developed the myriad of laws which govern this, and every other Christian nation, today. If we conscientiously strive to obey these ten laws in all their phases, we need never fear that the hand of Justice will bring us to account for any act.

Presentation of Gift to a Departing Clergyman

(By One of the Congregation)

WE know not whether to rejoice or be sad today. Selfishly, we grieve that you and your family are going from among us; but at the same time we rejoice that the value of your labors here has been recognized elsewhere, and that you have been called into a wider field, where your talents as a preacher of the Gospel, and your exemplary Christian life, will bear greater fruit.

But we wish to assure you that in these "green fields and pastures new" to which you are going, your flock will not follow their shepherd with greater devotion than we of _____ Church have followed you here. We hope that you will ever remember pleasantly your sojourn among us, and will find occasion to visit us from time to time.

And now, on behalf of your congregation, I have the pleasure of presenting to you a parting gift. We wish you to accept it as a token of the affection and respect we shall ever hold for you. With it go our warmest wishes for your continued success, and for the health and happiness of yourself and your family.

Charity Bazaar

(Opening Address)

"AND the greatest of these is charity." The new version, as you know, interprets the word to mean "love"—love for our fellow men. Most of us would prefer to be the recipient of love rather than the object of charity.

It doesn't matter what creed we follow, or to what church we belong. Every true Christian has the same objective—to do good, to relieve suffering, to bring happiness. There is a beautiful old song, the words of which have a deep meaning:

"You go to your church
And I'll go to mine,
But let's walk along together."

Could there possibly be a better motto for a charitable movement? It is the basic principle on which all creeds and all religions must be founded. We must walk along together, if we are to reach the same goal.

A charity bazaar appeals to us because we are all working together and can see the tangible evidence of our joint labors. And usually this method is successful in coaxing reluctant dollars from their secret hiding places. A story, which I hope does not apply in this case, is told of an eminent clergyman who was sometimes guilty of giving an unintentional twist to his words. His congregation had been endeavoring, unsuccessfully, to raise by contribution the annual interest on the mortgage. In his final appeal, the good man announced: "I need not say here how much this church stands in need of immediate funds. We have tried to obtain this in the customary way, and have tried *honestly*. Now we will see what a bazaar will do."

In this rather prosaic age, we go about even a charity bazaar in a business-like way. We must, in order to secure results. First, we organize the labor—certain ones solicit funds; others solicit food and clothing; while still others work with their hands in preparing the needed articles, or in designing and decorating the place. Many hours have been given freely to this noble work; hours of great sacrifice to those making the donations. All this seems pure business, but behind it lies the love of humanity, the love for our suffering brothers and sisters whom we wish to help.

And what shall I say of the fair sellers of the articles? Who of us is so hard of heart that he will not succumb to the combined inducements

of charming persuasion and a worthy cause? That the results will amply justify our hopes and provide a rich harvest, no one can doubt.

The work is finished, the stage is set, the actors are in position. Go, now, my friends, give for sweet charity's sake, taking your pay in the bright glances, the charming presence of our workers, and the consciousness of a good deed well done. The Good Book says that it is more blessed to give than to receive. See to it that you are blessed above all men today.

Young Men's Christian Association

(By One of the Leaders)

THERE are about half a hundred Protestant denominations in the United States, and only one Young Men's Christian Association. It seems to me that in that statement lies a great lesson. If young men from all these creeds can join together in a common cause, can work in harmony for the physical, mental, moral and spiritual training of men and boys throughout the world, what marvelous results could be accomplished by the uniting of the churches themselves. But the world is not yet ready for the millenium. If the time ever does come, I am sure it will be found that the Young Men's Christian Association has played a leading part in the movement.

Our association is one of the few outside the church which has religion as its foundation, and

it is a practical religion, one which can be used in all our business, social and educational affairs. Our cause is a noble one, and our program of activities has won the admiration of the world.

Let us remember that as a part of this organization, it is our duty to advance its cause by our zeal in its work, our exemplary conduct, and our practical Christianity. The eyes of the world are upon us. Therefore let us bear in mind that any un-Christian act or speech on our part reflects upon our Association, and to that extent retards the progress of Christianity.

Young Women's Christian Association

(By a Member of the Organization)

THIS is the age of specialized organization. "Let's start a club" seems to be the popular slogan of the American people. Scarcely a person but is a member of several organizations, to which they must give much of their time, thought and labor, often to the detriment of their own affairs.

In this hodge-podge of clubs, fraternities, associations and societies, there are some very worthy organizations to which it is a privilege to belong, but also there are many which lead a worse than useless existence.

It is therefore gratifying to know that there is one institution at least which is devoted wholeheartedly to serving its members and to follow-

ing the teachings of Christianity. It is a sad fact that with the advent of the radio and the automobile, people are getting more and more away from the idea of observing the Sabbath by church attendance. Especially is this true of the Sunday evening service.

A young matron who had moved into a fashionable New York district attended the services of a nearby church the first Sunday evening after her arrival. As she left the church, a vestryman shook hands with her and thanked her for coming.

"We do not get many out on Sunday night," he said.

"So I noticed," the new-comer replied. "In fact, there were so few present that every time the rector said 'Dearly Beloved' I blushed."

It seems that here is a field where, by persuasion and our own example, we can aid in bringing religion back to its proper place in the home.

The Young Women's Christian Association has stood the test of time. Nearly a hundred years has proved that its foundation is sound, its purposes commendable. The service it has rendered to the young women of our country and to the nation itself is splendid. For this reason we who are members must feel that it is incumbent upon us to exert every effort in behalf of this great enterprise.

Each year a program is laid out by our leaders for the advancement of our organization and the

assistance and happiness of young women who either have no home, or who are absent temporarily from it. In all the world there is no more laudable object. If we can provide these girls with a home—a real home, not a boarding-house—and can aid in their physical, social, intellectual and spiritual development, the Young Women's Christian Association will be fulfilling the purpose of its existence.

To do this we need the co-operation of every loyal member. Let us keep in mind the assistance we have received, or are receiving, and pass it on to others. Time and labor expended here are a wonderful investment, from which we will receive a large return of satisfaction and happiness.

Presentation of a Flag to Boy Scouts

(By a Leading Citizen)

I THINK it is the desire of every boy to belong to a club or society; to have some interest in which the grown folks do not participate. This perfectly natural desire has been met by the organization known as the Boy Scouts of America. Not only does this Association bind the boys together, but it has for its object other commendable purposes, such as the preservation of health, building of character, and service to others. Being non-sectarian, it is open to boys from all creeds, although frequently the formation of a

troop is sponsored by some church in the community.

As all the boys, and some of the elders, know, the Boy Scouts were organized in February 1910. The fact that in this comparatively short time half a million boys have become enrolled under the Scout banner, testifies to its popularity.

There is nothing secret about the organization, or the pledge which a boy assumes. He promises on his honor to do his duty to God and his country and obey the Scout law; to help other people at all times; to keep himself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight. If he fulfills this obligation, he cannot fail to achieve the highest type of manhood.

The Boy Scouts have already rendered services of inestimable value to the nation, and I am sure will continue to do so. Let us give them our most hearty support.

But no organization which wears a uniform is complete without a United States flag. A flag is the one thing needed to add the spirit of patriotism, of loyalty, of proper pride in their work. Knowing this, the good people of this village (or vicinity) feel that the time has arrived for our Boy Scouts to have a flag of their own, and on behalf of these good friends and the committee who made the purchase, I am happy to present to _____ Troop of the Boy Scouts of America this emblem of their country.

As it floats over your camp, or at the head of your parades, may it inspire you to greater

loyalty to truth, to a keener desire for service, and to deeper love for your country. It is a precious emblem. Guard it with loving care.

Response

(By the Scout Master)

To say that we are delighted to own this beautiful American flag but feebly expresses our feelings. I think you can see the joy reflected in the face of every boy who wears a uniform. It will certainly prove an inspiration in our work. I think there is nothing which so fills one with patriotic pride as being intrusted with the flag of our country. You may be sure that we will guard it well. Every Scout has longed for a flag, and I am sure that the troop will be much happier and more enthusiastic with this emblem floating over them.

As most of you know ——— Troop was organized in ——— (Here state date of organization, membership, important events, and plans for the future.)

All this will be easier because of your loyal support and co-operation. On behalf of ——— Troop, therefore, I accept this beautiful flag and thank you for your kindness. We will show our appreciation by renewed efforts to fulfill the purpose for which we were organized.



HOME AND FRIENDS

"It is my joy in life to find
At every turning of the road,
The strong arm of a comrade kind
To help me onward with my load;
And since I have no gold to give,
And love alone must make amends,
My only prayer is, while I live—
'God make me worthy of my friends.'"

—*F. D. Sherman.*

Engagement

(By a Guest)

"'Tis love that makes the world go 'round." The man who wrote that line was philosopher as well as poet, for the words are almost literally true. Most of the great achievements in the world are directly traceable to the influence and inspiration of love.

Sometimes we smile a little over the sentimentality of lovers, but I want to assure our young friends that we are not laughing at them. Our smiles are but expressions of pleasure over their happiness, or possibly are called forth by memories of our own. Of course, they must now and then be the subject of jests—that's their initiation into the first degree of married life.

Love has a curious effect on different people. It makes cowards of some, poets of a few, and fools of others. Shortly after their marriage a young wife found her husband burning the letters he had written her during their courtship. She called him a heartless wretch and asked if he didn't have any sentiment at all.

"I'm doing this for your sake, my dear," he replied. "I'm trying to fix things so that if I

die, nobody can dispute my will on the grounds of insanity."

Love even makes thieves out of some of us. Many a man has received a life sentence for stealing a kiss.

You have seen the beautiful stringed instrument with which an ancient lover wooed the lady of his heart. Love-making is just the same today as in those olden times, when the Greek girl sat all the evening listening to a lyre.

"Man," declared the old-fashioned preacher, "is a worm." "And," said a little man who was occupying a small space in a rear pew, "woman is the early bird."

The question has often been raised, "Should a woman take her husband's name?" "Why not?" asked a satirist, "She takes everything else."

It is a curious thing the way two people are drawn together by a love which endures through the years long after youth has fled. "Darling, will you love me when I'm old and ugly?" inquired a pretty girl of her sweetheart. "Dearest," he replied tenderly, "you may grow older, but you will never grow uglier."

A very pretty girl once explained, "The Lord made us beautiful and dumb. Beautiful so men would love us. Dumb so we would love them."

Dan Cupid, the mischievous god of love, has long been given credit for bringing about engagements. I will try to tell you in verse how this famous little hunter performed his trick in this particular case:

"Cupid one day went a-hunting,
With a quiver full of darts;
In the fragrant fields of Romance,
Hunting for defenseless Hearts.

"Soon he found behind the lashes
Of a maiden's laughing eyes
Just the Heart that he was seeking—
Drew his bow, and claimed the prize.

"Not content, he sought another,
This time one in manly breast;
Aimed with care his deadly weapon,
And the arrow did the rest.

"Then he joined the two together
With Love's gleaming, golden chain;
And each Heart, so bound and helpless,
Feels the other's joy and pain.

"And the god of love rejoices
O'er the mischief he has done;
For his victims have surrendered,
And will henceforth beat as one."

We congratulate our young friends and wish them much joy. Doubtless all their golden dreams will not come true, but they will be the happier for having dreamed.

Note: The above poem can be used as an engagement announcement, with a slight change in the second and third verses to include the names of the young couple.

Response

(By the Fiancee)

I AM glad that you are here this evening, because a man is never real certain that the girl means, "yes," until the public announcement has been made. I heard recently of a young lady who received a letter saying: "Dear Sweetheart—Please forgive my absent-mindedness. I proposed to you last night, but I have forgotten whether you said 'yes' or 'no.'"

"Dear Mr. Brown," she replied, "I knew I said 'no' to someone last evening, but had forgotten who it was."

My fiancée and I have felt that nothing, except the actual wedding, could transpire which would add to our happiness. But your presence here this evening, the gifts you have showered upon us, your sincere good wishes for our future happiness, and your evident kind regard for us have added immeasurably to our joy. We realize now, what we did not realize before, that people cannot shut themselves from the world and be truly happy. They must have the sympathy and interest and love of friends to make them perfectly contented.

We wish to assure you of our grateful appreciation of your goodness, and to express the hope that when we are established in our own home, we may have you often as our guests.

Wedding

(By a Guest)

MARRIAGE has often been likened to a partnership. To my mind it is more like a closed corporation, in which outsiders take no stock.

The first step in forming such an organization is to obtain the license, or certificate of incorporation. In order to do this, there must be two signers to the application, and two good constitutions.

The next step is the election of officers, and here great care should be used. The husband must always be the president, never the vice-president. He should never let the word "vice" become associated in any way with his title. The wife should be the secretary. This gives her the opportunity of looking after all correspondence. She should also be the treasurer, and the chairman of the board of directors.

As for the lesser offices, the husband may be the business manager, and the wife the book-keeper. The set of books over which she has charge should consist of the bank-book, the check-book, the pocket-book, the engagement-book, and possibly a diary. She should also be the purchasing agent.

Of course the corporation will issue stock. The bulk of this should be divided equally between the two members, after a substantial portion has

been set aside for future minor purposes, say ten shares for each minor.

The assets of the corporation should consist of a building fund, an insurance investment, sufficient love and respect to serve as a depreciation reserve, a reasonable amount of good-will, and an income at least equal to operating expenses. Care should be taken not to have too many *liquid* assets.

My friends, you have the foundation for a most successful corporation. The personnel cannot be excelled, and it is apparent that your constitutions are sound. You have no *by-laws* as yet, but smiling faces assure me of agreeable "*in-laws*." But here, please accept a bit of advice. Never try to amend your "*in-laws*." Let well enough alone.

But I do have a few rules which I want to pass on to the bride, with the assurance that if she will follow them closely she will retain forever the admiration of her husband. They are as follows:

Register attention when your husband is telling stories to callers, but never attempt to tell one yourself in his presence.

Remember to speak once in a while in admiration of his masterful way with the radio and to wonder how he does it.

Ask him to fix the electric washing machine just as if you thought he really could.

When you call for him at his office with the car, always slide out of the driver's seat.

With this excellent foundation, I am sure this new corporation will meet with success; that life's ticker will always quote its stock at far above par; and that the future return on your investment of love, loyalty, ambition and energy, will be a vast amount of happiness, as well as a goodly share of material success.

Wedding

(By a Guest)

FROM the day that Adam and Eve turned their backs on the Garden of Eden, it has been the firm belief of all newly wedded people that they have regained the Paradise so lost by our first parents. To them, as they stand on the mountain peak of their happiness, overlooking the promised land of the bright future, comes the belief that the gates are opening again.

And so they are, for the Garden of Eden lies in our own hearts, secured by a lock and key. A lock is a symbol of many things. First of all, it means a hidden place, the secrets of which can be made known only to the fortunate possessor of the key. What does this particular locked Garden contain? We know it holds, among other things, much love and happiness. It may also contain anxiety and sorrow. But whatever else the possessors of the key may find, they will find life. To abide in the Garden, even for a short time, is to have truly lived.

For you who are just entering this paradise, we wish only joy. If sorrow must come, may its presence be so transient as to cause but a slight cloud in your sky of happiness. We know that treasure is there and we are sure that you will find it.

This wonderful moment has come to you. You behold the gates opening. For an instant those of us who are privileged to stand with you on the mountain peak, catch a glimpse of this Paradise through your shining eyes, and it gives us a new interest in life. When the gates clang shut, we on the outside, who have no Paradise of our own, will go away with the firm determination to visit a locksmith forthwith, and have a key fitted to the lock of our hearts, so that we may deliver it to another in exchange for a similar key. Thus will we find our own Paradise, and hang out a "no admittance" sign.

Response

(By the Bridegroom)

I FIND myself tonight in a position to sympathize with the man who missed his train on his wedding day and in the excitement telegraphed his bride: "Do not marry till I come."

I feel that a coherent reply from a newly married man is too much to expect. To assume the obligations of a husband and make a speech on the same day is more than I would be capable

of, were it not for the fact that I feel blessed above most men.

Then, too, when one has posed as a sort of hero for several months, it would not do to let one's wife know so soon that her idol is made of ordinary clay. So I will confine my remarks to an expression of our appreciation of your kind wishes, your gifts, and the real friendship which prompts you to be here today. When we are settled in our home, we shall feel that it is not complete until all of our friends here gathered have shared it with us.

House-Warming

(By a Guest)

THERE is something wrong with the man or woman who does not want a home. Circumstances may make it necessary or expedient for certain people to live in semi-public places, and they bravely tell the world that they prefer this mode of living; but there comes a time when deep down in their hearts they long for a home of their own, a place where they can set up their *lares et penates* and extend a welcome to their friends.

Every person should be proud of his home, whether it be an apartment or a mansion. It is the one thing in the world more than any other which is his, and to which he can bring his friends. But when a home is as new and delight-

ful in all ways as this, we rejoice with the owners and are grateful for the opportunity of sharing their hospitality.

When primitive man won his wife with a club, and dragged her home by the hair of her head, the cave to which he brought her was merely a shelter from wild beasts and the elements. But even so, it was a home, to which he came at night with a feeling that it was his. And down through the ages man's home has ever been his castle, always hospitably open to his friends, but a place to which no enemy dared come. The law has recognized his desire and his need, and has protected the home even from his own acts.

It is regrettable that all homes cannot be happy. A pastor who was striving to bring peace and harmony into a disrupted household, said to the long-suffering wife, "Have you tried heaping coals of fire on his head?"

"No," the unhappy woman replied, "but I tried hot water once."

I would like to give you my recipe for a happy home. It is a recipe which I have seen tried a number of times, and it never fails. Take one enclosure, walled and roofed, large or small; add one man, one woman, and several children of assorted sizes; surround by green grass, flowers and trees if possible, although this is not necessary; add furniture and a moderate amount of money; if desired, a spicing of dogs, cats and birds may be added; garnish with a large circle of friends and pour over the whole a generous

measure of love and mutual understanding. This will give you something that can be served at all times, to everyone, and the supply, like the widow's mite, will never grow less.

We congratulate our host and hostess, and hope that they will ever find happiness and contentment in this beautiful new home of theirs.

Response

(By the Husband)

It gives my wife and myself great pleasure to welcome you to our new home. We are glad that you like it, for we hope to have you here often. While we have experienced much of joy in procuring this new abode, and arranging our belongings to our, possibly I should say my wife's, satisfaction, nevertheless we felt that something was lacking. That something, we decided, was the approval of our friends. We wished to have our new home dedicated by your smiles, because we knew that it would not be complete until we could associate you with it. Edgar Guest has expressed this thought so beautifully in his poem "To Our Guest," that I am going to repeat the verses to you:

"Since we have had you for a guest,
You cannot go away,
Within this room which offered rest
Forever you shall stay.

"And though you pack your leather case
And tuck your things inside,
Always the smile upon your face
Shall here with us abide.

"Henceforth whenever we shall chat
Our talk this way shall run:
There is the chair where once you sat
When one glad day was done.

"There is the room where once you slept,
And we shall find this true
That all that you have touched has kept
Some subtle thought of you.

"Yes, here forever you must dwell,
As part of us you stay,
And though too soon you say farewell,
You do not go away."

A Toast to Our Host and Hostess

(By a Guest)

As I look around me I see reflected in your faces a sentiment which I am sure I can interpret correctly. The feeling reflected there is one of enjoyment in social communion, satisfaction in a most delightful entertainment, and joy in the hospitality of our host and hostess. We know we were invited because they like us and wanted us to share the pleasures of their charming home, and we reciprocate the feeling to the fullest extent.

I am not going to burden your ears with a speech. You are in no mood to have your mind

distracted from the delights of the present moment. I am merely going to propose a toast, in which I am sure you will all be happy to join me:

Health, happiness and prosperity to our host and hostess. May we always be at hand when their generous hospitality prompts them to another entertainment of this character.

Response

(By the Host)

My wife signals me to reply to your delightful toast. I know she could do it far more gracefully than I, but I must preserve my dignity as head of the house—at least in public.

If you have enjoyed this occasion, the knowledge of that fact doubles our own pleasure. To gather around us a few choice friends, to make them feel at home, to provide them with a pleasant entertainment, is to us the keenest enjoyment. Such an occasion adds zest to life, leaves a pleasant memory of faces and voices to cherish, and creates a desire to keep in closer touch with those for whom we hold so kind a regard.

My wife and I appreciate your presence here tonight, the kind words you have spoken, and above all, the assurance of your loyal friendship. A toast, then, to you, my friends, to your continued good will, and to your happiness and prosperity.

Wedding Anniversary

(By a Guest)

It is not unusual for a man and his wife to observe some of the period wedding anniversaries. It looks well in the society columns to say that Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So entertained in celebration of their Crystal, or Silver, or Golden Wedding. It has a sort of affluent sound. In some cases the married couple are rather proud of the fact that they have been able to stay married so long. And then look at the presents they receive.

But when two people have been so happy that they want some of their friends to help them celebrate any old anniversary, then we know that their marriage has been a success. Even the most skeptical misanthrope could not see these two smiling faces and doubt the evidence of their happiness.

It seems to be human nature to give publicity to unhappy events. We constantly read or hear about the conjugal misery of Mr. and Mrs. Black, but not a word is ever said or written regarding the happiness of Mr. and Mrs. White. Probably this is because so many people like to tell their troubles to the world.

A friend of mine says he has solved the problem of how to get along with his wife and at the same time have the last word. Sounds like a paradox. After the argument has waxed furiously for some time, all he has to do is to say,

"Well go ahead and buy the darned thing." He says it never fails to close the discussion.

Occasionally, some third person is to blame for a quarrel, like the office boy who was instructed to admit no one to the president's office during a conference.

"What if they say it is very important, or that they have an appointment," he asked.

"Tell them that's what they all say," said the boss.

Soon after the conference was under way the president's wife appeared. She was informed that an interview was impossible. "But I'm his wife," she told the resolute lad at the door.

"Oh, that's what they all say," explained the boy.

That took some explaining on the part of the president when he reached home.

Almost every one feels competent to give advice on how to live happily though married. Some contend that if the wife would take a course in domestic silence it might help some, or if the husband would learn not to do that most aggravating of all things, smile in his sleep.

But there is no fixed rule to go by—Samson got into trouble because he had his hair cut, and Absalom got into trouble because he didn't.

Response

(By the Husband)

I PRESUME it is incumbent upon me as head of the house to reply to your words of congratulation. Yes, we still keep up the pretense of my being the head of the house—when we are away from home or have company. Not but what my wife could say as appropriate words—and more of them. Possibly some of you have heard the story of the white horse? No? Well, I'll repeat it for the benefit of those who really haven't heard it.

A farmer, to prove his contention that every married woman was the real boss, offered to take a load of chickens down a certain street in town, leaving a chicken at each place where it was conceded that the wife was the head of the house; and if a place were found where the woman admitted that her husband was the boss, to leave one of his horses, either the black one or the white one. The plan was carried out with the result that his load of chickens was soon nearly exhausted. Finally he came to a place where both the husband and the wife conceded that John was the head of the house. "All right," said the farmer, "I promised that such a man should have one of my horses. Which one will you take?" John replied, "I will take the white one." "No you won't," cried his wife, "you'll

take the black one." "You'll take neither," said the farmer, firmly, "you'll take a chicken."

Well, in spite of the fact, or maybe because of it, that my wife is the real power behind the throne, we have been very happy ever since I promised to be her husband—I mean ever since she promised to be my wife. You know how it is, boys, we still maintain the fiction that men propose, but I would never in the world have found courage to ask her to marry me, if she hadn't indicated beforehand what the answer would be. It's like working one of those problems we used to have at school. You remember the long list of them in the old arithmetics? Well, if we turned over to the back of the book and found the answer, which we weren't supposed to do but always did, it wasn't hard to solve the problem.

But I assure you, if I had it to do over again, I would follow the same course. I can understand the answer given by Joseph H. Choate, at one time our ambassador to England, when asked who he would prefer to be if he could not be himself. Without hesitation, he replied, "Well, if I couldn't be myself, I should prefer to be Mrs. Choate's second husband."

But seriously, we are delighted to have you here. We are truly celebrating what we consider a very happy event. Life has been kind to us by giving us each other (children, if there are any), and you, our very good friends.

Wooden Wedding

(By a Guest)

WHEN one receives an invitation to a wedding whether it be the original, or merely a carbon copy like the present one, the first thought is of an appropriate gift. For we are a gift-loving people. We like to show our happiness at the good fortune of others by showering them with presents. A carrying out of the Biblical rule—to him who hath shall be given.

Over the last few centuries there has grown up the custom of dividing married life into periods of longer or shorter duration—five, ten, fifteen, twenty-five, fifty years—and making gifts appropriate to the various anniversaries. You will notice that the celebrations come closer together in the beginning and farther apart as time goes on. The reason for this is apparent. The first anniversaries are to celebrate the fact that the couple have been able to live together for a certain length of time; the later ones are to celebrate the fact that *both* have *lived* for that period, the assumption being that if they are both living, they are together.

Starting with paper as a gift for the first anniversary, the fifth is wood, the tenth tin, the fifteenth crystal, the twenty-fifth silver, and the fiftieth gold. The idea being, you see, that the gifts increase in value as the possibility of their being given at all decreases. That was an ad-

mirable idea of the man who invented the system. At least the theory was good, for paper sounds like the cheapest of gifts, with wood a close second. The originator evidently overlooked the fact that the scrap of paper might be a check for a million dollars. And as for wood, a gift might be anything from a potato masher to a three-story frame house, or a sea-going yacht. Practically all house-furnishings come under that head. A radio, a dining-room set, or a "baby grand," not a grand baby, are all made of wood. Just as an automobile might be an appropriate gift for a tin wedding.

So if the original idea was to make the gifts for the earlier weddings inexpensive, they reckoned without their host—and hostess. Doubtless when the idea originated, a cord of wood would have been appropriate, inexpensive and acceptable.

I understand that our hostess makes delicious pie, therefore possibly the most acceptable gift for her would be a rolling-pin, for I am sure the first one must be worn out, if our host has had pie and his other just desserts during the past five years.

Five years is a long enough time for a man and woman to know whether or not the partnership they have formed is a success. From the smiles on the faces of our host and hostess tonight, and from the fact that we have been invited here to help them celebrate, we are assured that this was no "trial marriage," but the real thing. The

"trial" passed long ago, and they are now cheerfully serving their life sentence.

Any of our young friends who are hesitating to take the decisive step should be encouraged by the splendid example of our friends. We are all glad to share their happiness tonight, and join in wishing them many times five years of wedded bliss. May their life be like a tree—the original wood—firmly planted in a prosperous land, growing ever upward toward their hearts' desire, branching with prosperity and happiness, and laden with the fruit of success. And may we all be here to help them gather the harvest from year to year.

Response

(By the Husband)

My wife and I—that's a whole lot easier to say that it was five years ago—my wife and I appreciate your presence—both kinds. We will enjoy the one tonight to the fullest extent, and the others for a long time to come.

We did not invite you to help us celebrate for the sake of your gifts, however, or even for your society, much as we enjoy that. We invited you because we have reached the first milestone in our journey through married life, and we wanted to tell you that we have traveled over a beautiful country. The weather has been fine—a small storm or two, a few clouds, but mostly sunshine.

The road has led up a few steep grades, around a few dangerous curves, but there have been no detours or wash-outs. Our engine is working well, we have a good car, enough fuel to last until the next filling-station appears around the bend. We have a reliable road map, and we know where we're going.

The other night my wife, feeling very serious after an unusually tiring day, asked me if I would marry again if she should die. I didn't know what to say. Now, I put it to you married men, what would you have answered? If I had said, "Why certainly, my dear," she would have thought me unduly anxious; if I had replied, "Never again," she wouldn't have liked that either. So I used tact and said, "I should die, if you did, darling." And for some strange reason that seemed to please her.

So my advice to all my unmarried friends is to get a license, a supply of gas, a good road map—and use tact.

Tin Wedding

(By a Guest)

HERE are two people so pleased with what married life has brought them that today they are seeking the services of a tinsmith to solder anew the links that have held so successfully for ten years. And we, who have been invited to assist at this ceremony, congratulate them and express the wish that each decade will see the

same contentment and happiness which is manifest tonight, and which makes their faces as bright and shining as a piece of new tin.

We ordinarily feel that tin is a very cheap metal. As a matter of fact, no one does it justice. It has many virtues, the greatest of which is that it does not corrode or rust. In the far East, I am told, it is used for ornamental purposes. Doubtless if it were a rare metal, we would value more highly its bright polished surface. It is largely used in combination with other metals. Why even the wedding bells which rang ten years ago today were twenty-two per cent tin, and those bells rang true.

The other day I found a recipe for a perfect husband. For the benefit of some future Benedict I will give it to you. Take ten per cent good looks, fifteen per cent good nature, twenty-five per cent brains, and fifty per cent "tin." That combination will make an alloy which nothing can tarnish, and which will bring eternal satisfaction to the fortunate girl. Such husbands, like the wedding bells, ring true.

I have in mind a little verse that I am going to offer as a toast to our bride and groom :

"It's apparent they've been happy;
They have proved that they were wise;
We can read it in their faces,
And their bright and shining eyes.

"When they started on their journey
They were sure that they would win;
Now they've reached the ten-year milestone,
Marked with shining blocks of tin.

"And we're here to speed them onward;
May each decade bring a date
When we all can get together,
Just to help them celebrate."

Response

(By the Husband)

I DON'T understand why a woman always relegates the *public* speaking to her husband. I suppose it is just her sense of fairness in wanting to even things up. That wise old Castilian King, Alphonso, once said: "To make a good marriage the husband should be deaf; the wife blind." I assure you, friends, my wife has been blind to all my faults, and I . . . Well, we have been very happy.

One reason for this is that when we were first married we agreed that I should decide all major questions and my wife should decide all minor ones. The plan has worked admirably. We have been married ten years, and I am happy to say there have been no major questions.

These shining new utensils which you have brought us are doubly acceptable. You see, those we started out with have had pretty hard usage, while we were getting adjusted. They say that the first ten years is the hardest. Anyway, our wedding presents of this character are worn out, so we accept these joyfully in the hope that they will last another ten years.

I heard a riddle a few days ago that I thought

was pretty good, so I decided to try it on my wife. When she came to meet me on my return home that night, I said, "Why am I like a mule?"

"I don't know," she replied. "I know you are, but I don't know why."

Women have absolutely no sense of humor.

But joking aside, my wife and I are truly glad to have you help us celebrate this happy occasion. Far too many derogatory things have been said and written and sung about the marriage relationship. Of course it is all in jest, for it seems to be human nature to joke about serious things rather than to grow sentimental. But I think my wife and I have proved to any skeptic that two people can live happily together for ten years, and be anxious and willing to renew their vows indefinitely.

Crystal Wedding

(By a Guest)

THERE is nothing in nature which so inspires our wonder and admiration as the clear, pure beauty and smooth, symmetrical forms of crystals. Their purity is so marked that the expression "pure as crystal" has become an adage.

Crystals are the only inanimate things that grow. Year after year they add new angles and lines, but always they retain the same perfect form in accordance with nature's plan.

Fifteen years of close association have crystallized the lives of our host and hostess into a beautiful, symmetrical whole, and we know from their bright, sparkling eyes and cheery smiles, that however many lines and angles may be added in the years to come, the development will continue to be along the lines of a perfect crystal.

We are happy to be here this evening and to share in their pleasure. A little poem occurs to me which seems appropriate to the occasion and also expresses the good wishes of the friends here assembled.

"Gazing back, we see a picture
Of an eager girl and boy,
Gayly looking toward the future,
Filled with dreams of home and joy;
Bravely joining hands together,
Facing dark and stormy weather,
Sure that love will never cloy.

"As they travel on Life's highway,
Higher, broader grows the way,
And they gather strength and courage,
Eager for each coming day;
Tasting every joy and pleasure,
Given them in generous measure,
Bravely casting care away.

"Till at last they reach a station
On their road as man and wife,
Where they stop to look around them,
Counting up the joys of life;
There's a pleasant land before them,
And love's sun is shining o'er them,
Giving strength for pain or strife.

"So we come with gifts well laden,
And with wishes bright and gay,
For these two so true and loyal,
As we speed them on their way.
May the years hold many treasures,
May they bring both health and pleasures,
Like this happy wedding day."

Response

(By the Husband)

My wife and I are powerless to make proper response to your words. We do feel, however, that the joys which have come to us during the past fifteen years have been greatly enhanced because of your friendship.

Fifteen years is a fair test to accord to any institution or agreement, and we consider ourselves fully competent today to say to our unmarried friends, "Go, thou, and do likewise." And please note the word *likewise*. By it we mean a *like wise* act, for marriage is surely the wisest act a man or woman can perform.

I confess that many times it is carelessness on the part of the husband that causes trouble. A young husband who realized this and was also conscious that he had been rather neglectful on account of business cares, took a box of candy and some flowers home one night. "Bessie," he said, "put on your best gown and we'll go to the theater."

Instead of rejoicing, Bessie burst into tears.

"It was b—bad enough to have the baby f—fall down stairs and to b—burn my hand," she sobbed, "b—but to h—have y—you come h—home intoxicated is t—too much."

We are ready and happy today to renew our marriage contract for another fifteen years, and to take an option for at least another thirty after that. The consideration mentioned in our original agreement was one thing only—love. Today we can enumerate many more—friendship, loyalty, mutual respect, and mutual interest, all important elements of a happy marriage. Without them love alone has a hard road to travel, and may starve to death on the way.

This is indeed a joyous occasion for us. We are delighted to have our friends join in our celebration, for the most precious thing in the world is friendship—pure and clear as the crystal gifts which you have bestowed upon us.

Silver Wedding

(By a Guest)

For the last week or so you have doubtless all been discussing the silver question—what pieces were appropriate for a silver wedding gift. The gold standard did not have a chance, and I'll wager sixteen to one that the question was finally and properly settled by the ladies, as all important questions should be; just as the first important question was settled by our hostess.

I know you all remember that beautiful old verse:

"The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining;
And so, I turn my clouds about
And always wear them inside out
To show the silver lining."

Now, it is not humanly possible for two people to live under one roof for twenty-five years without a few clouds to mar the sunshine of their happiness. But if such clouds have darkened the world for our friends, they have bravely turned them inside out, and we see only the silver lining reflected in their smiling faces tonight.

Twenty-five years ago today, the friends who gathered to witness the marriage ceremony of our host and hostess, joined in wishing the youth and maiden much happiness and success. They doubtless had in mind material pleasures, wealth and position. But that is not the sole measure of success.

To my mind, two people, with individual tastes, desires and inclinations, but with sufficient love for each other to bring these varying attributes into complete harmony; who are able, after twenty-five years of companionship, to gladly renew their vows, have met with the fullest measure of success. And I wish that all our young friends with modern ideas about marriage, could see the happy, contented faces which our host and hostess bring to their twenty-fifth anniversary.

So we offer our gifts tonight with gratitude for the fine example you have set, with congratulations for the success you have made of your married life, and with many good wishes for the future. May the silver lining of your clouds remain untarnished until they change to gold.

Response

(By the Husband)

WERE I a silver-tongued orator, or could I coin phrases at will, I might be able to tell you adequately of our pleasure at having this circle of friendly faces around us tonight, and our gratitude for your gifts and words of congratulations.

I thought twenty-five years ago that I knew the young girl who became my wife; but, friends, I did not know one-half the sterling qualities which she possessed. There was no alloy, no plating, no imitation—only the pure metal in her heart and character. If any good has developed in me during this time, it is because of that; or possibly it is a mere reflection from the shining surface of her mind.

One thing we have learned in our twenty-five years of companionship is that things bring more pleasure if shared with others. So we hope that you will, collectively and individually, come to us often and help us to enjoy the beautiful gifts you have bestowed upon us.

Golden Wedding

(By a Guest)

FIFTY years ago today a bright-eyed boy and a sweet-faced girl, brave because of inexperience, hopeful and ambitious, and so filled with love for each other as to be willing to share cheerfully any hardship, took upon themselves the vows of matrimony, and entered the path which for fifty years has led them onward and upward until to-day they stand upon the very peak of their happiness.

The way may have been rough and hard at times, the ascents steep, and the storms of worry may have swept around them. They may have passed through financial quicksands and mists of sorrow, but at all times they have had that cheerful companionship which has been ample compensation for the hardships.

I wish that all those who scoff at matrimony, who pretend to believe that happy marriages do not exist, could be here today to see their words disproved.

Our friends have seen many changes, political and material, since they entered upon their married life. Calico and muslin have been replaced by silk, the oil lamp has given way to the electric light, the melodeon to the radio, the faithful horse and buggy to the auto and the airplane. Customs and manners are different. But they have adapted themselves to all these things and

have found much happiness in the changing world. And this has been because the love in their hearts remains the same, yesterday, today and forever.

Speaking for all the friends gathered here this evening to enjoy the hospitality of our host and hostess, I extend to them our heartiest congratulations and our earnest wishes for many happy years to come.

Response

(By the Husband)

I CAN hardly find words to express for my wife and myself our pleasure at your presence today and our grateful appreciation of your friendly words and beautiful gifts. .

Contrary to the opinion of some, we can assure you that marriage is not a failure. We know it is not, and we have had quite a bit of experience. And I want to say to our young friends who have not had the courage to take the step, you do not know what you are missing. Do not delay, for if you wait too long, the pleasure of celebrating your golden wedding will never come, and that is a prize worth winning.

Again, my friends, we thank you.

**Presentation of a Bouquet of Yellow Roses
to a Bride of Fifty Years Ago**

(By a Guest)

ROSES play a great part in the life of a woman. Dainty pink ones first appear upon her cheek when, as a dimpled babe, she sleeps in her mother's arms. They later blush to deeper red under the gaze of ardent love.

With roses of purest white she is adorned when she gives her heart and hand to the chosen partner of her life, and she sees them again, dainty rose-buds, in the curled fingers of her first-born, as he lies upon her breast.

All through her life there are roses. Sometimes, it is true, they harbor hidden thorns; sometimes they lie softly beside a still, beloved form; sometimes they bedeck the path of great joy. But if she has love, always and always, there is around her the sweet fragrance of roses.

And so, at last, she comes to that rare occasion, her golden wedding day, and we shower her with golden blossoms to show our love, and to make the story of the rose complete.

Twenty-First Birthday

(By a Guest)

THERE are many important milestones along the road of life—the day of birth, graduation day,

the wedding day—all of which mark great changes. But there is none so important as the twenty-first birthday, that longed-for day when the boy becomes a man.

The day brings no visible change. It is not a question of putting away childish things, or ceasing to speak as a child. A person may be a man in everything but years long before he becomes of age, or the termination of his actual boyhood may be delayed for sometime thereafter. But the twenty-first birthday does, nevertheless, mark a real change, for on that day in the eyes of the law the boy becomes invested with all the rights conferred by the constitution of the United States and the laws of his own state. From that time on, he, and he alone, is responsible for all his acts and obligations. He is the master of his destiny, and his life will henceforth be shaped by his own desires.

Knowing the parents of our young friend, the training he has had, and his ability and character, we predict for him a large measure of success. We who are older know that he will meet many obstacles, that there will be trials and disappointments, and possibly sorrow, but there will also be much of satisfaction and true happiness. The optimism and ambitions of youth will support his spirits until he reaches the goal of his desire.

I recall a poem I used to recite that pictures Youth's Ambitions so beautifully that I should like to repeat one of the verses:

"Life should be full of earnest work,
Our hearts undashed by fortune's frown;
Let perseverance conquer fate,
And merit seize the victor's crown;
The battle is not to the strong,
The race not always to the fleet,
And he who seeks to pluck the stars
Will lose the jewels at his feet."

Response

(To Birthday Congratulations)

I THANK you, my friends, for the sentiments which you have expressed, your good wishes, your advice, and your evident confidence in me and my ability to be a man. I am young, I know, but time will cure that defect; I lack experience, but I doubt not that time will cure that, also; I have yet to learn the measure of my strength and ability to grasp and improve the opportunities which may come my way. But I have one thing of which I am very proud, and that is my circle of good friends and their kindly attitude toward me.

It will be my earnest endeavor to live up to your expectations. Doubtless I shall never be rich or famous, but I shall try to follow the advice contained in that inspiring poem of Douglas Mallock, in which he says:

"If you can't be a highway, then just be a trail;
If you can't be the sun be a star,
For it isn't by size that you win or you fail—
Be the best of whatever you are!"

My friends, I am sure that I will never be the highway, or the sun, but I *will* try to be the best of whatever I am, so that you may feel that your confidence in me has not been misplaced.

Birthday Anniversary

(By a Guest)

DID you ever wonder why we congratulate a man upon the occasion of his birthday? Is it because for another year he has escaped the pitfalls of life, or is it because he is that much nearer the end? Is it because each year has added to his wisdom? If this were true, many of us would be very Solons in our accumulated knowledge.

No, it is none of these. We congratulate him because he is our friend, and we welcome an excuse for saying those things which are in our hearts the other three hundred and sixty-four days, but which we have had no chance to say or which our diffidence makes it hard to express. So we take this opportunity to felicitate him on his past success, and to wish him happiness and prosperity for another year.

Time is peculiar. When we are young, the birthdays seem ages and ages apart, and the months between creep like a worn-out automobile. But as we grow older the pace increases, until it seems that Father Time will be arrested for speeding. Indeed the rate of speed varies almost directly with our age. At ten, the months pass so slowly that ten miles an hour

seems an appropriate gait. There are so many things along the way which we wish to investigate. At forty we have increased to forty miles, the most enjoyable rate. We are exhilarated but not wearied. But at seventy the years glide past like a racing car—and there are no detours.

But at whatever age, or rate of speed, we are progressing, we find much of interest along the way. In the early years, we enjoy the merry-go-rounds, the wayside inns with their jazz bands. Later, our eyes see the utilitarian possibilities through which we pass, the fertile valleys, the waterfalls with their latent power, the factories with their clouds of smoke. Later still, we are able to look past the billboards of trade and the clouds of commerce, to see the true beauty of life's landscape.

Our friend has passed another milestone on his journey. We have watched his progress thus far with great satisfaction and wish him a pleasant continuation of his trip. We hope that he will find few hills and no sand pits or washouts; but that his road will be smooth and straight, through beautiful scenery, with pleasant weather, delightful companions, plenty of gas, and a careful driver.

Birthday Anniversary

(By a Guest)

THERE is one day in every year which belongs wholly to each of us, and to us alone, except

those unfortunate ones who were born on the twenty-ninth day of February. I have often felt sorry for them. To go to bed at night at a certain age, and wake up the next morning one year older, with no chance for a celebration—there's no romance in that.

There is something queer about birthdays. When we are children, birthdays are eagerly looked forward to. They are second only to Christmas. After we reach the pinnacle of twenty-one, we take less interest in them, except on special occasions like this. We even get to the point where it isn't considered tactful to mention birthdays.

When, however, we have safely passed the sixties and seventies, birthdays come into their own again, and from then on they are of increasing importance. The neighbors begin to take interest, and the press sends clever young reporters to interview us and quotes what they say we said, and all our acquaintances congratulate us.

Our friend is frankly celebrating another birthday, and to us it is a very pleasant opportunity to partake of his generous hospitality, and to extend to him our best wishes and felicitations. In fact, we would be willing to help him celebrate every birthday.

"Then here's to our friend on the day of his birth,
May he always be glad of his visit to earth;
May health, wealth and pleasure be his every year,
With plenty of friends who will bring him good cheer."

Response

(By the Host)

My friends, you overwhelm me with your congratulations and good wishes. One goes along from day to day not dreaming that he holds such a place in the hearts of his friends, until an occasion like this arises.

A birthday is a man's New Year's day, the day on which he takes stock of the things that he has accomplished during the year just closed; when he inventories his assets and counts his liabilities; when he realizes his mistakes and makes new plans and resolutions for the future. And when an occasion like this offers, he counts his friends and finds them good. It is his own fault if he finds them otherwise. Friends are the greatest asset a man can have, and tonight I realize that I am rich.

I value your interest and kind regard beyond price. Your investment in friendship may never bring you any return in a material way, but it will never bring you loss. It gives me pleasure to wish you the same success and happiness that

Birthday Anniversary of an Elderly Man

(By a Guest)

THIS is a most pleasant occasion, and I am happy to have the privilege of addressing you on your —— birthday.

Could your mother, when she first held you in her arms, have looked down the span of years your life would encompass and have foreseen the marvelous changes to take place in the world during that period, she would have been afraid to set your feet upon the walk of life.

The child of today accepts as a matter of course the things which to you were miracles. Yes, miracles as great as those performed in the days of old. You have seen the tallow candle change to the oil lamp, the gas burner, and the electric light. You have seen the saddle horse and covered wagon change to the railroad, the electric car, the automobile, the airplane and the submarine. You have seen the old melodeon and the tinkling spinet change to mechanical instruments, the graphophone and the radio of today.

You have witnessed the fall of empires, the changed map of the world, the triumphs of science. You have seen the prophecy of Tennyson come true—those beautiful lines of Locksley Hall, where the poet says:

“For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that
would be;

"Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic
sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly
bales."

And, sadly, you have also witnessed the fulfillment of those other two lines of the Vision:

"Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd
a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central
blue."

Thank God, you have lived to see the world once more at peace and the ships of the sky used for industry and glorious adventure.

Through all these changes, which have come with such rapidity as to be almost confusing to the human mind, you have maintained that calm spirit and vigorous body which have readily adapted themselves to conditions, making use of the best and rejecting that which was worthless.

We congratulate you and extend to you our good wishes. May the world still have in store for you many thrills and much happiness.

Christening of a Son

(By a Guest)

It is a great privilege to assist in the naming of a human being. To place on the records of time a name which may be honored above all others, which may shine in the annals of history as

synonymous with bravery, genius, or skill. It is almost impossible to believe that this mite of humanity may yet be a great scientist, or statesman, or soldier.

There are many things about which we are curious today. Will our boy be pleased with the name we have bestowed upon him? What nickname will his playmates evolve from it to set him apart from others of the same name? What letters of honor or distinction will precede or follow it when he is a man? What charming girl, as yet unborn, will share it with him? And will he, in the fullness of time, pass it on to the possession of another? Only time can answer these questions.

Doubtless his fond parents are even now planning the future of their son. Will he be a doctor? It certainly takes *patience* to look after him now. Will he be a financier? Possibly. Even now he has caused the writing of a good many *checks*. Will he be president of the United States? I do not doubt it. It is plain to be seen that he rules the household. Possibly he will go into the dairy business. They tell me he is already a milk expert. But I am quite sure that in the wee, small hours of the night, his father is sometimes persuaded that he is the Prince of *Wails*.

But whatever path his feet may seek, we feel that, with the tender care and guidance of his parents and friends, he will fulfill the destiny for which he was created.

Response

(By the Father)

COULD our little son speak to you tonight, I am sure he would say that your remarks are too flattering by far. Possibly you have been too polite to make the remark of a bachelor who was inspecting the first-born of a young couple of his acquaintance.

"Well, of course," he said, "he isn't very intelligent looking, but he's wonderfully like both of you."

He hasn't made his plans yet, or chosen his profession, but from present indications we believe that he is going to be a grand opera singer. At least, he is developing wonderful lung power and a great deal of temperament, which I understand are two of the requisites. If not a singer, then he will be an acrobat, for he is already an adept in twisting himself into unheard of postures, especially if his father attempts to hold him. Of course, his mother has dreams of his occupying the White House about thirty-five years from now.

But in whatever field this new name may find a niche, we know that he will be proud of the good friends who have testified to their faith in his future by attending the simple ceremony which bestowed his name upon him.

We hope that the name we have chosen will ever be associated in the highways of life with truth, honor and justice.

Christening of a Daughter

(By a Guest)

THE christening of a little child marks the starting of its career as an individual. It is the laying of the cornerstone, on which year by year will be built the edifice of character. To us is given the right and duty to assist in shaping the finished structure.

As we look at those tiny hands, it seems impossible that they can ever successfully combat the selfishness and cruelties of life. But a baby's hands are the most powerful things in the world. They are the true rulers of the home. They join the heartstrings of the parents, whose lives are changed with their coming. New plans must be made, new thoughts, new desires, new things for which to live. A new affection springs into being, for there is a greater love between the parents of a child than there can be between husband and wife alone.

Parents may see their own ambitions fulfilled in their children. Too often, they have not been able to accomplish all their desires, but there comes with the advent of a child, the God-given opportunity to realize, in a fuller measure, these dreams.

We speak of the family circle. It is one of our great traditions. But there can be no family circle while there are only two. Just a straight line between two points. It is when a third is

added that the circle begins to take form, and the more additional lines, the more perfect the circle.

Our little girl, because she is a girl, may some time change a portion of her name. If she does, we know that it will be for one as honored and respected as her own. But whether or not she retains the name she now bears, we wish for her all the happiness that life can bring.

Response

(By the Father)

It would seem more appropriate for the young lady's mother to express our gratitude for the gifts and good wishes you have lavished upon our little daughter today, but with proper wifely humility she has delegated the task to me. Doubtless she feels that her duty ends with the care of Her Royal Highness.

I don't know how the young lady herself enjoyed her introduction to society, but she seemed to be all up in arms about it.

It is difficult to tell at so early an age whether or not our little girl will be beautiful. But, friends, if she only grows to look like her mother, she will have beauty enough for me.

I do not wish for my daughter great beauty, for she might develop into a movie star; nor great intellect, for she might become a professional woman; nor do I wish for her great riches or fame, for fear she might outgrow her home.

But I do wish her to be simple and sweet, with good common sense, and sufficient intelligence to hold her own in life's struggle. With these attributes, she will have a host of friends, and friends are to be chosen above great riches.

I hope we may all gather here again when the young lady is old enough to express for herself her appreciation of your kindness and goodwill.

Family Reunion

(By One of the Family)

SOMETIMES we wonder how a "family tree" happened to be so called. I figured it out the other day and came to the conclusion that it was because every member of the family constitutes a part of it. Father is the rough bark and fiber of the tree, the strong, rugged part which supports and protects it; mother is the heart, which must be sound and true or the tree will die; daughter may be likened to the leaves and flowers which adorn it; while son is the "sap."

Some one has said "God gives us our relatives, but thank God we can choose our friends." I pity that man's family, for there is something wrong with any man who does not call his family friends. The entire human relationship is built around the family circle. It is the basis of all forms of government, and it should be a source of joy and pride to all its members.

When it comes to expressing the universal

sentiment regarding home and family, there is none to compare with James Whitcomb Riley, and he voices our deepest feelings when he says—

. “Oh, Home-Folks! you’re the best of all
 ’At ranges this terreschul ball,—
 But, north er south, er east er west,
 It’s home is where you’re at your best.

 “It’s home—it’s home your faces shine,
 In-nunder your own fig and vine—
 Your fambly and your neighbors ’bout
 Ye, and the latch-string hangin’ out.”

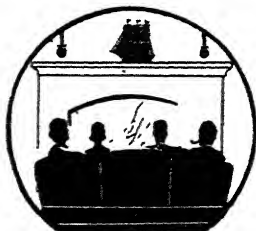
It is true that some people make family pride a fetish and accord too much honor to their name. It is not necessary that a man have a long train of distinguished ancestors in order to hold an honorable position in society, or be an efficient business man. Too many have been content to rest on the laurels of their ancestors, instead of winning their own.

But when a young man or woman has a background of honorable lineage, and the determination to say, “I will make my life a credit to those fine, brave ancestors,” then pride of family is justified.

Today as our family is gathered under the hospitable roof of our kinsman, we have several causes for rejoicing. We have cause for pride in our ancestors, both men and women, for they did much to distinguish themselves in the development of this country and many of their names hold honorable places in the nation’s history.

We are proud of the present generation also, for our men and women of today are exhibiting in their varied fields of business or profession those same sterling qualities which distinguished our ancestors in years gone by.

I therefore feel that I have a justifiable pride in our family, past and present, and I ask you to join me in a toast to the Future Generations of _____ Family, of which we are the ancestors.



MOTHER AND DAUGHTER
FATHER AND SON

"THE Mother—comforter, counsellor, guide,
A friend in whom you can confide.
The Daughter—a gallant challenge of youth,
Sweet and unspoiled; a lover of truth.
The Father—strength, protection and care,
Laughing at burdens he has to bear.
The Son—a knight to carry his name
On to new heights of Honor and Fame."

—Selected.

Mother and Daughter Banquet

(Introducing the Speakers)

I HAVE been asked by the committee to act as toastmistress on this happy occasion, and on their behalf I extend to all the mothers and daughters gathered here a most hearty welcome. It is not often that the young girls and their mothers mingle and find pleasure in the same social affair, and so these dinners that bring us all together are doubly enjoyable. A short program has been prepared with which we hope to entertain each other.

We are always proud when our daughters show marked talent, and when that talent is musical we are especially glad, because so many others can enjoy it with us. Miss A (or the Misses A) has consented to sing for us.

(Song by Miss A)

If anything more were needed, aside from this excellent dinner, to put us in good humor, it was music, and now I am sure we are soothed in spirit.

To be a mother is a great thing, one of the greatest things in the world, and no one except a mother knows the love and pride and hope and

desire that are wrapped up in that little bundle of humanity when it is first laid in her loving arms. It takes a mother to tell us just what her feelings are regarding her daughter. Mrs. B will do this in her toast to My Daughter.

(Toast by Mrs. B)

We are sure that every mother here echoes the beautiful words to which we have just listened. It is what we all think and feel and would like to say.

Sometimes Mother wonders just what Daughter thinks about her. How does she appear to this young girl? We have asked one of our daughters, Miss C, to tell us, in a toast to My Mother.

(Toast by Miss C)

If every daughter has this tender feeling for her mother, the mothers should be happy indeed.

Another daughter, Miss D, who has a special talent, will entertain us with a reading.

(Miss D recites)

Another proud mother! If we but had the time, I am sure we could show you some reason why every mother in the room is especially proud of her daughter.

The journey through life has been likened to an adventure—never the same for any two—exciting, joyous, sometimes sorrowful, but al-

ways interesting. Mrs. E is going to describe some of these adventures to us. Mrs. E.

(Remarks by Mrs. E)

Mrs. E has made life seem like a real romance. I wonder if we realize as we pass through these experiences how truly wonderful they are. I am sure I have not.

I see among this gathering several whose children's children are growing up around them, and I know you would not think our program complete, unless one of these dear grandmothers speaks to us, for just a moment. We would like to have Mrs. F tell us what her granddaughter means to her.

(Toast by Mrs. F)

Truly that was a beautiful thought, and I hope every granddaughter here appreciates what she means to her grandmother. We will now listen to a little more music, this time by some of the mothers (announcing them).

(Song by Four Mothers)

I am sure the daughters also have occasion to be proud.

We did not feel that we wanted a total stranger to talk to us this evening, because we knew that there were several in neighboring towns who could entertain us in a delightful way. Mrs. G, of ———, has graciously consented to ad-

dress us on this occasion, and it gives me pleasure to introduce one whom you all know and admire—Mrs. G.

(Address by Mrs. G)

This closes our program. I think that nothing should be added to detract from the thoughts to which we have just listened, and which I know will leave a lasting impression upon our minds. We are grateful to Mrs. G and to all the others who have helped to entertain us this evening, as well as to the committee who prepared the delicious dinner. Let us give a rising vote of thanks to all who have contributed to making this mother and daughter banquet a real success.

My Daughter

(By a Mother)

WHEN I was asked to tell you what my daughter means to me, I said the answer is "Why, all the world, of course." Now, that is an exaggeration, or should be, for there really are a number of wonderful things in the world besides daughters, although that is hard for a mother to realize.

But just what does *my* daughter mean to *me*? In the first place, she is a beautiful flower, which I have tended and nurtured and watched from the first tiny bud. And she is the renewal of my own youth. In her I live again. All my early dreams and ambitions and desires are renewed in her.

It is my greatest joy to see her experience the splendid things of life which I have experienced, and also those which I have missed.

Finally, my daughter means protection to me. Possibly this is selfish, but I assure you it is a wonderful comfort to know that when I am old her loving arms will shield me, for however much we may love our sons, it is our daughters who must care for us when life has taken our strength.

And so my daughter means to me life and everything it holds. Once in a while, I must confess, I do not quite understand her young mind, but I do understand her heart, and that is sufficient. Her love and devotion are precious, and it is my great desire to always retain her confidence.

I know you will echo my words when I say that the joy of my life is—My Daughter.

My Mother (Mothers' Day)

(By a Daughter)

You have asked me a difficult question. What does my mother mean to me? In very truth she means everything. My constant thought is of her, although I confess sometimes it must seem to her that she enters into my mind not at all.

Does something trouble me? Mother will smooth out the difficulty. Do I want a new dress? Mother will work long hours that it may be ready on time. Are my lessons difficult?

Mother will explain them. Am I hungry? Mother's cakes and cookies are always plentiful.

In fact, it is to Mother that I instinctively turn for sympathy in joy or sorrow, for assistance in difficulties, and for all creature comforts. Sometimes I fear that I take her as a matter of course, but that is because she is so much a part of my life. I am sure she knows in her heart that existence without Mother would be unendurable; that it is her presence and love that fills the world with pleasure and makes life a joyous experience for her daughter.

The Adventures of Life

(By a Mother)

WE are familiar with the seven ages into which Shakespeare has divided the span of human life. Similar, yet somewhat different, are the seven great adventures of a woman's life, adventures packed with thrilling romance and human emotion.

The first adventure is birth. To be born, to be created, to be a new thing in the world, this is a marvelous experience. Unfortunately, we cannot remember our first sensations on arriving in this strange world, yet nevertheless, it is a great adventure.

Our second adventure begins when we leave the shelter of our home for the mysteries of school life. We do not realize then, nor do we

realize during our entire school, and possibly college, career just how many years will be devoted to study. If a child starts in the kindergarten at five years of age and finishes his professional training at twenty-five, he will have spent twenty years in the pursuit of knowledge. So the entering upon this long training is a great experience.

The third adventure comes with our final graduation, when we don our armor and take up our shield to do battle with life; when we venture forth into the world to slay dragons, build castles and seek happiness.

Love and marriage, the true romance of life is our fourth adventure, the greatest of all, the one for which every woman, whatever career she may choose, should always be prepared.

Life's fifth adventure is the coming of our children, the receiving into our care these precious hostages. With it come great responsibilities and burdens, but also great joy.

The sixth adventure comes when, having given to our children all that we can give, one by one they leave us, some to enter school, some into business careers, some to homes of their own, and we find our lives strangely empty. We know that we will always have their loving thoughts, but never again will they all be together in the same nest. It is this adventure which requires all our fortitude, which tests the metal of our courage and which, by its results, proves if we have fulfilled our mission on earth.

The last and seventh adventure, like the first, is one that we cannot escape. Some of the others we may not experience, but the first and last must come, and the manner in which we meet the others on the way determines our preparedness to meet the last. May we all so live that the last of life's adventures will find us smiling and brave-hearted, with our armor unstained and a glorious record engraved upon our shield.

My Granddaughters

(By a Grandmother)

I HAVE often wondered how we came to adopt the prefix *grand* to designate the third generation. Probably because it was impossible to find a more suitable one. It seems that way, because, while our own daughter was beautiful, fine and lovely, of course, yet to me *her* daughter is simply *grand*. There is no other word to express it, and I know that all the grandmothers here tonight will agree with me.

The faults which existed so plentifully in our daughters are strangely lacking in our granddaughters, and they are endowed with all the virtues which we vainly coveted for our own children. They are prettier, brighter and more clever. I think perhaps as we grow older we can remember our own childhood better, hence our sympathy with the foibles of youth is greater. And possibly this, also, is a factor: we have no

responsibility in their bringing up and so we have the enjoyment without its accompanying cares. Then, we haven't quite so many interests in life, and the development of the bodies and minds of our grandchildren is a play, a picture, a poem in the making.

So my toast tonight is to that wonderfully vital, beautiful thing, the joy of our later life—Our Granddaughters, God bless them.

The Reconstructed World

(By a Guest at a Mother and Daughter Banquet)

I AM more than glad to be with you on this very enjoyable occasion. We have listened to a delightful program and partaken of a splendid dinner, and as I look over this gathering of fresh young faces and older, though not less pleasant ones, I feel that this community has great cause to be proud of its Mothers and Daughters.

I remarked to a friend one day that I did so enjoy the girls with their fresh young faces, and she replied that some of them were altogether too "fresh." But I do not find it so. I find the young people of today very much the same as they were when I was young. Girls are girls in whatever age or clime they live, God bless them.

But my friend's point of view is not new. Parents have always felt that the younger generation needed curbing. Centuries ago, in the age of the ancient Greeks, the question arose. Sophocles,

the philosopher, was a favorite and his teachings were followed by those of his generation. Then, when the young men of the period were just of an age to indulge in flights of fancy, along came Euripides, with a new school of thought, and the youth of the day flocked to hear him. The elders were shocked, and felt that their sons were being led astray by the modern, brazen teachings of this philosopher.

A mother found her modern young daughter deep in a book on "Child Training." "Why are you reading that book, my dear?" her mother inquired. "I should think you could find something more interesting."

"Oh, I'm just checking up on you," replied the precocious youngster.

I am going to talk to you a little tonight about the changes which have taken place in the world in the last fifty years, and their bearing on the changing status of woman, this wonderful period which has brought so much to woman in the way of independence and liberty. I shall divide my subject into three parts—the changes which have taken place in the physical world, those which have occurred in the political world, and those which have affected woman.

The changes in the physical world are breathtaking—automobiles, airplanes, submarines, the radio, moving-pictures, have all come within the lives of most of us. There are men and women still living who followed the trail of the covered wagon across the plains of the West, a journey

which took months, and which is accomplished today by airplane in a few hours. A generation ago a stage-coach or horseback rider brought our few letters from distant friends. Today we send a telegram, or we merely lift a receiver and our friend is speaking to us from the other side of the world.

All these wonderful inventions and discoveries have annihilated space and time and brought us into instant touch with the whole world. They have made woman's work so easy that we have much time for other things. But are we more contented? Is the girl of today, dashing across the country in a high-powered car, any happier than we were when we went for an old-fashioned buggy ride with the boy friend, resplendent in his neat new suit and a sailor hat?

I remember old Dobbin's tasseled fly-net, in which we fastened flowers and branches that we gathered along the way. The freshly washed surface of the buggy was enhanced by a gay lap-robe and a beribboned whip, which, incidentally, was seldom used. We did not try to see how fast we could go in those days, but how slowly, especially on the way home.

Sometimes we went to a dance or a picnic, and when the state fair came 'round, we would drive as far as twelve or fifteen miles and back in one day. And how proud we were of our dainty flowered lawn dresses, with their wide bright-colored ribbon sashes. A racing car, or an airplane may

bring more thrilling excitement, but not more real happiness to a girlish heart.

I am reminded of a story which you may have heard, but which illustrates the changed conditions. A young man informed his father that he and a certain young lady were going to be married. "Why, son," said his father, "you have known Helen only two weeks. Don't you think you are a little hasty? When I was courting your mother, I went to see her every Saturday night for seven years. There was a large fireplace in the living room, and she would sit on one side of it and I on the other, and we would make plans for the future. And the old grandfather's clock on the stairs would say, 'Take your time. Take your time.' At the end of the seven years we were married and have lived very happily ever since." "I know, Dad," exclaimed the boy, "but times have changed. Helen and her mother live in a little two-room apartment, without any fireplace. We sit on the davenport and listen to the radio, while the little alarm clock on the mantle says 'Get there. Get there. Get there.'"

Then there are the changes in political conditions caused by the war, and the desire of nations to live free, independent lives. The map of Europe has changed. The influence of American independence has been felt throughout the earth, and republics have replaced the ancient kingdoms of the world. The isolation of America, of which our ancestors were so proud,

has gone forever, and henceforth the United States must be recognized as a world power. To-day there are no mysterious, undiscovered lands. The maps of the South Pole and the North Pole are familiar to every boy and girl.

And with the great changes in the physical and political world has come a corresponding change in the status of woman. Gradually we have thrown off the old restrictions and inhibitions, until now we are accorded equal rights in every walk of life. We may enter any profession, business, or sport. The political arena is open to us, with all its possibilities for good and evil. But we have learned that increased liberty brings increased responsibilities. New freedom brings new dangers, new duties. Never again can we go back to the old protected life. Henceforth we must meet the world and stand shoulder to shoulder with our brother in the strife.

Has this change brought all good? Is there not a tendency to mistake liberty for license? To insist upon a right to do things which, under normal conditions, would be abhorrent to us? Is woman in danger of losing her femininity, her modesty, that charm which through the ages has set her apart as being finer than her masculine companion? Has not our familiarity with certain things bred a state of mind not quite compatible with our finer nature? Have not these mechanical devices which have given us so much leisure, also given us opportunity for mischief,

for questionable occupations of which we would not have thought before?

A story is told of a five-year-old who had been taught to close her evening prayer during the temporary absence of her father, with the words: "And please watch over my Papa." It sounded so sweet, but one night to the amazement of her mother, she added: "And you'd better keep an eye on Mamma, too."

Does not the ability to go by auto and airplane to distant places in a very brief period of time give to our young people a tendency to disregard parental discipline? There is no word in the English language, which is so misused as the word liberty. Liberty means only that I have a right to do what I please until what I please to do interferes with the liberty of another. At that point my liberty ceases, and my acts become trespass. Too many of us today cannot distinguish between these two words.

And finally, there is a biological fact which woman can never overcome. Whatever we may do, wherever we may go, we cannot escape the one great fact of nature—we *are*, and always will remain, the Mothers of Men. Our lives must be built around this essential fact. And after all, to be the mothers of men is the greatest thing in the world.

So my word to the young girls here tonight is that in this changing world, let us not lose that most precious thing that God has given us—our womanhood. Let us not be blinded by this new

bright light of liberty. Let us not mistake its evil brother, license, for it. And let us remember that whatever walk of life we choose to follow, we, and we only, can be the mothers of tomorrow. May God give you strength to keep your lives, your bodies, and your minds clean and pure and wise, that you may fulfill your destiny.

Father and Son Banquet

(By a Father)

SOME one has said that man is a firm believer in heredity until his son makes an idiot of himself. Then, if he does admit that there is anything in the theory, he is liable to say that the wayward son must have inherited his propensities from the other side of the family.

I like these father and son banquets, because I believe this effort on the part of parents to get the viewpoint of the younger generation is bound to bear fruit. Many fathers start out with the firm belief that everything their children think or do is wrong. Others go to the opposite extreme, and become positive bores in recounting the perfections of their offspring.

We older men should never forget for a moment that these younger people are looking to us for examples. The child is a natural hero-worshipper, and if through our own acts he is denied the privilege of looking up to his father,

he is denied his rightful heritage. "My Pa can lick anybody" is a natural human feeling.

Of course, we can't all be Presidents of the United States, or Lindberghs, or Babe Ruths, or great athletes, or even great pugilists, but we can all do the things which will make our boys proud to call us father. I wonder how many of us ever asked ourselves the question, "Am I the kind of man my son would choose for a friend, if I were not his father?"

A father asked his son why his report card showed good marks in everything except deportment. "Oh," replied the boy, "you didn't help me in that." I believe that any teacher would undertake to train all the backward students without help from the home, if those same pupils had the assistance of their parents in deportment.

We of our generation are building for the youth who will be the men of tomorrow. Among the boys who are sitting before us tonight are the future bankers, instructors, artists, musicians, politicians and business men of the near future. They are the ones who will carry on our work when we lay it down, to whom we must intrust the care of this great nation. It is therefore our duty, not only to prepare them for their labor, but to so build that the foundation we are laying will support the edifice which they will erect.

I am reminded of a beautiful poem. It is old, and I do not know the author's name, but it reflects my meaning far better than I can express it in less poetical language:

"An Old Man traveling a lone highway
Came at the evening cold and gray
To a chasm, vast and deep and wide.
The Old Man crossed in the twilight dim;
The sullen stream had no fears for him;
But he turned, when safe on the other side,
And builded a bridge to span the tide.

"'Old Man,' said a fellow pilgrim near,
'You are wasting your time with building here;
You never again will pass this way—
Your journey will end with the closing day.
You have crossed the chasm deep and wide;
Why build a bridge at eventide?'

"The builder lifted his old gray head;
'Good friend, in the way I have come,' he said,
'There followed after me today
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
This stream which has been as naught to me,
To the fair-haired youth might a pitfall be.
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim.
Good friend, I am building the bridge for him.'"

Father and Son Banquet

(By a Son)

I THINK every boy at some time or other feels that his father does not understand him, and for this very reason we sometimes withhold our confidence. We know, of course, that our fathers have our welfare so much at heart that they cannot bear to have us do anything that may endanger it. I am sure it isn't because they have forgotten their own youth, but because they

want us to profit by their experience. This is hard for us to understand at times, because we like to have our own experiences, just as they have had theirs.

There are few boys, unless they are utterly depraved, who are anxious to do wrong for wrong's sake. We may get into trouble once in a while, but not intentionally; and at such times it means a great deal to us if we can go to our fathers with our difficulty, and receive sympathy, understanding and helpful advice.

Frankly, I think fathers are the most wonderful institution in the world, except, maybe, mothers. I am proud of mine and of the companionship which exists between us. And I want to give you a toast, in which I know every boy here will join—My Father.

My Father (Fathers' Day)

(Address of Welcome by a Son)

THERE is a popular idea that Mother is the only member of the family who counts with the sons and daughters; that she is the only one who has our interests at heart; and that if we meet with success in later life, it is due to her influence alone.

This is a beautiful sentiment and much of it is true. Naturally we love our mothers and are deeply indebted to them for their devotion and their many sacrifices, but I am quite sure that any

one of us would find it very difficult to choose between his parents, if he were compelled to do so. It is true that our mothers are anxious for our welfare, but not more so than our fathers. It is true that they try to shield us from the trials of life; so, also, do our fathers, though perhaps in a different way.

There is even, I think, a sympathetic feeling between father and son which does not exist between a boy and his mother—just a little feeling of comradeship because they are both men. Little Billie came home one evening with the evidence of disobedience plainly visible upon him. To escape merited chastisement he crawled under the bed, from which refuge his mother could not dislodge him. When Bill's father arrived, the situation was explained and he took the matter in hand. Getting down on the floor he started to crawl under the bed after his wayward son.

"Gee, Dad," exclaimed Bill, moving over, "is she after you, too?"

And there is another sentiment which is accepted by every one. It is the theory that a father should be a chum to his son—a pal. This also is a mistaken idea. I, for one, am frank to say that I do not want a paternal chum, a friendly relative to pal around with. I have plenty of chums. What I want, and what I have, is a real father, an older man, who, having been a boy himself, can understand my problems, and from his own experience can advise or sympathize with

me. Some one who will rejoice over my achievements, and at the same time can understand my failures.

I want my chum to be a boy of my own age, who looks at life through the eyes of youth, whose pleasures and interests are the same as my own. And I want my father to be just what he is—a thoroughly human man, whom I admire, love and respect, and who I hope will some day hold the same sentiments toward me. I assure you, my greatest ambition is to be a “chip off the old block.”

And there is still another theory which does not appeal to me. I do not want my father to be a hero—someone who has reached a height I can never hope to attain. It must be wonderful, of course, to have that kind of a parent, but it must also be a little trying. Imagine living daily with a man before whom a nation bows down. It must make one feel rather hopeless and helpless regarding his own future career.

I know that every young man present tonight echoes my sentiments. And I am sure that our fathers do, too. Right down in their hearts, they do not want to be our chums. They want to be far more than that word implies.

It is because of these feelings and the earnest desire for an even closer relationship that we have set aside this day for the entertainment of our fathers. We are indeed proud to have them with us, and on behalf of all their sons I extend to them a most joyous welcome.

My Son

(Response by a Father)

THIS is a day to which we fathers have looked forward for a whole year. Mother has had her day. This is ours and we intend to make the most of it.

It is useless for us to try to hide the fact that we are proud of these sons of ours. For three hundred and sixty-four days we endeavor, quite successfully I think, to keep them from knowing that we approve of them. But on the three hundred and sixty-fifth day our pride will make itself known.

Some time ago I heard of a fine, fifteen-year-old boy who appealed to a friend for advice on a rather important question. Before offering any suggestions, the friend said, "What do they think about this at home?"

"Well," replied the boy, "Mother thinks so-and-so."

The man waited a moment and then asked, "What does your father think about it?"

And the boy said, "Oh, Dad don't give a darn."

I happen to know that that father was driving himself to the limit, working early and late, and the sole object of this intensive work was his desire to benefit his son. Yet, thoughtlessly, he was robbing his boy of the biggest thing God ever trusted to any man for his son—his close-up sympathy and comradeship. I felt sorry for that

man, because he was missing one of the greatest opportunities of his life.

At times we must appear severe to our sons. They must occasionally feel that we have no understanding; that we are too engrossed in business to give their affairs any thought. I must confess that there is a great deal of justice in this assumption. And we must not flatter ourselves that we are heroes in the eyes of these young men. They recognize our short-comings as well as we, ourselves. A father, looking at his small son's report card, said, "Do you know that George Washington was at the head of his class when he was your age?"

"Yes, Dad," replied the lad, "but he was President of the United States when he was *your* age."

And I believe there are times when a father understands his son even better than the boy's mother. Such an occasion was when Tommy came home with his face pretty badly damaged.

"Oh! Tommy, Tommy!" exclaimed his mother, shocked and grieved, "you have disobeyed me again. How often have I told you not to play with that rude Perkins boy?"

"Mother," said Tommy in utter disgust, "do I look as if I had been *playing* with any one?"

His father, I am sure, would not have been guilty of such a mistake.

But I must confess that we fathers like to have our judgment deferred to. We like to feel that we are more to our boys than a mere source of

supply, and we want to be assured that they are receiving full value for the money we are so gladly expending on them. We do not want to feel like the father who, when asked the meaning of the term "college-bred," replied that it meant a "four-year loaf."

On the other hand, we do not want to be too severe, to demand too much. We do not wish our sons to sacrifice legitimate pleasures in order to make a record at school. We want them to remember their college days as the happiest of their lives.

A certain father asked the president of a college if it would not be possible for his son to take a short course, not spending so much time on his studies. To which the president replied:

"Oh, yes, he can take a short course. It all depends on what you want to make out of him. When God wants to make an oak He takes a hundred years, but He takes only two months to make a squash."

It does, indeed, take time to build a man or a tree, and it takes all kinds of weather. The sunshine of pleasure is as necessary as the storms of sorrow or the winds of adversity. The storms and the wind will come in spite of us, but it is within our power to supply a large measure of the sunshine.

So while it takes time and money to put these boys through college and bring them to the age of discretion, we know that when the process is complete, we will have sturdy oaks, which can be

depended upon to withstand the storms and stress of life, and to which we can look for shelter when we wish to rest from the heat of Life's day.

This is a joyous occasion for me, one which I shall long remember. It has given me many pleasant thoughts and many sincere wishes to be to my son just exactly the kind of a companion which he wishes me to be and which he most needs.



SOCIAL AFFAIRS

“THERE are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

“Give love, and love to your life will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.”

—*Bridges.*

Welcome to a Foreign Guest

(By a Citizen on the Welcoming Committee)

THOSE of us who have had the experience of being a stranger in a foreign land know what it means—strange customs, strange faces, strange language, to say nothing of the queer, complicated money system.

We Americans go abroad and, finding things somewhat different than at home, promptly criticize everything, from the bathing facilities to the manner in which the meals are served. A foreigner on our shores doubtless finds as many unpleasant things, or more, but he is usually too polite to say so. If he does voice his objections, we deport him as an undesirable citizen.

But when we really become acquainted with one of these guests from abroad, we like him immensely, and want him to like us. So we take him sight-seeing. He thinks this is due to our kindness of heart. As a matter of fact it is so we can show him only the things we want him to see. We introduce him to the right people, and exert ourselves in every way to make him like America, and, believing earnestly in the old adage that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, we feed him. We know that after he has partaken of a bounteous meal he can say

nothing derogatory about his hosts and their country.

We have such a foreign visitor with us tonight. We are entertaining him, not so much because we want him to like us, which we most earnestly do, but because we sincerely like him and wish to extend him a courtesy. We hope that his sojourn among us will be a pleasant one, that he will be charitable with our faults, and that he will carry away with him a desire to remain our friend.

We shall be happy to have him tell us of his country, his work, or anything else which he finds interesting. I have great pleasure in introducing Mr. ———, of ———.

Farewell Dinner

(Speeding the Traveler on His Way)

WHEN I was asked to say a few words of good-bye to the friend who is about to leave us and his native land for a short sojourn abroad, I hardly knew what to reply. If I refused, it might look as if I did not enter into the spirit of the entertainment being provided for him. If I accepted, with the customary expressions of pleasure, it might appear as though I were anxious to have him go. But I finally decided to risk a parting word.

If we were to choose from among our acquaintances, someone to represent America, there is no

one of whom we would be more proud. No one who would give to foreign eyes so good an impression of what we like to consider a true American to be.

I am quite sure our friend will have tact; be diplomatic, so to speak. Like Will Rogers, he will be an "ambassador without portfolio." He will not, I am sure, be overboastful of his country, or overzealous in advising our friends across the water how to run theirs. Nor will he confide to them how much taller our buildings are, how much more beautiful our women. Of course we know these things are true, but it doesn't do to boast of them.

We hope, however, that he will not go to the other extreme, and become enamored of the countries he visits. Because the only pleasure that lies in saying good-by is the anticipation of welcoming the wanderer when he returns. We insist that our "Good-by and Howdy-do," like the words of James Whitcomb Riley's poem, shall be said close together.

That we shall miss our friend goes without saying, but we must content ourselves with the knowledge that our loss is another's gain—pleasure and profit to him who is going, and pleasure to those who will learn to know him while he is away. We shall look forward to his return, because we know that he will share with us much of the pleasure he has experienced while abroad.

And so, while we are all so green with envy that we doubtless resemble a Saint Patrick's day

party, still we must manfully hide our jealousy over his good fortune and wish him God-speed, good luck, a pleasant journey, and a safe return. But remember, my friend, the pleasantest part of your experiences will be the trip home; so, whatever you do, don't miss that.

Response

(By One Going Abroad)

I CAME tonight prepared to shed tears at the parting, but you have given me such a delightful time, and, parenthetically, the dinner was so good, that if my passage were not already booked, I should be tempted to postpone the event in the hope of another farewell dinner.

A trip abroad is really not a parting in these days of radio and airplanes. If any of you gentlemen commit a crime, secure a divorce, or perform an act of heroism, like getting married, I shall read about it in the paper the next day, possibly on board my boat. So beware. Don't try to slip anything over on me while I am away. For I warn you, it will not work. Every night while I am gone I shall tune in on the old home town. And that is where I shall have the advantage, for while you will not know exactly where *I* am, I can always locate you.

Needless to say, I appreciate all you have done for me this evening. This is another advantage that the traveler has. He doesn't have to repay

the farewell dinner. I have often wondered how or why the custom arose. Was the idea to feed him so that he would not wish to leave, or was it to commit him, so that after attending the dinner he couldn't change his mind and give up the trip—a sort of speed-the-parting-guest affair?

Anyway, it is pleasant to be the recipient of so much hospitality. Tonight adds just the bright spot of friendship which will make my trip perfect—a pleasant memory to carry with me and muse over when sightseeing palls.

While sitting here I have tried to think how I can repay the kindness you have shown me on this occasion. And a happy idea has come to me, one which I am sure you will appreciate. I will refrain from sending you any picture postcards—and greater love hath no man.

May happiness and good luck be with you while I am away, and may all these smiling faces be here to welcome me back.

Welcome to a Returned Traveler

(By a Friend Who Remained at Home)

THE prodigal has returned. The wanderer is at home, and there is, as usual, much more hilarity over his coming than there is over those less fortunate ones who stayed at home and attended to business. But that has ever been the case—more rejoicing over the one than over the ninety and nine.

An old feeling still lurks in our hearts that the traveler is running great risks when he sets foot on board a boat. All sorts of calamities, both physical and moral, may await him in a strange land, and it is for this reason that we welcome his return so heartily. We feel that by some strange freak of fate, he has been spared to us, and we want to express our relief and pleasure.

As a matter of fact, we were in more danger right here at home than he has been on his trip. We have been taking many risks, while every safe-guard was constantly thrown about him.

We can tell by the looks of our friend that he has had a good time, and I know that every foreigner with whom he came into contact acquired a better impression of America and her citizens than he had before. But now that he has made a practical investigation, we hope he is satisfied that there is no place like home.

I believe this is so, for I am sure that when his returning boat glided past the Statue of Liberty (or through the Golden Gate), there was a thrill of pride in his heart and that there came to his lips the words, "This is my own, my native land."

On behalf of all your friends, old man, I give you a joyous welcome home.

Response

(By the Traveler)

It brings a glow of happiness to my heart to see all your smiling faces and to have this cordial welcome home to the land of the free.

I have enjoyed my trip immensely, but I wonder if the traveler of today gets quite as big a thrill as did the traveler of a generation ago. Then one went abroad with the assurance that he would experience strange and wonderful things. Now, through the radio, the movies and the press, he sees and hears them all at home, without any of the discomforts of travel. The things themselves no longer impress him.

They lay much stress "over there" on ancestry and the great age of their buildings and art treasures. We value all this of course, but once in a while this atmosphere of antiquity palled upon me and, standing amid some of the ancient ruins of Europe, I would repeat to myself the expressive lines of Van Dyke, in his "America for Me":

"'Tis fine to see the old world and travel up and down
Among the famous places and cities of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles and the statues of the
kings,

But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

"So it's home again, and home again, America for me!
My heart is turning home again and there I long to be,
In the land of youth and freedom, beyond the ocean
bars,

Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of
stars.

"I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to lack!

The Past is too much with her, and the people looking back.

But the glory of the Present is to make the Future Free—

We love our land for what she is and what she is to be.

"Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!
I want a ship that's westward bound to plough the rolling sea,

To the blessed Land of Room Enough, beyond the ocean bars,

Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars."

My friends, my trip abroad brought many pleasures, but I assure you the best and most satisfying of all was my return home and the pleasant welcome you have given me tonight.

Welcome to a Distinguished Visitor

(By a Prominent Citizen)

THERE is one thing which is admired above all others, and that is success. It does not so much matter along what branch of human endeavor a man's talents lie—whether art, literature, science, or business—the fact that he succeeds is all important, because this fact proves that in his particular field he has greater ability than his fellow men. "If a man make a mousetrap better than his neighbor, the world will wear a pathway to his door."

We honor the man who can build a better

mousetrap, or a better railroad, than has ever been built before. We respect his ability, his talent. He is a benefit to mankind, not only for his contribution to the enterprises of the world, but for his example, for the inspiration we derive from him.

Many people insist that success is largely due to luck, to circumstances, not realizing that it takes genius to shape circumstances to the proper end. It is true that "there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at its flood leads on to fortune," but how many of us know when the tide of our destiny is at its flood?

Our distinguished guest tonight has met with a large measure of success, but this success is not due to luck. It is a substantial edifice founded on the solid rock of genius, integrity and earnest endeavor, coupled with a keen perception, which has enabled him to foresee opportunities and grasp them as they appeared.

His success has been richly earned. He has achieved true greatness, and we rejoice that this is so. We are honored by his presence tonight, and hope that our very sincere welcome and modest entertainment will give him pleasure.

A Stag Party

(A Speech by One of the Guests)

I HAVE often wondered just why a gathering of men is called a "stag party." The explanation has just occurred to me. It is because none of

the little *dears* are present. I believe these un-mixed parties are good for us, because when we are with the ladies we are either at our best or our worst. Here for a little while we can be our own natural selves.

We all know that man is classed as an animal. But he is not only one animal, he is several. To start with, he's a kid. Sometimes he turns out to be a good-for-nothing pup, or a skunk. Usually some woman comes along and makes a monkey out of him. Then he gets married and becomes the goat, or develops into a mule. Occasionally he tries the gambling game, and makes an ass of himself. In his old age, he develops into a wise old dog, or a sly old fox. Sometimes he enters the realm of birds and becomes cuckoo. Of all the animals, he is the only one that can be "skinned" several times.

Shakespeare wrote about the seven ages of man. You notice he did not say the seven ages of *woman*. Lovely woman has only one age—after she is twenty-five. But there are another seven ages of man, slightly different from those of Shakespeare.

The first, when he is a mere infant sleeping all day, is the crib-age; when the maid begins to take him for daily rides in the park, he is in the cab-age; when he enters school and proves a trial to his instructors, he is in the sauce-age; when he becomes a young man and delights in feminine society, he enters the garb-age; this soon leads to the altar and the marry-age; a few

years later he develops poor health; this is the pill-age. And last of all, with some of his faculties impaired, he enters his dotage.

I disagree with Alexander Pope that the proper study of mankind is man. I believe that the proper study of mankind is *woman*. So, my brothers, continue your studies, and whether you eventually receive a diploma as a Bachelor or a Benedict, your time will not be wasted. But do not let your studies, before or after graduation, interfere with your friendship for your fellow-men.

I am going to propose the quaint toast to friendship of an anonymous writer—The Four Hinges:

“Here’s to the four hinges of Friendship,
Swearing, Lying, Stealing, Drinking.
When you swear, swear by your country;
When you lie, lie for a pretty woman;
When you steal, steal away from bad company;
And when you drink, drink with me.”

Bachelors' Dinner

(Appropriate for Any Dinner of Bachelors)

You are familiar with the old saying that there is safety in numbers. It is not alone for fellowship that we bachelors should get together now and then. That is, if we are truly desirous of remaining in our present state of single taxation. We are all born bachelors; some of us may be

said to achieve bachelorhood because of our firmness of character; while others have it thrust upon them by the unresponsiveness of the fair sex.

There is another old adage to the effect that there are no marriages in heaven. Well, that's why it's heaven, you see. It is quite customary for bachelors to decry marriage and make facetious remarks regarding it. Far be it from me to adopt such an attitude. I really have the greatest respect for the marriage relation; so much so, that I have always refrained from entering it for fear I would bring disgrace on that honored institution.

It is fortunate for the human race that many men have the pioneer spirit, the courageous hearts of the adventurer, and who, like Columbus, are willing to embark on an unknown sea with nothing to guide them except faith. These men also have the missionary spirit, that self-sacrificing disposition which is anxious to take on the burdens of others.

Mother Nature is an errant cheat, sacrificing her children's comfort ruthlessly for the sake of propagating the race. We who are gathered here have so far laughed at her. We have adopted an armor which we think is impervious to the weapons of Cupid. But, brothers, we must always be alert to our danger. Eternal vigilance is the price of celibacy. We must constantly renew our armor, must see that there is no vulnerable point which, like the tendon of Achilles, can

bring about our downfall. We must learn to walk in a garden of roses, without plucking one, for thornless roses have not yet been developed.

There was a time when we could escape to man's domain and feel safe from attack, but no more. Now that these attractive allies of Mother Nature have invaded every walk in life, there is no place where we are safe.

In the old days, marriage meant home; without it there was none. Now, more frequently, there is no home with it. However, with bachelor apartments and other institutions which cater to the needs of the unattached male, the comforts of home need not be lacking in our scheme of life.

America is the land of the brave and the free—those who are *brave* enough to marry, and those whom the courts *free* from unwelcome bonds. In this day of marital failures, when every seventh marriage turns out unhappily, and the judges are busy setting aside the decrees of the church, one hesitates to take such a step. I am reminded of the man who complained to his lawyer about the fee paid for securing his divorce. "Why," he said, "your fee is several times more than I paid the minister for marrying us."

"I know," replied the lawyer, "but look at the relative benefits gained." Yes, there is always the divorce court, but, brothers, there is also alimony. As for me, I prefer to stand on the sidelines, for the present at least, and cheer for the greatest institution in the world—Marriage.

A Card Club Supper

(By a Member of the Club)

CARDS have many times been made the subject of verse and song and nonsensical prose. Fortunes are told with them, and fortunes are made and lost with them. Their origin is obscured by time, but we know that for many centuries they have exerted a fascinating influence in the lives of men. It seems to me that this is because they so closely resemble human life.

When we are born, Fate hands us a deck of cards. Sometimes it is a "cold deck," but we have no recourse and must accept what she gives. For a short time the deck lies untouched on the table, but little by little we become interested in it. At first only the bright pictures attract us and we gaze at them in great delight. But gazing does not long suffice, and we grab the bright things in both hands, tossing them about and, alas, occasionally tearing and soiling them. Later we may try to remove the stains and trim the ragged corners, but the deck will always bear the marks of this thoughtless play.

Then we learn the value of the cards and strive, more or less efficiently, to play the game. A few of us become shrewd, almost uncanny, in our ability to take a trick. More of us, perhaps, are careless dreamers, "overlooking a bet" now and then. Some study the game carefully, shrewdly anticipating their opponent's play.

Others there are who always have a "trick up their sleeves," and whose continuous winnings are looked upon askance. Some play a lone hand, while others take a partner to help or hinder them in the game.

Sometimes diamonds predominate in our hand, and great wealth is ours. More often it is hearts, and our lives are filled with romance. Sometimes Fate deals us a handful of clubs and hard knocks, and again she gives us a hand of spades with which to dig pitfalls for ourselves. And always there is in the deck the joker of Fate, which may, at the last moment, overturn our best laid plans to win the game.

At last comes the time when we no longer care to play. Once more we are content to look at the pictures and to recall the games we have won. Then, for a little time, the deck again lies unused on the table, until Fate lays it away in the archives of eternity.

But all through this wonderful game of life we are hoping that some day we will draw that rare hand—a Royal Flush—the Ace of Wealth, the King of Power, the Queen of Love, the Jack of Pleasure, and the many Spots of Friendship.

It is my hope that all of us gathered here to-night may, before our deck is laid away, hold that wonderful hand, to which I offer a toast—A Royal Flush.

The Ladies

(By One of the Opposite Sex)

I AM sure you are all familiar with that verse of Bobby Burns, the beloved Scotch poet and criterion of feminine charms—

“And Nature swears, the lovely dears,
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O.”

This of course accounts for woman's perfection. Man wasn't much of a success in the first place, and he hasn't had much of a chance since.

It has been the custom for ages to pay extravagant homage to woman; to set her on a pedestal, place a crown upon her head, a scepter in her hand, and then to bow down and worship her. But she has stepped down from the pedestal, sawed off part of the legs, and is now using it as a stool on which to climb over into man's domain, or to stand on while she makes stump speeches. The crown she has converted into a becoming hat and the scepter into an implement of business, which she is using with strenuous energy and amazing ability.

The fairy-like creature of our earlier dreams has passed away with Santa Claus and George Washington's cherry tree. And what has been the result? Are we disappointed in her, or do we still worship? Are we sorry that we have

lost the half-woman, half-angel? We are not, for we have found a real comrade, a real help-mate, and, as always, we thank God for her.

Of course this new state of affairs has some disadvantages. For instance, we cannot stay out late and expect that the old work-at-the-office or sick-friend alibi will pass as an excuse. And the rolling-pin is also *passée*. It is used no more, even in the pantry.

The other night a group of us were arranging a poker party, and friend Ed called up the little woman and told her that he would have to work at the office and would not be home until nearly midnight. Did she weep, as in the days of old? She did not. Instead, she said, "Now Ed, can I depend on that?" Ed excused himself and went home. Wise little lady. That was far more effective in accomplishing her object than any amount of old-fashioned pleading or tears.

Another friend of mine, arriving home late, facetiously said to his wife, "I'll bet you can't guess what kept me." "Well, I can," she replied, "but go ahead and tell your story, anyway."

You may have heard about little Johnny, who got his Sunday School lessons mixed and when asked where Eve came from, replied that she was made from the jawbone of an ass. Poor Adam, that's the worst slam he ever got.

My private opinion of Adam and Eve is that when they set up housekeeping in the Garden of Eden, Eve soon found that she didn't care for the location, or the scenery, or that the garage

was too small for the dinosaur. Possibly after Cain and Abel brought home their wives, she felt that the place was getting cluttered up with undesirable people. Not being able to persuade Adam to move, she deliberately set about breaking the clause in the lease regarding the forbidden tree, and hence was evicted. I, myself, think she possessed a pretty good business head, and she certainly hoodwinked old Adam, just as her descendants are doing today. .

But seriously, gentlemen, 'way down in our hearts, we know that but for woman, we would be the most helpless and uncomfortable of creatures. We all need her to sympathize with us, to soothe our pain, and to instil ambition in our souls. I can sympathize with the boy, who, when asked what would follow if women were taken away from the co-educational institutions, replied, "I will." Therefore, I take pleasure in giving as a toast, in the immortal words of Milton—

"The ladies—God's last and best work."

"A Few Words" by a Humorist

(The Funniest Speech on the Program)

I HAVE often wondered why the public, or his alleged friends, expect a so-called humorist to be amusing every time he is invited to a banquet. They forget that he is human.

"Your Papa is a very funny man," said a guest

to the little daughter of a great humorist, who was keeping the table in a roar of laughter.

"Yeth," assented the little maid, "when we have tumpany."

No one expects a lawyer to try a case, a doctor to perform an operation, or a farmer to milk a cow when he attends a public function. Yet the confidence of a humorist's friends in his ability to regale them with samples of extemporaneous humor on any occasion, at any time, is touching. If he does not come up to their expectations, he is branded as a fake, and thereafter his published efforts are looked upon with suspicion. In the olden days every king maintained a court jester. But this jester had the same difficulty that we modern humorists experience. When called upon unexpectedly, he had to be careful not to lose his head.

All good *off-hand* speeches are carefully prepared *beforehand*. The more careful the preparation, the better the speech. Celebrated extemporaneous speakers sometimes spend months in arranging clever sentences, and memorizing jokes, verses and witty sayings, until their minds becomes like hidden springs. All that is necessary is to tap the rock, and there is a flow, clear and sparkling—and sometimes endless.

Some speakers remind one of the college boy's car. It was not a remarkable car, but the owner was very proud of it. One day while driving in the country he stopped at a farmhouse for dinner, and was highly pleased when the farmer said to

him: "Guess that there automobile of yours is a hundred hoss-power."

"Oh, no," the student explained, with a patronizing smile, "it's only five horse-power. A hundred horse-power would be ever so much larger."

"I wa'n't judging by the size, but by the noise," said the farmer.

Humor is a saving grace. People who do not possess it take life and themselves too seriously. If men and women had a keener sense of humor, there would be less murders in the world, and less divorces. Probably less marriages, too. It is the ability to see the humorous side of a situation that makes life worth living, not only for ourselves, but for our associates as well.

Few people can laugh at a joke when it is directed against themselves. To do so requires imagination as well as a sense of humor.

A very serious-minded man, on being asked how many children he had, replied: "Nine—five on earth and four in 'eaven, and hit's my 'ighest 'ope and hambition to get them all there."

Both humor and imagination were possessed by the section boss, who, while walking along the railroad track, found one of his men sleeping placidly on the embankment. The boss looked disgustedly at the delinquent for a few minutes, and then remarked:

"Slape on, ye lazy loafer, slape on, for as long as ye slape ye've got a job, but when ye wake ye ain't got none."

On the other hand, some people have no sense

of humor at all. Such a one was the doctor who had been treating a patient for liver trouble. The patient died. The next day the doctor met a friend who said, "I hear that Brown has died of stomach trouble."

"Don't you believe all you hear," replied the good doctor. "When I treat a man for liver trouble, he dies of liver trouble."

Women, it is contended, are deficient in a sense of humor. This is a base slander, for women have a vivid imagination.

A woman passenger on a through train asked the conductor why he waved his arm at the engineer each time before starting. He replied, crossly, "That means, get the heck out of here."

Later he was sorry for his impoliteness and apologized.

"Oh, that's all right," replied the woman, and waved her arm at him.

One trouble with a humorist's speech is that, having no subject in particular, it has no logical conclusion, so I'd better sit down quickly before you begin waving your arms at *me*.

A Dinner in a Foreign Land

(Compatriots Dine in a Strange Country)

"I am far fra my hame
And I'm weary aftenwhiles."

THE writer of this sweet old hymn knew human nature. She, for a woman wrote the lines, knew

that there comes a time when the traveler or dweller in foreign lands tires of his surroundings; then the thought inevitably comes that he is "far fra his hame."

He may find great enjoyment in the scenery, the art, or the people of another country, but none of the seven wonders of the world can give him a thrill like unexpectedly seeing "Old Glory" floating from a masthead in some foreign port, waving from the flagstaff of his country's embassy, or even fluttering on the automobile of the ubiquitous tourist. And if, perchance, one should see it at the head of a band marching down the street—oh, joy!

I have often thought of that historic meeting between Stanley and Livingston in the heart of Africa. What must have been the feelings of the great explorer when, seated at the opening of his tent, ill almost unto death, with no white man to minister to his needs, he heard music, and looking up, saw coming through the aisles of the jungle, the Stars and Stripes. It must be that great joy does not kill, or Livingston's explorations would have ended there.

We Americans are intensely and sincerely patriotic, but we're just a little ashamed of it, so we scoff at too much demonstration, and are careless in our attention to the flag and our national anthem. But then, we are also careless of our mother and our home. Yet, only a few years ago, some four million of our young men proved that at heart we are sincere.

We are enjoying ourselves over here immensely, but it's the thought of our home waiting for us that makes this possible. If we had no home, no place to go when our travels are over, would we enjoy them so much? My friends, our country and our home are the background which brings out the picture. Without it, the picture would mean nothing.

But this home that we all love so much would not be complete without the presence of a woman—a mother, a wife, or a daughter. So I want to offer as a toast tonight a woman who combines them all, and home and country as well, a woman whom we all love, and the first sight of whom will fill us with joy—The Lady in the Harbor of New York. Liberty greeting her son!

Address to the Captain at the End of an Ocean Voyage

(By One of the Passengers)

WE are nearing the end of a most delightful voyage, and my fellow passengers wish me to express to you our appreciation of the kindness and courtesy which we have received on your splendid vessel, the delightful entertainment which has been provided for us, and the assurance of safety which has pervaded the ship under your skillful management and calm judgment.

In times past, an ocean voyage meant weeks

or months on the trackless sea; time enough for enduring friendships to be formed. Today, it seems that we scarcely become acquainted before the voyage is over. But we have an advantage which helps to compensate for the shortness of the trip. Since ocean voyages are made more frequently than in former years, many of us may have the pleasure of sailing with you again. We hope this will be so, for not only have we been proud of your acquaintance, but we have felt a pleasant security during the entire trip.

A great passenger ship, like a floating hotel, is an enormous responsibility to rest upon any man, but we feel that it could not be intrusted to one more competent than yourself. We wish, therefore, to extend to you and your officers our appreciation for all you have done to make the voyage pleasant, and to warmly congratulate you and ourselves on its safe termination.

Response

(By the Captain)

I AM glad, indeed, my dear sir, that the passengers have had a pleasant voyage. The ship's officers and myself have done what we could to give you comfort. It is our duty to guard the ship from all possible peril, and to protect the lives of our passengers, even at the sacrifice of our own.

There are probably no men outside the army so trained to discipline as the officers and crew

of a passenger vessel. We realize that every moment of the day and night the safety and comfort of our passengers rest upon us.

We are grateful for the knowledge that you have had a pleasurable trip, and wish to assure you that it has been no less enjoyable to us. On behalf of my officers and myself I thank you for your complimentary expressions. We hope to see you all again; but if we do not, our best wishes for a happy life voyage go with you.

The Health of Our Chairman

(For a Reunion)

THERE is some one here this evening who is deserving of more than a casual greeting. Every successful undertaking, whether it be the building of a railroad, or the planning of a reunion like this, must have a head, a guiding spirit, who is willing to devote his time and labor to achieving satisfactory results.

This guiding spirit is supposed to have committees, popularly believed to function automatically; but any one who has ever filled such a position knows that he must actually serve on all committees himself, and must personally see that all details are carried out. If anything goes wrong, he, and not the committee, is to blame, and through it all he must be pleasant, courteous, unobtrusively helpful, and willing to sacrifice his own time at a moment's notice.

It takes a genius, ladies and gentlemen, to do

this. But there is one among us who is an adept at it, who can make a committee work and like it, who can persuade a speaker that he is honored by an invitation to talk, who can make a chef outdo himself, and who can influence a crowd to attend.

Such a man was responsible for this very enjoyable occasion. I think we owe him an expression of thanks, and I therefore take pleasure in offering a toast to that very efficient, genial, courteous gentleman—Our Chairman.

Response

(By the Chairman) .

FRIENDS, you flatter me greatly. To my very willing and energetic committee is due the success of this entertainment.

If I have shown any marked ability in this affair, it was the ability to pick the right assistants. It has been said that the secret of Andrew Carnegie's great success was his judgment of men and his talent for bringing into the business those more capable than himself. I merely adopted the method of that canny Scot, and you see the result. If you are pleased, I am very happy, but I must insist on dividing the honors with my loyal helpers, whose arduous labors have made this occasion so enjoyable. On their behalf, as well as for myself, therefore, I thank you.



FRATERNAL SOCIETIES

“HERE’S to the hand of friendship,
Sincere, twice-tried and true,
That smiles in the hour of triumph
And laughs at its joy with you,
Yet stands in the night of sorrow
Close by when the shadows fall,
And never turns the picture
Of an old friend to the wall.”

—*Anonymous.*

On Being Elected President of a Club

(His First Meeting)

I do not know how to express adequately my appreciation of the honor you have conferred upon me in electing me President of this organization.

The By-Laws define the duties of a president something as follows: To preside at the meetings of the club, see that its business is properly conducted, and secure obedience to the laws and regulations. That seems simple enough, but in reality it is much more than that. The president is, temporarily at least, the head of the organization, and the organization is judged by him. Just as a man is judged by *his* head. A man's body may be large or small, strong or weak, but one look at his head decides us in his favor or against it.

I am beginning to realize that my work does not begin and end in the club room; that in my meeting with others I shall be known, during my period of office, as the president of this organization. I shall derive honor; therefore, it behooves me by my conduct to reflect honor on my club.

It is my duty to assist in promoting good feeling, to conserve our resources, to exercise care in bringing others into our organization, and to

promote the purposes for which we were organized.

And so I ask myself the question—Can I do these things acceptably to the members? I can truthfully answer that I will try. I will assume my duties cheerfully, and discharge them to the best of my ability.

But, my friends, I realize that alone a president can do nothing. Therefore, I trust that, as I shall endeavor to carry out *your* wishes in all matters, so may I have at all times your fullest confidence, your advice, your sympathy and support, to the end that our club may grow in strength and numbers during my term of office.

Again let me thank you for the honor and assure you of my desire to justify the confidence you have reposed in me.

Masons

(By an Officer of the Lodge)

As I look around this assembly tonight, I wonder just what our lodge means to each of us. Probably no one here is in need of any assistance, financial or social, that the lodge can give. Most of us donate but little in the way of service or money to the lodge or its members; but still there is a strong tie that binds us. The little badge we wear so inconspicuously in our coat lapel is known to the uttermost parts of the earth

and, like the lamp of Aladdin, will bring to us the genii of assistance, if needed.

What is it that has made our fraternity, perhaps the largest in the world—certainly the oldest—so well-known and respected by the world at large, and so beloved by its members? Is it this badge? No, that is only an outward symbol, and whether it be set with diamonds or of plain design with no material value, its significance is the same.

Is it because of our lodge rooms? No, for whether it be a bare hall in a remote rural district, or a magnificent city temple, the work performed and the words spoken are no different.

Is it because of our hospitals and homes? No, because much of our charity is without ostentation, or the knowledge of the world. It is none of these things, important as they are.

It is, my brothers, the spirit of fraternal love and the great principles of Masonry which give to our emblem its priceless value, and make of the humblest hall a sacred place; which bestow upon our institutions that love and service not found in public places of like character, and which bring to our side a brotherly helper, though the appeal for aid be in a foreign land.

Robert Burns, the first Poet Laureate of Freemasonry, has beautifully expressed this sentiment in a farewell poem to his lodge:

"Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the mystic tie!
Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,
Companions of my social joy;
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba'
With melting heart and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'."

And Edwin Booth, the great tragedian, once said of Masonry—

"To be a Worshipful Master and to throw my whole soul into the work, with the candidate for my audience and the lodge for my stage, would be a greater distinction than to receive the plaudits of the people in all the theaters of the world."

But it remains for an unknown poet to touch the deep, underlying motive that thrills us all:

"Father's Lodge, I well remember, wasn't large as lodges go,
There was trouble in December getting to it through the snow.
But he seldom missed a meeting; drifts or blossoms in the lane,
Still the Tyler heard his greeting, winter ice or summer rain.

"Father's Lodge thought nothing of it, 'mid their labors and their cares
Those old Masons learned to love it, that fraternity of theirs.
What's a bit of stormy weather, when a little down the road
Men are gathering together, helping bear each other's load.

.

"Father's Lodge had caught the gleaming of the great
Masonic past;
Thinking, toiling, daring, dreaming, they were builders
to the last.
Quiet men, not rich nor clever, with the tools they
found at hand
Building for the great forever, first a village, then a
land.
"Father's Lodge no temple builded, shaped of steel and
carved of stone;
Marble columns, ceilings gilded, Father's Lodge has
never known.
But a heritage of glory they have left the humble ones;
They have left their mighty story in the keeping of
their sons."

Eastern Star

(By the Officer of Another Chapter)

THEY say that an actor's idea of a vacation is to go to the theater. There is a good deal of truth in the statement, for there, more than in any other place in the world, he feels free from his duties. He takes no part, has no responsibilities, and can therefore enjoy the performance to the fullest extent.

The same thing is true of an Eastern Star officer. We thoroughly enjoy seeing the work performed by the officers of another chapter. We feel no sense of responsibility, no worry or timidity. The small, inconsequential errors in the ritual do not annoy us; we do not even have to provide the refreshments; and we do not need

to worry about the weather. In fact, we can give ourselves up to the wholehearted enjoyment of our friends, the splendid work of their chapter, and the good things they have prepared for our entertainment.

Yes, visiting another chapter is my idea of a real vacation, and we of _____ Chapter are happy to extend to you an earnest invitation to spend a little vacation with us.

Odd Fellows

(By a Loyal Member)

NOAH WEBSTER tells us that the word "odd" means singular, unusual, extraordinary, unmatched. He also assures us that a "fellow" is a companion, a comrade, a partner, an associate. 'I like that word fellow—it is packed so full of meaning; someone who is our daily associate, a companion in our hours of leisure, a partner in our joys and sorrows, and a comrade in the journey of life.

But why odd? We are not as a group, or individually, singular or unusual or extraordinary in any way; but we *are* unmatched in our high ideals and in our desire to serve our fellow men. It is men of this unmatched character whom we delight to bring into the order and make into "regular fellows."

The bond between us, however, lies not alone in our respect and esteem for each other. Our de-

sire to be of service to the world is the great underlying motive. A teacher was giving his class a lecture on charity. "Jimmy," he said, "if I saw a man beating a donkey and stopped him from doing so, what virtue would I be showing?"

"Brotherly love," replied Jimmy promptly.

I shall not dwell on the history of our organization, which is hundreds of years old; or on its size, which is more than two million. Nor shall I touch on the millions of dollars that are disbursed annually for charitable purposes. You know all this. The secret of our growth and of the good we have done lies in our united efforts. "In union there is strength," and nowhere is this truth so manifest as in our fraternal order. Individually we can accomplish little, but banded together we can achieve much in the service of humanity, and our progress will be faster and our pleasures greater, because of the thousands of "unmatched" fellows who will join us on the way.

Knights of Columbus

(By One of the Knights)

THERE is little I can say about our organization which you do not already know. You are familiar with its history, its purposes and aims, and with the relief work accomplished by it. You know that we have branches in every state in the Union, in every province of Canada, and in many other countries of the world.

We are glad to feel that in times of great misfortune, such as the San Francisco earthquake, the Mississippi floods, the Halifax tragedy, and the Italian volcanic disaster, we were immediately ready with money, provisions and service to relieve distress. We like to remember that during the World War the lives of those who were fighting for liberty were made more cheerful, their physical discomfort somewhat relieved, and their pain eased because of our loyal workers.

Speaking of the war, a K. C. friend of mine who saw service in our hospitals in France recently told me several incidents which he witnessed in the course of his duty. A certain colored soldier had been ordered to bed by the doctor. When the nurse arrived, it developed that the lad possessed no sleeping apparel.

"Haven't you got pajamas?" the nurse asked, rather sharply.

"No ma'am, I ain't got pajamas," he protested vigorously, "I's only got mumps."

Another colored patient, curious to know what was written on the card attached to the foot of his bed, crawled out to investigate. It was the regulation card, giving the patient's name and the history of his case. When the nurse came, the colored boy was shaking with fear.

"De cahd say I got diagnosis, nurse," he quavered. "Is it very bad?"

We are gratified to know that this organization has in it a great army of young men who find opportunity for service, social enjoyment, and

brotherly association within our doors. These are the things which the younger generation need and which we are able to give them in so large a measure.

Like the great adventurer from whom we take our name, we are seeking undiscovered avenues of service to humanity. We are seeking to relieve suffering, to encourage honest endeavor, to bring pleasure, and, wherever possible, to claim new territory in the name of our patron, Columbus, whose true Knights we are.

We are inspired by the memory of his courage and perservance, by the marvelous faith which triumphed in the face of danger and opposition and which has been such a splendid example to mankind—the courage and faith so graphically described in the familiar poem by Joaquin Miller:

“Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores;
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: ‘Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave adm’r’l speak; what shall I say?’
‘Why say: Sail on! sail on! and on!’

.

“Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time’s burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its greatest lesson: ‘On! Sail on!’”

Elks

(By a Prominent Clubman)

ONCE in a while people accuse the Elks of having a good time, or enjoying themselves. That's an awful indictment, and I hope that every member of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks can plead guilty to it. If not, he should be expelled from the Order. Why shouldn't he have a good time? Why shouldn't he enjoy life? Because the word "benevolent" is a part of our name, is no reason why we should go about with long faces and sanctimonious smiles.

It is just as necessary to the welfare of humanity that we distribute smiles and sunshine and good cheer as it is to distribute bodily comforts. And so, if you know a man who is cheerful, who carries with him a ray of sunshine, if he is not already an Elk, go get him and make him a member. We need him.

And this is where the Elks have an advantage over organizations who do not solicit membership. If we see a man who we believe would be a real addition to our order, a man of splendid character, we ask him to join, something which he might not have thought of voluntarily, but which he is very glad to do.

But it is not the number of members that counts, or the years of past history. It is quality rather than quantity, present activities rather

than past glories which set the B.P.O.E. apart from all other fraternal organizations, and make them the blessing to humanity which they are.

So greatly has our order impressed itself upon people that we have been given another name, a paraphrase of our official title, and when people give you a nickname, they love you. B.P.O.E., they say, means "the best people on earth," and, friends, we come very close to being just that. We cultivate the spirit of goodfellowship, we offer the helping hand, we instill civic pride, we encourage patriotism. Bound together by goodfellowship and these commendable purposes, I believe that our order is destined to be the greatest power for good in the world. So join with me, brothers, in a toast to the B.P.O.E.—The Best People On Earth.

Kindred Societies

(By a Member of the Entertaining Society)

IN a gathering of this character, there must be many who are members of other fraternities, clubs and societies having for their object purposes, aims and ideals similar to our own. We are glad to have them here as, in a measure, representatives of those organizations. We feel that a strong bond of brotherhood and good feeling exists between us, and we wish them to know that there is a warm welcome for them tonight, and always, at our board.

Therefore I think it fitting that we make our welcome manifest by proposing a toast to our friends, and I know you will all join me in the sentiment:

"To our sister societies,
Bless their endeavor;
May they prosper and flourish,
Enduring forever."

Response

(*By a Visitor*)

ON behalf of ———— Society (or Club, or Fraternity), of which I am a member, and also on behalf of other societies who are not represented here but who, I know, would wish to be, I want to extend my thanks for the gracious words to which we have just listened.

This feeling of goodfellowship on your part is greatly appreciated and heartily reciprocated by the other organizations which we have just honored. May this spirit of co-operation continue to grow.

We each have an object, a purpose for our existence, and as these purposes are all more or less altruistic, there is no reason why we should not be harmonious. Therefore, if I may be permitted, I would like to offer a toast to the objects in which we have a mutual interest.

Fraternities

(By a Member)

A FRATERNITY is supposed to engender brotherly love, but I ask you, is it a mark of particular affection to expect a man to talk, or a crowd to listen, after a dinner like this? Why spoil a perfect evening by tacking on a speech? Former experience tells me that if I try to be serious, you will laugh at me; if I attempt to be funny, you will weep.

Clarence Buddington Kelland says that the only one who loves an after-dinner speech is the fellow who is making it. That being the case, I am going to enjoy myself for a minute or two.

The great American indoor sport, it has been said, is the organization of clubs and societies, hence millions of dollars and years of time are spent in this pleasant occupation. And it is time and money well spent, because it means the broadening of our ideas, the formation of lifetime friendships, and the advancement of mutual interests.

Men are always seeking opportunities to flock together. From time immemorial men, having a common interest in business or pleasure, have formed organizations merely for the sake of getting together, and they go away from such meetings refreshed and inspired.

Americans have been accused of being money-grabbers. It is true that we like to make money—

with us it is almost a game. But it is equally true that we like to spend it, and it is not only creature comforts that we buy. We buy occasions like this—goodfellowship and friends. The thought that we may in almost every city in the land find a branch of this organization which will accord us the same hearty welcome is a splendid return on our investment.

I am going to tell you a little incident that happened to a friend of mine recently which illustrates the depth of friendships so formed. My friend had attended a fraternity meeting, but had not returned home at the usual hour. His wife, being a little worried, sent telegrams to five of his friends asking if Harry was spending the night with them. Soon after the messages were dispatched, Harry came home. A little later she received five replies, each one of which said, "Yes, Harry is staying all night with me." Now that's what I call true friendship.

Fraternity Song

(Air—"John Brown's Body")

Like the ancient heroes of the dim and distant
past,
We'll carve our names in honor and in glory that
will last,
The Psi Chi Omega Frat is making history fast—
We're Psi Chi Omega Men!

Chorus

Plato, Homer and Euripides,
Euclid, Phidias, Demosthenes,
Zeno, Xenophon and Socrates,
Were Psi Chi Omega Men.

Psi Chi Omega is a grand old name,
We'll write the letters in the Hall of Fame,
We'll make the "glory that was Greece" seem
tame—

We're Psi Chi Omega Men.

Like the old philosophers, with mighty minds
we're blest,
Our hearts are full of courage and we welcome
any test,
Just tell us what is wanted and we're here to do
the rest—

We're Psi Chi Omega Men.

Chorus

Cimon, Sophocles, Herodotus,
Thales, Aeschines, Pythagoras,
Pindar, Pericles and Aeschylus,
Were Psi Chi Omega Men.

Psi Chi Omega is a grand old name,
We'll write the letters in the Hall of Fame,
We'll make the "glory that was Greece" seem
tame—

We're Psi Chi Omega Men.

Sororities

(A "Sister" Sets Forth the Aims of the Society)

As I sat here partaking of this good dinner and watching all the interesting and interested faces, the thought came to me, "Just what does the Sorority mean to each of us?"

And I am going to tell you as nearly as I can just what it means to me. It is more than a club, for I would lose interest in any club when I left the community in which it existed, while I hope always to be a member, active or alumna, of ——— Sorority. And I have, and always will have, a personal interest in our members, although doubtless there are many whom I shall never meet personally. It is different from my church, because it is non-sectarian, so that here any girl may be my friend, regardless of her religious creed. In short, it is more like a family in which we are all sisters. To be sure, we sometimes differ, like true sisters, but, also like true sisters, we forget our differences and our individual ideas for the advancement of the Sorority.

The Sorority means that I need never be a stranger in a strange land, because in every state of the Union are fine, splendid girls, who would gladly welcome me, girls whose ideals and interests are the same as my own, who call any member of ——— Sorority sister.

This is what it means to me, and I am sure that it means the same to each of you; therefore

I know you will join me in a toast to Our Sorority—May she always be as proud of her daughters as her daughters are of her.

Presentation of an Emblem

(To a Retiring Officer of the Lodge)

To be the chief officer of a lodge is a great honor, for in electing you to this station, your associates bestowed upon you their greatest gift, and showed you the confidence and esteem in which you are held.

You have filled your office with splendid success. You have been efficient, thoughtful of others, and conscientious in the performance of your duties. You accepted your trust willingly; you have executed it faithfully; and, I am sure, are laying it down thankfully.

It is the custom on occasions such as this to present to the retiring officer a Past ———'s jewel. This emblem not only signifies that you have been honored by your associates and have risen high in our fraternity, but it also indicates that you have rendered valuable service to the order.

You richly merit this emblem, and it gives me great pleasure to present it to you on behalf of ——— Lodge, and to welcome you to the ranks of those who have been thus honored in the past.

Response

(By a Retiring Officer of the Lodge)

THERE are times when it is difficult to find words for the proper expression of one's sentiments. This is such an occasion. My chief feeling tonight is one of relief that the year's work has ended. I have enjoyed my term of office and the many pleasant occasions we have had together. Taken as a whole, the year has been a success, but I realize that this would not have been possible by my efforts alone. I have had your good will and earnest co-operation at all times, and for this I am deeply grateful.

I have endeavored to serve you well. Where I have succeeded, you have been generous in your praise; where I have failed, you have been charitable and sympathetic. Because of these things, my term of office will be long remembered as a most pleasant period of my life.

I shall cherish this emblem, not only as a symbol of our Order, but also because of its association and the pleasant memories it will carry. I am grateful to you all, and if in the future I can serve you, individually or collectively, please do not hesitate to call upon me, for I shall be happy to respond.

Presentation of a Flag

(To a Lodge or Patriotic Organization)

IN the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. The earth was without form and void, and darkness lay upon the face of the deep. And God said "Let there be light." And, lo, from the East came faintly stealing the first red and white rays of the morning sun, growing brighter and brighter, until over the universe He had created, shone the first day.

And that the world might never be in darkness, He made the stars and set them in the blue firmament of heaven, where they sparkled softly as the first night fell on the new-born world.

The red, the white, and the blue are the symbols of God's first thought when He made for us the world, and lighted it by the red and white rays of the morning sun, and the stars set in heaven's blue at night. These three colors are so enshrined in the hearts of men that they are found today in the flag of almost every nation. From that of the oldest kingdom down to the youngest republic, the tri-colors prevail, rising to heights of significance and beauty in the Star Spangled Banner of our fair land.

By some happy inspiration we have endowed these colors with beautiful significance. Like rays of light they penetrate our souls—the red

ray of love, the white ray of purity, and the blue ray of fidelity.

Mr. President (or name of presiding officer), on behalf of our members, I present to _____ (name of organization) this beautiful flag of our country. We bring it with love and reverence for every thread in its silken folds. May its presence here each night fill our hearts with love for our fellow men, with purity of thought, and with fidelity to our noble order (or our native land), the three virtues symbolized by the Red, White and Blue.

Acceptance

(By the Presiding Officer)

WE have derived inspiration from your eloquent words, and wish to assure you of our happiness in receiving this beautiful gift. Most of us pride ourselves on our patriotism and display our flag on National holidays, but how many of us really thrill when we see its glorious folds fluttering in the breeze? How many think of its true significance?

It is only when we see "Old Glory" waving in some distant land that our hearts throb with love and reverence, and the realization comes to us that however long or far our footsteps may stray from our native heath, still where floats our flag there must forever be our heart and home.

This is, indeed, a proud occasion for _____

Lodge (or Club), and in its behalf I am most happy to accept this, our nation's flag. We will preserve and reverence it, and its presence here will, I am sure, intensify in our hearts that love and respect for our native land which every true American should feel. With it before us, we will strive to exemplify the virtues symbolized by it.

Presentation of Altar Cover to Church or Lodge

(By a Member of the Congregation or Lodge)

WE do not realize how great a part the altar plays in our lives, how closely it is connected with all the milestones that mark off the span of human existence.

It is to the altar that we are brought when they bestow upon us the name which we will carry through life, the name which has been so lovingly and carefully chosen and which will henceforth be ours to raise to the heights of honor, or to drag in the dust of disgrace. It is at the altar that we receive the holy sacrament which purifies our souls and unites our lives with God. It is at the altar that our life is joined with the life of another for better or worse, for time and eternity. It is to the altar that we, in turn, bring the precious gifts of God to consecrate them to a Christian life. It is at the altar that we take those solemn vows which unite us with the church of God (or with ———— Order), wherein we pledge ourselves to observe the teach-

ings of our faith, so that our lives may reflect credit on our creed. And finally, it is to the altar that we are brought when our life here is over and the spirit has returned to its heavenly home.

What is more fitting, therefore, than that the altar of our church (or lodge) should be covered with appropriate vestments, a covering which, by its richness and beauty, will reflect the reverence that we hold for this sacred place.

It is my great pleasure to present to _____ Church (or Lodge), on behalf of our loyal members this beautiful altar cloth, into the selection (or making) of which has gone much loving thought. We know that its presence here will inspire us to a greater determination to fulfill our vows and to pattern our lives after that of our great Preceptor.

Acceptance

(By the Head of the Church or Lodge)

No more appropriate gift could have been tendered to this church (or organization), and no more beautiful words could have been spoken in presenting it. We fully appreciate that this gift, coming as it does from our members, carries with it a devotion to principle, a loyalty to truth, and a great love for the Christian religion (or the teachings of our order).

It will not only beautify our church (or meeting place), but it will be a constant reminder of

what the altar signifies in our religion, our homes and our lives. The tendency of the times is to stray away from all serious thought, to hold lightly all sacred things. In the midst of this apparently chaotic condition, it is doubly gratifying to feel that, after all, there *are* those who still revere the truth and are striving to live under the golden rule.

On behalf of _____ Church (or _____ Lodge), I extend sincere thanks for this beautiful gift, and our appreciation of the loyal spirit that prompted its giving.

Eulogy of a Deceased Member

(By a Fellow Member)

WE are gathered here today to pay tribute to the memory of one who had endeared himself to his associates, and by his accomplishments and the example of his life left a rich heritage for coming generations.

Mark Antony, in his funeral oration for Julius Caesar, said "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." That is not true, my friends, I am happy to say. If it were, the world would be chaos today, because evil is destructive. It is the good which lives forever, and the evil which is forgotten. It is true the Scriptures tell us that "the sins of the father shall be visited upon his children even unto the third and fourth generation," but they

also say that "goodness and mercy endureth forever."

No evil endures long; even the horrors of war are forgotten in a generation. But the good that men, such as the splendid man we are honoring today, accomplish in this world can never die.

The life of our fellow-citizen (and brother, if member of a lodge) was an open book; one which has been read by you all. To recount his achievements, his acts of kindness and generosity, would require hours, so I will mention only the more outstanding events of his life; you can supplement these by your personal knowledge of the man. (Here relate briefly the more important incidents of his life.)

And now let us go forth resolved that his life has not been in vain; that the high principles which actuated him shall henceforth have an uplifting influence upon us so that the good which he did may endure forever.

"Let us not mourn his going;
Let us rejoice to know
That—earthly labors finished—
He was prepared to go.

"Let us emulate his virtues,
That men of us may say:
The world is brighter, better,
Because he passed this way."



SPORTING EVENTS

"THE standard of manhood's not strength alone,
It isn't a measure of sinew and bone;
Your brain and your brawn aren't worth thirty
cents

If you don't go on through with the things you
commence.

Reward's for the plodder, the bulldog-jawed
fellow,

Who never grows blue and who never turns
yellow,

Who learns how to suffer without yelp or bel-
low

And smile all the while as he faces his trial—
Success is far more than a matter of wit;
It can't be achieved without courage and grit."

—Herbert Kaufman.

Sportsmen's Club

(For Devotees of the Rod and Gun)

THE world seems to be divided into two parts—sportsmen, and those who have no sympathy for our fraternity, who see no pleasure in the rod and gun. I notice, however, that the latter are not averse to receiving some of the results of our expeditions. They excuse themselves on the plea that they are business men and have no time for such trivial pursuits.

Others there are, who, in the name of sport, commit crimes against wild life. Such men deserve only our contempt. They have no idea of what the word "sport" means. They think it means to go into the country, tramp over a man's land regardless of signs, hook any fish that will bite, and shoot anything that offers itself as a target. It is for such men that the game laws exist.

As a result, every year sees a smaller number of game and fish, some of which are on the verge of becoming extinct. But I am glad to believe that *we* are not the cause of this condition. A true sportsman seldom need look at the laws; he obeys them instinctively.

A story is told of a hunter in Northern Michigan who, encountering a stranger on his way

home from the woods, boasted that he had just killed a hundred deer.

"Do you know who I am?" inquired the stranger.

"Can't say I do," replied the hunter.

"I'm the Game Warden of the state and I arrest you for violation of the law."

"You don't say," said the man with the gun. "Now do you know who I am?"

"Haven't any idea," said the Game Warden.

"Well," said the other, "I'm the biggest liar in the state of Michigan."

It is a curious fact that the first thing a child must be taught is not to break things. It seems to be an inherent trait of human nature to destroy—a trait which thousands of years of civilization has not been able to eliminate. One marvels that civilization has reached so high a stage, when the first impulse is to tear down, not to construct.

It is not curiosity alone which causes the small boy to dismember a clock, break windows, stone cats, kill birds, or mar buildings. Men and women, who will carefully preserve their own property, will thoughtlessly or wantonly destroy the property of another. They will deface the landscape, pollute streams, and torture animals. It is to combat this ruthless destruction of wild life and the misuse of natural resources, that such clubs as ours are formed.

There is a saying that you cannot teach an old dog new tricks, and there is a great deal of truth in the assertion. It is difficult to change tenden-

cies in a man or woman. But, happily, there is another great truth, which is expressed in the old adage, "As the twig is bent, so the tree is inclined." It is to the children, therefore, that we must look to end this lawless waste, to conserve our natural resources, to preserve our wild life, and to create a universal spirit of true sportsmanship. Let us train and educate the boys and girls along these lines, in the home, the church, and the school, in the hope that when they are men and women "they will not depart from it."

In closing I wish to offer a toast to one of the greatest benefactors of mankind, a man whose name is synonymous with true sportsmanship—Isaak Walton.

Anglers' Club

(By an Enthusiastic Fisherman)

"BUT he got away." That is the tragic sentence with which so many fishing tales end. So common is the habit of exaggeration among fishermen that the phrase "that's a fish story" has grown into a proverb to illustrate disbelief in a questionable tale. Gentlemen, such a condition casts a reflection on our noble sport and on our character as true sportsmen.

Father comes home with a beautiful string of fish, and Junior, after examining them carefully, asks, "Where did you buy them?" By the way, when Junior goes fishing with a piece of twine, a crooked stick and a can of worms, you never

question that *he* actually caught the string of beauties he brings home. In the first place, he has no money with which to buy fish, and besides, he seems to have an uncanny ability to do with his primitive rod and line what you, with your patent reel and fancy flies, cannot accomplish.

Once in a while this resort to prevarication seems to be forced upon us, for when we are expecting company for dinner to partake of the results of our fishing expedition, the good wife has an annoying way of refusing to accept an alibi. So, as there will have to be a resort to the fish market anyway, we might as well stop there on the way home, and save painful explanations and a return to the store.

But, gentlemen, I have learned one thing, and that is never to take your wife along when you go fishing. Wives have no sense of humor. James Whitcomb Riley understood this, for in his poem "The Fishing-Party," he says:

"My Pa he ist fished an' fished!
An' my Ma she said she wished
Me an' her was home; an' Pa
Said he wished so worse'n Ma.

"Pa said ef you talk, er say
Anything, er sneeze, er play,
Haint no fish, alive or dead,
Ever goin' to bite! he said.

"Purt' nigh dark in town when we
Got back home; an' Ma, says she,
Now she'll have a fish fer shore!
An' she buyed one at the store."

It seems to be human nature to ask a fisherman how many fish he has caught. I never went fishing in my life but everyone who came along persisted in asking that question. And they won't take your word for it. They want to see the evidence. A story is told of a clergyman who was one day strolling along the shore of a lake, accompanied by his two beautiful daughters. They were met by a sporty-looking individual, who inquired if he had caught anything. "Sir," replied the minister in a dignified manner, "I am a fisher of men." "Well, all I can say," said the stranger, as he glanced approvingly at the two young ladies, "is that you've got the right kind of bait."

Gentlemen, ours is a clean, satisfying sport, one which tends to keep the mind wholesome and the spirits gay. The great Danton, after the collapse of his fortunes, said, "It were better to be a poor fisherman than to meddle with the government of man." I agree with this sentiment. If I had to choose between fortune and honors and my periodical rest and relaxation with rod and line, I am not at all sure but that I would choose the latter.

So let us all drink a toast to that most discredited thing, yet the thing which puts life into any fishing trip, and hope into the heart of the angler—The fish that got away.

Athletic Club

(By a Member)

IF there is anything that can bring me to my feet after a dinner that has just gone the way all good dinners go, it is the subject of athletics—that combination of sport and physical training which puts one into such a receptive mood for a meal like this.

The art of physical development is the one form of amusement which is not only exhilarating, but beneficial to mind and body alike. No one can be a good athlete, in any branch of sport, without being in perfect physical condition, keenly alive mentally, cheerful of spirit, and of high moral character.

There is no question but that such training fits a man for any place in life. A college athlete who had taken up agriculture, was told the first evening of his employment to bring in the sheep. An hour later, red of face and panting, he reported: "I did my darndest, but three of them got away."

Somewhat mystified, the farmer went out to take a look, and found in his barn thirty exhausted jack rabbits.

True, it is not possible or desirable for every man to become a trained athlete. He hasn't the time, the opportunity, or the strength. But everyone should have some form of physical exercise as an avocation.

An octogenarian, who had been a noted athlete in his youth and who had kept up a certain amount of training, was complimented on his remarkably quick tramp from his country home to the city. "I could have beat that record," he insisted, "if it hadn't been for that durned sign at the city limits—'Slow down to 15 miles an hour.'"

Some of us possess homes in the suburbs where the lawn mower and the snow shovel provide ample exercise winter and summer. This exercise is not enjoyed by all suburbanites, however. I recently heard one of them extolling the beauties of autumn in this way:

"The bright October days have come,
The gladdest that I know;
Too late to mow the dog-gone lawn,
Too soon to shovel snow."

Participation in contests of physical strength and skill develops respect for one's antagonist, a sense of fair play, and an ability to subserve appetite and desire to the dictates of training. All these things are of tremendous effect in any walk of life, so that the man who is thoroughly trained in some branch of athletics cannot fail to be a better executive, a better worker, a better professional man, or a better husband and father.

Usually an athlete is so accustomed to winning trophies that he is not embarrassed by their acceptance. Not so, however, a young father who had been blessed with a pair of twin boys. The friends of the young couple gave them a superb

dinner, after which the proud father was called out and a beautiful loving cup bestowed upon him.

Swept off his feet for a moment, his thoughts went back to his college days, when he was a champion athlete. "This is l-lovely," he stammered, and then added, "But is it really mine, friends, or must I win it three times?"

The Winning Team

(By One of the College or Townspeople)

ONE of the finest things that ever happened in this old world was when man first learned to play a game. But the greatest thing was when "team work" was originated; then man ceased to think of himself as an individual and became one of a group. It is this idea of teamwork that makes possible any advance in civilization.

It was a foregone conclusion that the greatest of all sports must be ball games—baseball, football, golf, tennis. Shakespeare said, "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." Shakespeare was wrong. The world is a ball, and half the men and women are players—the rest are fans.

There is just one thing that is better than being on a team; that is being on the sidelines, or in the stand, lending all the moral support possible with voice and arms. The team isn't just the nine (or eleven) players, the captain and the

coach; it is also all the loyal, half-crazy fans, urging the others on to victory.

We fans are proud to have been in the game today; proud of the record you have made during the entire season; proud, above all, of the clean, fair, sportsmanlike games you have played; and proud to tell you so tonight. We hope ours will always be the winning team; but, win or lose on the field, you have won by your conduct a place in our hearts which will always be yours.

I am happy to offer a toast to the gamest, squarest, finest group of men we will ever meet—Our Team.

Response

(By the Captain of the Winning Team)

ON behalf of my team-mates, I want to tell you how much we appreciate the enthusiastic reception which we have received, and the flattering praise which you have lavished upon us. Of course we worked hard. How could we do otherwise with such loyal supporters rooting for us, and the prospect of such an entertainment as this? The pleasure of justifying your faith in our ability was our greatest incentive, and the sight of your radiant faces is our greatest reward.

May I in turn propose a toast? A toast to those who have made hard work a joy and winning a real triumph—Our Friends.

Welcome to a Visiting Baseball Team

(By One of the Home Team)

ON behalf of the home team I extend to you a most sincere welcome. I assure you we are very happy to be your hosts on this occasion. We will endeavor to give you a good time while you are here, and show you every courtesy, except voluntarily allowing you to win the forthcoming game.

Of course we may not be able to help ourselves, in which event we will be good sports and congratulate you on your good luck. But let me assure you we are not going to hand you the game on a silver platter. If you do win, you will know that you have been in a good stiff fight.

A baseball game always reminds me of a deck of cards. In the first place we have the *diamond* and the *clubs*. The sport has a firm place in the *hearts* of the fans, and when we speak of the umpire, we are quite likely to call a *spade* a *spade*. We have *score cards*, the game is full of *tricks*, and we certainly are playing for a prize. I am sure that each one of us has at some time or another made a *Jack* of himself, or played the part of *dummy*. I could mention specific instances, but out of courtesy I will refrain. When a man becomes the *Ace* of pitchers, like Alexander the Great, or the *King* of clubs, like Babe Ruth, there are usually a lot of *Queens* in the grandstand rooting for him. When we have

bases *full*, we have to watch our step, or the *deuce* is to pay. In that case the one guilty of muffing the ball sometimes *catches* it after the game is over, when the rest of the team *pitch* into him. However, if we win the *game*, we're satisfied.

We hope the forthcoming contest will be a lively one, and we shall look forward with pleasure to the return visit. Our good will goes with you, and may you win everywhere except here.

Response

(By a Member of the Visiting Team)

You overwhelm us with your cordial words of welcome. But we hope to entertain you at some future date, when we will endeavor to return your hospitality in kind. That is, unless you are victorious in the coming game. We won't promise that kind of return.

I know that each team is going to do its utmost to win, and because we all love the national sport, I am sure that whichever way the game goes, the feeling of goodfellowship that exists between us will not be disturbed. The one thing which is more important than baseball is sportsmanship in a large way. This, I hope, both teams possess.

Baseball probably brings more joy to a greater number of people than any other sport, so in playing this game we must remember that we are working not only for our clubs, our leagues,

and the spectators, but also for the thousands of American fans who will get the results from the radio or the sporting editions. Therefore, let us use every ounce of strength and skill we possess, and may the best team win.

A Baseball Dinner

(By One of the Club)

WE have the reputation of being mercenary, we professional baseball players. They say we demand exorbitant salaries. I do not doubt that if we were asked why we are playing baseball today, nine-tenths of us would say that it is because of the little old pay check.

But that isn't strictly true, fellow-players. We do demand large salaries, but it is because our possession by a certain team means large returns to that management. Also our life on the diamond is short, and we are not fitted for any other line of work. But over and above the salary, behind every other incentive to good work, are the baseball fans.

Just suppose for a moment that the stands were empty, that no shout of enthusiasm rewarded each exceptionally good play, that no jeer of derision put new determination into faint hearts and new vigor into failing arms and legs. I, for one, wouldn't care to play ball under those conditions.

It isn't alone our ability, or strength or dex-

terity; nor is it our salary which wins the game. It is the confidence which our public has in us. Sometimes it is impossible to win because of the superior strength of the opposing team, or it may be just plain bad luck. Even then it is our public which keeps up our courage and inspires us to greater efforts. And the youngsters—those boys and girls to whom baseball players are heroes! They do more toward keeping baseball a fine, clean, sporting proposition than any other element. It is almost wicked to keep a boy away from a game. One of these enthusiasts burst into his employer's private office and exclaimed: "Say, I want'er go to the ball game this afternoon."

"All right, my son," said the boss, "but if you will take my place at the desk here, I'll show you how to ask properly."

The lad sat down in the big chair and the boss left the room. In a minute, he knocked and entered. "Sir," he said, "the baseball season opens today, and if we're not too busy in the office, I would like to attend."

"Sure t'ing," cried the acting chief, "and here's a half dollar for your tickut."

We know we are good, but there is always room to be better. When we lose, we should try to accept defeat calmly, but with a mental reservation not to let it happen again. Of course, there is always the umpire—that thorn in our garden of roses. We are quite in sympathy with the man who told his small son that when a ball

player's eyesight failed, they made an umpire out of him. We do sometimes feel that an umpire could not take a test as an engineer on account of his failing eyesight, but on the whole, he decides for us as often as against us, so we have no great complaint to make.

I am going to propose a toast. It is not to the umpire, or the players, or the team, or the league. It is to those who are our consolation in defeat, our joy in times of victory, and our inspiration at all times—The Fans, God bless them.

Presentation of a Golf Trophy

(By a Member of the Trophy Committee)

THE good old Scotch game has had to stand for a lot of abuse in this country. Every evil from divorce to daylight-saving has been attributed to it, yet its devotees are increasing steadily and the public links are crowded early and late. And rightly, for no sport offers such wholesome exercise as this.

One regrets the amount of true sport which Americans have missed because of the comparative newness of golf. In Scotland the game has been played for five hundred years. As a matter of fact, golf was so popular there in 1457, thirty-five years before the discovery of America, that the Scotch parliament discouraged it, because the absorbing interest of the people in the game diverted attention from the more warlike sport of

archery, and diminished their power to preserve national independence.

Golf is not so spectacular as horse-racing, or so noisy as baseball, or so dangerous to life and limb as football or polo, but it is a real sport, dependent on skill and temperament. It is not necessary that one be an expert in order to enjoy the game. Indeed, most of its devotees are far from experts. Some of us, when we say that we made it in ninety, have reference to the first half. Nevertheless, we derive a great deal of pleasure in playing with those whose game is equal to our own.

And it is really not a difficult game. As the farmer said, after he had learned to play, "Oh, it ain't so bad. It's a bit harder than hoein' turnips and a bit easier than diggin' potatoes."

The tournament we have just witnessed was of a different character, as are also the players. They all possess in a large degree the qualities which mark the true golfer. The games were well played, and to have been the victor proves that you possess extraordinary skill. Therefore, it affords me much pleasure to bestow upon you this trophy as a testimonial of the splendid score you have made in this tournament. The fairness, calmness, and skill which you exhibited all entitle you to the prize.

We are proud to tender it to you, for we know that while golf has such true devotees as yourself, it will continue to rank as one of the noblest of sports.

With the trophy go the hearty congratulations of the committee and the good wishes of your friends. May it reward you for your efforts, remind you of a pleasant event, and encourage you to strive for future triumphs. It is no disgrace to have met defeat at your hands, because to have reached a point where the contest was possible presages the skill of all parties.

Response

(By the Winner of the Golf Tournament)

You embarrass me with your complimentary words. While I do not accept any handicap in my game, I must confess that I am sadly handicapped when it comes to telling you how much I appreciate your kindly interest.

This pleasant relationship and the knowledge that one's friends are expecting the best of a fellow, and will be grieved if he disappoints them, inspires a player to give the best that is in him. It also adds immeasurably to the enjoyment of an occasion such as this.

When I first took up golf I despaired of ever becoming proficient in the game. The trouble was that I stood too close to the ball—*after* I had played.

I appreciate your words of praise and congratulation, and thank you sincerely for this tangible evidence that I have been the winner in today's tournament. I shall prize the trophy

highly, and shall earnestly endeavor to keep it well supplied with company.

Presentation of Trophy to the Winner of a Swimming Contest

(At a Dinner Following the Event)

I IMAGINE that one of the first things man learned to do was to swim. Doubtless one of our prehistoric ancestors fell in the river one day while hunting, and in order to keep his head above water swam instinctively, paddling with feet and hands like a young animal. Then he probably capitalized his new talent by teaching it to other members of the tribe.

As now taught, swimming is an accomplishment with which every one should be familiar. I do not mean by this that we should all try to swim to the Cataline Island, across the English Channel, or around the Island of Manhattan. Neither do I have in mind the sand-swimmers, who spend their time on the beach in a bathing-suit that would be ruined if it rained. What I do mean is real, honest-to-goodness swimming, whether the swimmer be a schoolboy sporting in the mill-pond, or a brawny life-guard, breasting the waves of the ocean—the kind of swimming that makes the eyes sparkle and the skin tingle; that exercises every muscle of the body and sends every ounce of blood pouring through the veins.

Salt water swimming is, of course, the most

enjoyable, because of the buoyancy of the water and its medicinal qualities. A Scotchman had been advised by his physician to go to the seashore for salt-bathing, and the first night in Atlantic City he went out to get a bucket of salt water for his bath. A confidence man stepped up and said, "Fifty cents, please."

"Do you own the ocean?" asked Sandy.

"I have a concession for all the salt water on the beach," replied the stranger.

Sandy paid. The next morning he stole out at daybreak to escape the assessment. The tide was out. "Hoot, mon," he cried, "Business must be gude!"

Those of us who do not swim nevertheless derive much pleasure from seeing others demonstrate their ability. The contest we have witnessed today has been a beautiful trial of endurance and skill, every participant giving to the race his best efforts. We only wish there were trophies for all, for we feel that each one is deserving of the honor. However, the committee is privileged to present only one. This was richly deserved, and in presenting it to you, we wish to extend our congratulations on your fine physique, your splendid endurance, and your grace and ease of stroke, all of which combined to make you the winner of this contest.

Response

(By the Winner of the Swimming Prize)

WHEN I finished the contest I didn't think I would have breath enough left to accept this beautiful trophy, if it were offered to me, and your flattering words make still further demands upon it. However, I have sufficient to express my appreciation and to assure you and the committee that I shall treasure this gift as one of my most valued possessions. If in the future it is possible for me to add any laurels to the noble art of swimming, I shall certainly make a most earnest endeavor to do so.

Presentation of Trophy to the Winner of a Sailing Race

(A Lover of Good Sailing Awards the Prize)

UPON me has devolved the pleasant task of presenting the trophy to the winner of one of the prettiest sailing matches I have ever witnessed.

After all, there is nothing like sailing. In any other sport one matches muscle against muscle, endurance against endurance, skill against skill, but in sailing, the elements of nature must be taken into consideration. Not only do the workmanship and the handling of the vessel enter into the contest, but man's judgment must be matched against the winds and waves.

The centuries have brought many changes since the Phoenicians sailed their barks upon the Mediterranean. Invention has given us steam and electricity which carry us over the land and water, under the sea and through the air at unbelievable speed. All this is well enough for commercial purposes, but when we wish to indulge in the rarest of sport, we hark back to the sailing vessel. There is nothing more exhilarating than a beautiful sailboat, skillfully handled.

The race today was a splendid exhibition of skill and courage. At times it seemed that the knowing little craft possessed some uncanny power; that of her own volition she crept up on her adversary, until before he was aware she had reached the goal. In receiving this trophy, please accept the congratulations of your friends, the admirers of your boat, and true lovers of the sport everywhere.

Response

(By the Winner of the Sailing Race)

IN receiving this handsome trophy which my little craft has won for me, I want to express my appreciation of your words of congratulation and praise for my boat.

To my mind, sailing is the greatest of all sports, because it is the only one in which man must contend against two of the elements—air and

water. This makes it the most sporting of all contests, and gives zest to participation.

It was the good fortune of the ————— to win the coveted prize today, and I am naturally proud of her achievements. A real yachtsman could not feel otherwise. When next she enters a race her luck may be reversed. Then I trust that I shall be able to emulate that splendid example of true sportsmanship, Sir Thomas Lipton, during his forty years of strife to win the "auld mug," as he so lovingly called the International Cup.

The winning of a race is not a victory for one vessel alone, but for the entire yachting fraternity. Every new achievement advances the standards of the sport. I shall value this trophy highly, because it will always recall, not only today's victory, but your hearty good fellowship, and a most pleasant occasion.

Presentation of Trophy to the Winner of a Rowing Match

(By One of the Judges)

THOSE of us who witnessed the boat race today saw a splendid example of teamwork, of efficient direction, and instant, vigorous execution.

A boat crew is one of the best illustrations of co-operation. From the instant the starting signal sounds until the oars are shipped, the crew must act like perfectly co-ordinated parts of a

whole body. One man cannot win a boat race—although he might easily lose it for his crew—any more than one cog in a wheel can mark the time of day, although its damage can quickly stop the clock.

In no other sport is this true. In all games there is an opportunity for the spectacular play of an individual. But in rowing, it isn't so much the "long pull," or the "strong pull" that counts. It's the "pull altogether" that wins the race.

There are two ways to pronounce the word r-o-w. *Rōw* may win the race; *rôw* never won anything. On the other hand, it has lost many a race for the disheartened crew.

The result of today's trial of skill means a long period of intensive training, many sacrifices, and much rigid discipline, but above all it means a keen desire to win. To subserve oneself for the object to be achieved. You all remember the song which was so popular during the war, "The Last Long Mile." It wasn't so much the discomforts, the trials, "the pack upon their shoulders"; it was the last long mile that broke their hearts. It is not the auspicious start that wins the race. It is the last gruelling moment, when it seems that muscles and lungs must break under another stroke, when every ounce of strength has been used. It is then that the true sportsman finds the courage to use just one ounce more—the bit that wins the race.

A peculiar thing about a boat race is that it is rowed backwards. The crew can never see the

goal. Possibly this is just as well, for while they cannot be encouraged, neither can they be discouraged. They are purely and simply a fighting machine. "Theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do and die."

On behalf of the committee, it gives me great pleasure to present to the winning crew this well-deserved prize. Please accept it with the congratulations and good wishes of your many admirers. We are proud of you, not alone because you were first to round the goal, but also because of your conduct and the evidence of your true sportsmanship. May the sportsmanlike principles which have carried you so successfully through this well-fought race, attend each of you through life.

Response

(By the Captain of the Crew)

My comrades and myself are, very appropriately, in the same boat. We hardly know how to express our thanks for your very generous, and I fear somewhat flattering, words of praise. The winning of this prize was not an easy task, I assure you, for the determination and skill of our opponents forced us to the exertion of every effort, mental and physical.

As one of the objects of these friendly contests is to stimulate interest in rowing, we know that our opponents, true sportsmen that they are, consider our victory today but an incentive to

greater efforts. If in some future contest their craft should sweep to victory, I trust that we shall prove ourselves equally magnanimous.

This splendid trophy and your evident faith in our ability will inspire us to greater exertions in our efforts to make American small craft the fastest in the world.

Yacht Club

(By an Officer)

EVER since our prehistoric ancestor in the primeval jungle hollowed out a log and, with a pole to guide him, went floating down a stream, men have made the water a servant to carry them and their goods from place to place.

It is a long cry from that primitive water vehicle to the floating palaces and huge freighters of today, but man's love for boats has existed through all the ages. And here is a curious thing: in practically all cases, whether the boat be large or small, a vessel of war or a birch canoe, it is owned and operated by men. Women have entered almost every profession and sport; they swim and fly and ride, but men still sail the boats. That is doubtless why so many boats, especially small craft, bear the names of women. And men love a boat as they love no other inanimate thing—another reason why they have invested it with feminine characteristics, and always refer to it as "she."

One almost envies the life of those fierce old sea-rovers, the Vikings, the first white people to touch the shores of the American continent. What a life they must have led before the mast, sailing, exploring; wherever the wind called, their wild hearts followed. If I could live for a brief period in any of the days that are past, I think I should choose the time of the Vikings, when, "with a wet sail and a flowing sea," I would explore the uttermost parts of the earth.

Alas, I must confine my dreams to sailing a small yacht along the shores and on the lakes of the continent they touched upon so many centuries ago. But I must not grow poetic.

I see several others here who, I am sure, are in the same boat with myself, and will be called upon to say a word in behalf of their favorite sport. I will therefore leave the deck to them, for I am sure they will be able to launch out on this subject far better than I. But ere I drop anchor, I want to offer a toast to Yachting, the Queen of Sports.

Horse Racing

(By a Sportsman)

SINCE the beginning of time nothing has so moved people as a race, a competition, the more physical it is the more exciting. It is very appropriate that the human family is called a *race* of people. Away back at the beginning of things,

there must have been a start between the different colors of men—brown, yellow, black, and white. That's when the first race began. As far as it has gone, the white people seem to be in the lead. Heaven only knows how it will end.

The result of this is that man, himself, is the greatest racer of all animals. He races to catch his train, to finish his work, to eat his meals, to get from one place to another. His biggest race is between his income and his outgo. Usually the latter wins, especially if he is addicted to horse-racing, or owns the kind of horse possessed by Mose, a certain gentleman of color. Mose had backed his horse Dynamite to win. After the race was over, some one who was not present inquired how Dynamite had come out.

Mose said: "Why, when dat air hoss finally came 'long, Ah jess leaned ober de fence an' tole him, 'Dey went dat way.'"

There have been many kinds of races in the name of sport. Dogs, birds, men, horses, boats, automobiles; every conceivable thing that will move, even turtles, are pressed into service. But because of the sheer beauty of the horse, his keen intelligence, his endurance, his willingness, his marvelous speed, and his obedience to the will of man, horse-racing stands at the head of all sports.

A story is told of a pastor in Louisville, Kentucky. He was new in the parish, and on the first Sunday of his ministry was requested to offer prayers for a certain Lucy Grey. He gladly complied and the request was repeated on three or

four Sundays. Finally he was told that he might discontinue the plea.

"Has Lucy Grey died?" he asked sympathetically of a parishioner.

"Oh, no," replied the man, with a cheerful grin, "she won the race."

It is true that there have been, are, and doubtless always will be, men in our profession who have no honor, who will sell a race and betray the horse and its owner. But this is true of every other profession and business in the world. There are always men who will take an unfair advantage.

Such a man, having groomed and doctored up an aged horse until it looked like a four year old, was trying to dispose of it to a prospective purchaser. He put the horse through its paces, smoothed its shining side, and exclaimed to the prospect, "Don't you admire his coat?"

"The coat's all right," said the customer, "but I can't say I admire the pants."

It is interesting to realize the difference in affection between a man, his dog and his horse. The dog may be man's confidant, his best friend, but it is for his horse that he reserves a special admiration.

And so, Gentlemen, I propose a toast. To all the famous horses of fiction and history—from Black Beauty to Gallant Fox!

SERIOUS SPEECHES

THESE speeches have been added to meet the request for longer and more serious addresses. Jokes and stories have been omitted in each instance, since the character of the material is such that the speaker can readily intersperse experiences and anecdotes of his own, thus adding interest to his talk and bringing it to any length desired.

The Effect of Public Opinion on Individual Character

(Address to a Group of Young People)

THE boy or girl, or the man or woman, who is unmindful of public opinion, that is, who does not care what his acquaintances think or say about him, is rare. After some years of careful observation, I have come to the conclusion that there are three kinds of people: those who *respect* public opinion, those who *fear* it, and those who *resent* it. But there are none who ignore it. Whether a man knows it or not, or acknowledges it or not, public opinion does have an effect on his actions, and therefore on his character.

Those who *resent* public opinion, or in sheer bravado provoke it adversely, eventually become social outcasts. Their attitude antagonizes their associates, and, thus forced to lead solitary lives, they grow to hate contact with their fellow men. And this is true, regardless of their station in life. If they belong to the so-called upper class, their resentment of public opinion shocks the community and earns the distrust of their friends. This in turn reacts upon themselves, and they grow suspicious, misanthropic, and cynical.

If they belong to the lower class, they become domineering and insolent. Hating, as they do, all

forms of restraint, it is easy for them to degenerate into criminals, preying on the lives and fortunes of others. Coming from any walk of life, such people readily develop into promoters. Their schemes depend upon their ability and education, and range from confidence games to the sale of questionable securities and the manipulation of corporate funds. We all remember the noted millionaire who originated the oft-repeated phrase: "The public be d - - d." This was resentment of public opinion raised to the nth degree.

Beginning with the "don't care" attitude of the small child, this deliberate flaunting of public opinion may lead, unless curbed, through the milder forms of dissipation and law violation, to a life of crime, with prison doors yawning at the end of the road.

Those who *fear* public opinion find their developmen arrested, whether for good or evil. They are over-sensitive, self-conscious, afraid to make an effort for fear that they will fail or be criticized. At the same time, they hesitate to do wrong, possibly not because of any qualms of conscience, but for fear they will be found out and punished.

The person who fears is weak, afraid to say no, and therefore easily led into wrong-doing. Such an attitude of mind induces men and women to live beyond their means for fear of what their neighbors and friends will say if they do not drive an expensive car, wear fine clothing, and give elaborate parties, all of which they cannot afford. This effort to "keep up with the Joneses" involves them in debt,

trouble, and the possible loss of friends and their own self-respect.

While it is true that this fear of public opinion prevents such persons from becoming great criminals, it is also true that it prevents them from becoming great in any business or profession. There can be no fear in the heart of the judge who renders a just decision in the face of his own personal danger. There can be no fear in the mind of the public servant who dares to stand for the right, even though he knows his position to be unpopular with a certain element. Those who fear have no initiative, no incentive to accomplishment. They lead mediocre lives, envious of their friends, unhappy in their environment, never accomplishing anything for the good of themselves, their families, or their community.

Those who *respect* public opinion are never handicapped in their efforts. They constantly endeavor to improve their condition and to merit the trust and friendship of their associates. They are brave enough to stand by their convictions, when they know those convictions are right, and to act on the square under all circumstances. From this class come our truly great men. From this class, also, come that great body of happy, satisfied, respected citizens. Many of them may never acquire riches, or fame, or power, but they do acquire the esteem of their fellow men, and this means that their lives are established upon a firm foundation.

It is quite natural for the average person to be influenced by public opinion. He likes to be looked

up to and regarded as a leader in his community. He also dislikes to be criticized. It is this natural tendency which induces the small child to perform stunts for his admiring circle of friends; that makes the older boy and girl particular in their dress, careful of their manners, and good in their school work. It isn't so much that the new dress, the new car, or the fine school record brings joy of itself to the possessor. It is because of what their associates think of the new possession or achievement. Public opinion is the greatest of all incentives for improvement in the individual, the home, the community, and the nation.

John Cowper Powys, in his *Philosophy of Solitude*, says: "What we steadily, consciously, habitually think we are, that we tend to become." It is in this way that we design our lives. Our attitude of mind is reflected in our actions, and our thoughts and actions together constitute our character. If we allow ourselves to resent and combat public opinion, we may easily become wilful breakers of the law—civil, moral, and possibly criminal. If we fear that opinion, we may become cowards, or at the best, inefficient and commonplace. But if we respect the good opinion of our associates and constantly seek to merit that respect, we will become leaders in our community and a factor in the welfare of the nation.

Wherever we may look, we will find it true that those who all their lives have respected public opinion are the most happy and contented. And usually they are also successful in a material way, because they take pride in paying their debts, both

financial and social, and incur no obligations which they cannot meet. Their names may never appear among the list of millionaires, or in "Who's Who," but neither will their pictures adorn the walls of public buildings under the heading: "Reward for Capture."

Modern Pioneers

(A Talk to High School Students)

EVERY youth is sometimes a bit impatient with the long, slow process of education. And very naturally. If he is a normal, healthy, ambitious lad, he doesn't want to waste time in a school room, learning uninteresting facts and working unnecessary problems. He wants to get out and do things. Go places. 'See the world.

You cannot blame him. Life is not very long at the best, and there are so many wonderful things to do and so many delightful ways of doing them, that it does seem a waste of time to spend from fourteen to twenty-five years in school, especially that last eight or ten.

We frequently hear expressed the statement that pioneering days are over; that all the land and water has been discovered; all the wilderness explored; all the great machines invented. That is not true. Certain things have been accomplished, but many more remain to be done. Some one once quoted Henry Ford as saying that there would be more inventions in the next fifty years than there had been in all previous time. Mr. Ford said that he was mis-

quoted; that what he really said was, in the next twenty-five years.

Nearly five hundred years ago Christopher Columbus crossed the unknown ocean and for the first time the feet of white men touched the shores of a new world. That particular adventure can never take place again; but from that point—across oceans, over mountains, under the sea, through the air—glorious adventures are still going on, all made possible by the memorable voyage of that first pioneer.

In the middle of the nineteenth century scientists, among them Dr. Robert Koch and Dr. Louis Pasteur, demonstrated to the world the existence of germs and microbes. That particular theory can never again be advanced for the first time; but other scientists are every day locating and isolating some new germ and finding the antitoxin which will kill it. The work of investigation and discovery is still going on, every step the adventure of another pioneer.

In 1903, down in Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, Orville and Wilbur Wright successfully flew for the first time a heavier-than-air machine. That particular event can never happen again. But that was only a small beginning. From that point the pioneers of the air have flown to the ends of the earth and around it, and have opened endless possibilities for the future.

And so it is in every line of endeavor—adventure, research, invention; each one a starting point for further adventure, research and invention, in every conceivable science and art.

The subjects presented for study at school, from the grades through high school and college, are merely an abstract of the accumulation of knowledge which men, pioneering in their particular fields, have acquired over the centuries. The learning of these fundamentals is a saving in time, a short-cut to the end we wish to attain. If every adventure had to start from Palos in a small galleon like the Pinta, if every aviator had to take off from Kitty Hawk in a cumbersome biplane, if every physician were compelled to use his patients in testing his theories, we would still be living in the dark ages.

Only because the first pioneering settlers came to American shores was it possible for those later pioneers to cross the plains and mountains of a continent. Only because of that little gliding plane in North Carolina was it possible for men like Byrd and Lindbergh to blaze a later trail for others to follow. Only because of the discovery of germs, are there institutions like the Rockefeller Foundation, pioneering in every corner of the globe, stamping out disease.

Our educational system is the result of all this work. It is like the foundation of a building which we find ready laid for our use. We have only to accept it; to take advantage of the work of others over the centuries which have preceded us, building as high as we wish, and giving our structure whatever form we desire it to take. We need not work out the theories from the beginning. We need not prove the mathematical theorems. We need not try anew all the experiments of the past. We have only

to accept them as true and make them ours. Accepting them, we may go on from that point, making new experiments, testing new theorems, exploring new fields, laying new foundations, upon which future generations can build.

Truly, we are still pioneers in a world yet filled with adventure and romance. As long as man has ambitions and dreams, so long there will be pioneers in every field of endeavor. When such dreaming stops, civilization will cease to be. If we wish to be one of these pioneers, the shortest way to attain that end is to accept the work already done by those who have preceded us. The better the foundation we lay now, the better will be the structure which we can build upon it.

Community Leaders

(The Need for Them is Pointed Out)

THERE is an old saying that "everybody's business is nobody's business." How many times this is true. How often we accept as a matter of course things of which we strongly disapprove because we have not developed the initiative, the foresight, or the leadership which is necessary to change them, or simply because we feel that it just isn't our business.

I have in mind a small city in our state where, until recently, there existed no civic pride whatever. For years a dilapidated old building had stood on the corner across from the park. It was rented only about half the time, and the rent was not sufficient

to keep it in repair. People used to apologize for it and say it was a disgrace to the community.

The churches and schoolhouses in this town were small and every time there was a sociable or a party, the boys and girls would exclaim, "What this town needs is a community hall." There was quite a number of young people and they gradually formed the habit of going to a neighboring city for their pleasures.

And along in October, when the weather began to get cold, some one was sure to remark, "Isn't it a shame that the Jones children haven't anything decent to wear?"

Everybody earnestly assented to all these things, but nobody thought for a moment that he could do anything about it. As far as they, personally, were concerned, that old building could stand forever, the community continue to hold its social affairs in a schoolhouse or a church, and the Jones children continue to advertise their need of better clothing and more food.

This condition went on for several years. Then all of a sudden a new man appeared in town. Mr. Brown was a leader of men. He organized the Civic Club, and the Civic Club, being organized, looked around for something to do. Mr. Brown pointed out the tumble-down building near the park that had so long offended the eyes of the citizens.

"Can't do anything about that," said some one. "That belongs to old man Black. He won't ever fix it up."

"Maybe he'll sell," said Mr. Brown. "It's a fine location for a community center."

The result was that instead of the old unsightly building, there now delights the eye a beautiful structure, housing a gymnasium, swimming pool, library, and amusement hall, around which the community life of the town revolves. Plays, basketball games, dances and social affairs are held there. The young people no longer drift to other communities for their amusements.

Old man Black, as his fellow townsmen so disrespectfully called him, now has his money in interest-bearing bonds. Having an assured income, he dresses better and takes an active interest in the town. In the erection of the building local carpenters, mechanics and laborers were given employment, and the stores reaped the benefit of their increased income. Incidentally, the father of the Jones children, who had nearly lost heart because he had been without a job for so long a time, is janitor of the new building; his children are better clothed and fed, and are also enjoying the advantages which the new community club offers.

The necessity for clubs and leadership of this character should be recognized. There should be clubs in high schools, possibly not so much for the actual good they can do as for the development of civic-mindedness and co-operation among the students, and the training of those students to become leaders in later life.

There should be clubs and leadership in the churches for the purpose of interesting the com-

munity in the church needs, providing a social life apart from the religious service, yet connected with it in such a way as to influence church relationship. Too often a stranger in town, not meeting any of the right kind of people, drifts into questionable companionship. Church clubs would make him welcome to their activities and social affairs. Such a club would also be on the lookout for sickness, poverty and crime in the city it serves and try to alleviate such conditions, and to bring offenders to justice.

There is a place for clubs and leadership in the life of every community, for men and women who are not content to see their city or village lacking in any of those things which the modern city or village should have. We all want our particular community to be beautiful and progressive, free from political intrigues, crime, poverty and sordidness. With the right kind of leadership, it is possible to make any city or village a place which the citizens will be proud to call home, and the influence of which will follow their boys and girls through life.

The Rotary Club

(A Young Member Speaks)

"AM I my brother's keeper?" The question comes echoing down to us from the dawn of the world.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" Cain asked as his brother lay dead before him, and the words have been repeated through the ages by countless men and women who have profited by the misfortunes of

their fellow men, and in many cases have created those misfortunes.

During the last two decades we have been losing our religious faith. We have been surrounded by men with ruthless minds and hearts devoid of brotherly love, to whom the word "religion" was but a peg on which to hang a joke—profiteers, kidnappers, robbers, murderers, men and women in every walk of life who, in varying degrees, were careless of the rights of others. We have been living in an age of selfishness and greed, of industrial and political corruption, engendered by the false conditions which have prevailed. As a result, many of us have lost a large measure of our faith—faith in the God of our fathers, faith in our government, and faith in our fellow men.

Some one has aptly said that the Rotary Club has taken religion from the stone walls of the Cathedral and carried it around the town. The Church calls the people to worship, and if they fail to respond she is helpless. But the Rotary Club carries the message to the people. It has demonstrated the effect of applied religion. It has taken the teachings of Christ, and through the political machinery of state or city or nation, and the power of organized business association, has achieved results for the betterment of mankind which could be achieved in no other way. It is the link which connects the teachings of Christianity with the practical methods of twentieth century business. The dedication of the Rotary Club to the common good, without regard to personal aggrandizement, is true religion.

And the Rotary Club concerns itself with business—yours and mine and the other fellow's. In these strenuous times we are in need of an organization which, while radiating optimism and good cheer, civic pride and good comradeship, at the same time puts the principles of Christianity into practical effect; which builds not for pleasure or temporary pride alone, but also for the health and morals, the welfare and prosperity of the future. The return of happier times cannot begin with the world, or with a nation, or even with a state. It must begin in the small communities, and no one element can have a greater influence on this returning prosperity than the Rotary Club.

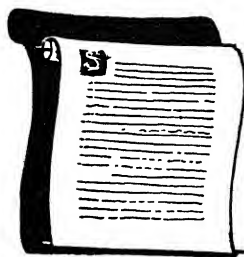
We are passing through a new renaissance, after a peaceful but none the less forceful revolution. We of the younger generation realize that the world of tomorrow which we are entering will be different from the world of today—and vastly different from the world of yesterday; that our ambitions and ideals are not the same as the ambitions and ideals of our fathers; that our preparation to meet tomorrow's problems must be different from the preparation our fathers had.

And in these changing times, in the chaos created by the crashing of ideals and established customs, we shall need help. In this crisis, it is to men like you who compose the Rotary Club that we naturally turn for advice and help in solving the problems which will arise. We realize that it is suicidal to lose our grip on the real things of life; that we must learn to distinguish the good and true from the false and

glittering; to retain our grasp on correct religious, educational and business standards, and ethical ideals.

The Rotary Club has proved itself its brother's keeper through many years. But if there was ever a time when that brotherly love was needed, it is now. And I wish to say to you older men especially, that you are today the keeper of your younger brother who is just coming into his inheritance. We are looking to you for help in adjusting our lives to meet the new demands and for help in preserving our faith in our fellow men. There never was a more critical time in the history of the world. We young men realize this, and we realize how much depends upon us in carrying on the changes which have been undertaken, for we know that it will be years before the world is back on a stable basis, and that a large part of the readjustment work will necessarily rest upon our shoulders.

We would, therefore, like to feel that we have in the members of the Rotary Club friends who have had experience, who are progressive and broad-minded, and whose connection with this organization gives them a standing in the community. We are coming to you, not only for advice and assistance in the problems we shall meet, but because of your sympathetic hearts, your humanitarianism, your high ideals, and the fact that you have constituted yourselves, in the most splendid sense, your brother's keeper.



RESOLUTIONS

"LIVE for something. Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with, year by year; and you will never be forgotten. Your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of the evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven."

—Chalmers.

Resolution of Remonstrance

(By Public Spirited Citizens)

At a meeting of certain citizens of Fort Dearborn, Illinois, called together in the interests of the community on April 20, 19—, the following Resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, It has come to the attention of the undersigned residents of Fort Dearborn that an effort is being made to induce the City Council to withdraw the financial support which the City has heretofore given annually to the South Side Bathing Beach, located at the foot of Twenty-second Street; to close said beach to the public, and possibly to dispose of the property to the Hartford Blanket Factory for manufacturing purposes; and

Whereas, We believe that the health and happiness of a large portion of our citizens, especially the children, is dependent upon the free use of this bathing beach, which is centrally located, and which, investigation shows, the City is amply able to support; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we respectfully petition the City Council of Fort Dearborn to postpone any action looking to the discontinuance of the South Side Bathing Beach and its disposal to private interests, until further investigation can be had and

the matter laid before our citizens in the form of a referendum ; and

Resolved, That we respectfully offer our services in this matter, to the end that justice may be done, our children's health protected, and their happiness insured ; and

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions, together with a report of the proceedings of this meeting, signed by the presiding officers, be transmitted to the City Council, with the request that the matter be given careful consideration.

Congratulatory Letter

(To a Club Member Who Has Received Honors)

MY Dear Mr. Brown (or Dear Brother Brown) :

At a meeting of the College Club last night, the chief topic of conversation was the good fortune which has recently come to you. It was the unanimous opinion of those present that you most richly deserve the honor, that it is a just reward for your exceptional ability, your fine personality, and your unceasing efforts to accomplish results.

It was because of this universal feeling on the part of your associates, that I, as secretary of the Club, was instructed to express to you our joy in your achievements, our hearty congratulations, and our sincere good wishes for your future success and happiness.

We feel that the honor bestowed upon you

will reflect credit on our organization and on the community in which you live.

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

Secretary.

Letter of Resignation

(From a Retiring Official)

To the Officers and Board of Directors of the
Blank Manufacturing Company—
Gentlemen:

With mingled feelings of rejoicing and regret, I must advise you that there has been offered to me a very desirable position, the acceptance of which will necessitate my resignation as President of the Blank Manufacturing Company.

Because this company is so well established on sound business and economic bases, and because its officials possess such exceptional ability, I feel that my withdrawal at this time will work no hardship whatever. On the contrary, it will leave such executives with a freer hand for carrying out whatever policies may be for the future good of the business. I therefore feel less hesitancy in tendering my resignation.

Much as I regret leaving this organization and my associates here, I feel that I owe it to my family, myself, and possibly to the public, to accept at the earliest possible moment the position which has been offered to me. I hope, there-

fore, that my resignation will be accepted in the spirit in which it is offered, and that I may have your permission to make it effective at the end of the present month.

In taking this step, I wish to assure you that I shall ever have a keen interest in the welfare of the Blank Manufacturing Company. There will always be a warm feeling in my heart for my associates here, and great satisfaction in the work which we have accomplished together.

Respectfully yours,

Resolution Accepting Resignation

(By the Officials of the Company)

OUR highly esteemed associate, MR. JAMES G. BROWN, having tendered his resignation as President of the Blank Manufacturing Company, we, the Board of Directors and his fellow officers, do hereby adopt the following resolutions:

Whereas, We feel that through his wisdom and efforts this organization has become so firmly established and its business so well developed that his withdrawal as President will not endanger its future; and

Whereas, It appears to be for his best interests to terminate his connection with our company and to assume the duties of his new position without unnecessary delay; therefore be it

Resolved, That while we sincerely regret his going, which we regard as a personal loss, yet we

feel that it is our duty to accept his resignation in order that he may be free to carry out his plans;

Resolved, That we, as officials of the Blank Manufacturing Company, take this opportunity to assure Mr. Brown of our pleasure over this reward for his exceptional business ability, to extend to him the assurance of our continued friendship, and to express the hope and belief that good fortune will smile upon him in the new field to which he is going;

Resolved, That the Secretary of the meeting be requested to transmit these resolutions to Mr. Brown as a testimonial of the esteem and respect in which he will always be held by his late associates.

Resolution of Thanks

(For a Benevolent Action)

THE First Congregational Church of Bearville, having benefited greatly through the benevolence and good will of our respected citizens, Mr. and Mrs. William F. Stone, who made their beautiful home and gardens available for our use in giving our Annual Bazaar on September first; and

Being desirous of showing our appreciation of their generosity, which resulted in much pleasure, and in the financial success of our entertainment; be it

Resolved, That our Secretary be instructed to write a letter to Mr. and Mrs. Stone, extending

to them our sincere thanks, and assuring them that through their kindness a very worthy cause has received much assistance.

Resolution of Condolence

(On the Death of a Distinguished Citizen)

WITH feelings of deepest regret, the Civic Club of New Albion must record the passing of one of its most distinguished members, our beloved and respected associate, THEODORE H. NEWTON, who died on October 30, 19—.

Because we realize to the fullest extent the benefits which our club and the entire community have derived from the work of this public-spirited man, and because of the warm personal feeling inspired in our hearts by his kindly, unselfish life; be it

Resolved, That we inscribe upon our records this tribute to his memory, that future generations may know and appreciate his splendid Christian character, his many benevolent deeds, and the respect and esteem in which he was held; and

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the family of our deceased associate, together with the assurance of our sincerest sympathy. May our Heavenly Father console them in their present sorrow, and may these words of appreciation and high regard be a solace in the years to come.

Resolution of Condolence

(On the Death of a Lodge Member)

IN view of the loss we have sustained by the death, on July 2, 19—, of our friend and Brother, WILLIAM F. WARNER, who received the degree of ——— on October 12, 19—; and realizing to the fullest extent the still heavier loss sustained by those nearest and dearest to him; be it

Resolved, That we tenderly condole with the family of our deceased Brother in their hour of trial and affliction, and commend them to the keeping of Him who looks with compassion upon those who mourn;

That we spread upon the records of our Lodge a tribute to the memory of one who was held in the highest esteem and respect by all his associates, and who, because of his kindness, courtesy and integrity, exemplified in the highest degree the teachings of our Order;

That this heartfelt testimony of our sympathy and sorrow be forwarded to the family of our departed Brother by the Secretary of BLANKVILLE LODGE, No ———.

All of which is respectfully submitted.



TOASTS

"A TOAST to our friends both far and near;
A toast to those who are gathered here;
A toast to those we may some time know;
A toast to the friends of long ago.
Friends come and go 'till life is done,
So here's a toast to every one."

Our Mothers

OUR Mothers, God bless them,
And keep every one;
And grant *their* petitions
To bless every son.

Another Man's Sweetheart

WE'VE toasted the mother and daughter;
We've toasted the sweetheart and wife;
But somehow we missed her,
Our dear little sister—
The joy of another man's life!

The Woman Driver

HERE'S to the woman driver. Like Charity, her
left hand never knows what her right hand does.

Mother

WHEN'ER you find a happy home,
With smiling faces in it,
Where loving hearts and busy hands
Are speeding every minute;
Where every one is quite content,
With one thing or another,
You'll know there lives within that home,
A wise and loving Mother. .

The Fisherman

HERE's to our fisherman bold;
Here's to the fish he caught;
Here's to the ones that got away,
And here's to the ones he bought.

Our Creditors

HERE's to our creditors—may they be endowed
with the three virtues: Faith, Hope and Charity.

The Golf Player

HERE's to the game you played today,
And the burning words you said;
The grass was scorched on the green fairway,
And the air was a flaming red.

The Bachelor's Toast

THE man who persuades a girl to wed
No doubt is very clever;
But as for me—girls come and go,
While I'll love on forever.

Life

HERE's to our Childhood, our Youth and Old Age,
And here's to the Smiles we sow;
If we travel along,
With laughter and song,
We'll be welcome wherever we go.

The Wise Man

HERE'S to that most provoking man,
The man of wisdom deep,
Who never talks when he takes his rest,
But only *smiles* in his sleep.

Safety First

THE hold-up man I always dread,
And I'll not risk his gun;
I'll stick my hands above my head,
And will not "choose to run."

Aviation

HERE'S to the good old airplane
Wherever it may fly;
It gets us here and gets us there
As swift as birds on high.

The Business Man

HERE'S to the busy business man,
Who calls his wife to state:
"A special conference, dear, tonight,
Will keep me very late."

And here's to the wife who has for him
An answer quick and pat:
"Now Harry, dear, please tell me true,
Can I depend on that?"

The Married Man

THE Statute of Limitations runs against the married man ;
He cannot think, or say, or do the things that others can ;
He cannot smoke, or drink, or play, or even tell a lie ;
His only hope, his only friend—a fool-proof alibi.

The Card Player

'Tis easy enough when you're winning
To preserve a pleasant face ;
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When his partner trumps his ace.

The Ambitious Man

HERE'S a toast to great ambition,
About which people rant ;
It makes you want to do the thing
That every one knows you can't.

Friendship

We may *honor* the famous inventors,
The men with six-cylinder brains ;
But the ones whom we *love* are those who don't know
Enough to come in when it rains.

The Greatest Criminal

WE know it is true that we're wicked,
That our criminal laws are lax;
But here's to punishment for the man
Who invented the income tax!

My Best Girl

'Tis not the girl with the *raven* locks,
Or the one with the head of *brown*,
Or the maiden fair with the *auburn* hair,
Or the one with the *golden* crown.
But the girl I love the best of all,
And the one I toast tonight,
With her smiling face and charming grace,
Wears a crown of gleaming *white*—
My Mother!

Radio

HERE's to the new radio—
Here's to our neighbor's loud-speaker
So loud we need none of our own
May its volume never grow weaker!

Wives

THE big chain stores and the big chain banks
Have come to bless our lives;
And I don't care what else they chain,
If they'll only chain our wives.

The Stock Market

HERE'S to the man with the level head,
Who knew when 'twas time to stop;
Who took his profit and quit the game
When the market reached the top.

The Bridge Game

You may try your best to look pleasant,
But the smile from your countenance fades
When you hold only hearts and diamonds,
And your partner bids six spades.

Midgets

HERE'S to the miniature golf-course,
Here's to the pee-wee car.
Here's to the midget bathing-suit,
And the baby movie star.

I doff my hat to every one,
For each one is a winner,
But I say to my wife: "If you value your life,
Don't serve me a Tom Thumb dinner!"

Marriage

HERE'S to *my* mother-in-law's daughter,
Here's to *her* father-in-law's son;
And here's to the vows we've just taken,
And the life we've just begun.

The Meanest Man

HERE's to the meanest man in town—
The weather man, with smile and frown,
Who does not care if all his jokes
Bring joy or gloom to other folks.
Today we shiver like a ghost;
Tomorrow, boil and bake and roast.
If we play golf in B.V.D.'s,
Then's the time 'twill surely freeze.
Or take the girl-friend for a sail,
'Twill likely thunder, blow and hail.
I'm going to lay for him some night,
And teach him how to treat folks right.

Army and Navy

HERE's to the Army and Navy,
And the battles they have won;
Here's to America's colors—
The colors that never run.

The Travelers

HERE's to you and here's to me,
Wherever we may roam;
And here's to the health and happiness
Of the ones who are left at home.

The Toastmaster

HERE's to the man who proposes the toast,
That likeable fellow, our friend and host.

The Old Songs

HERE's to the old songs,
May they ever seem new;
Here's to the old loves,
May they ever be true.

The New Year

HERE's to the bright New Year
And a fond farewell to the old;
Here's to the things that are to come
And the memories that we hold.

The Future

'HERE's to freedom in our land,
To peace with one another;
Here's to the day when no man's hand
Is raised against his brother.

Unanswered Letters

HERE's to the lovely long letters
From friends so loyal and true;
Here's to the answers we meant to write
And never found time to do!

Fathers

HERE'S to the husbands of wives,
To fathers, unsung and obscure,
Who gladly spend their lives
In making their families secure.

Milady's Hats

HERE'S to the hats of the season,
Fashioned with no rhyme or reason;
Although hubby abhors them
He's got to adore them—
To say what he thinks would be treason.

To Those Who Give Advice

HERE'S to advice—
So misunderstood;
It's freely given
But seldom good.

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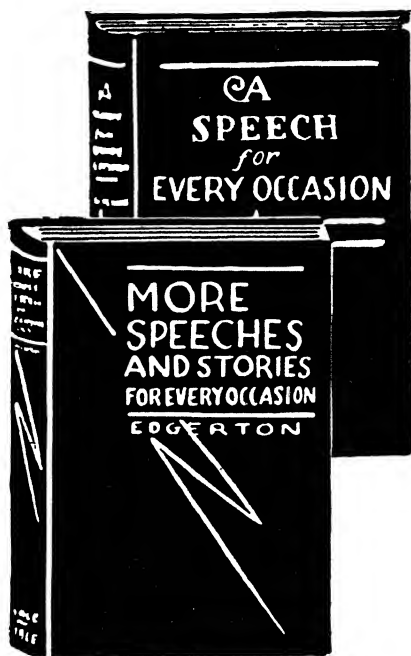
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